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COLLIER'S THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

March 20, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

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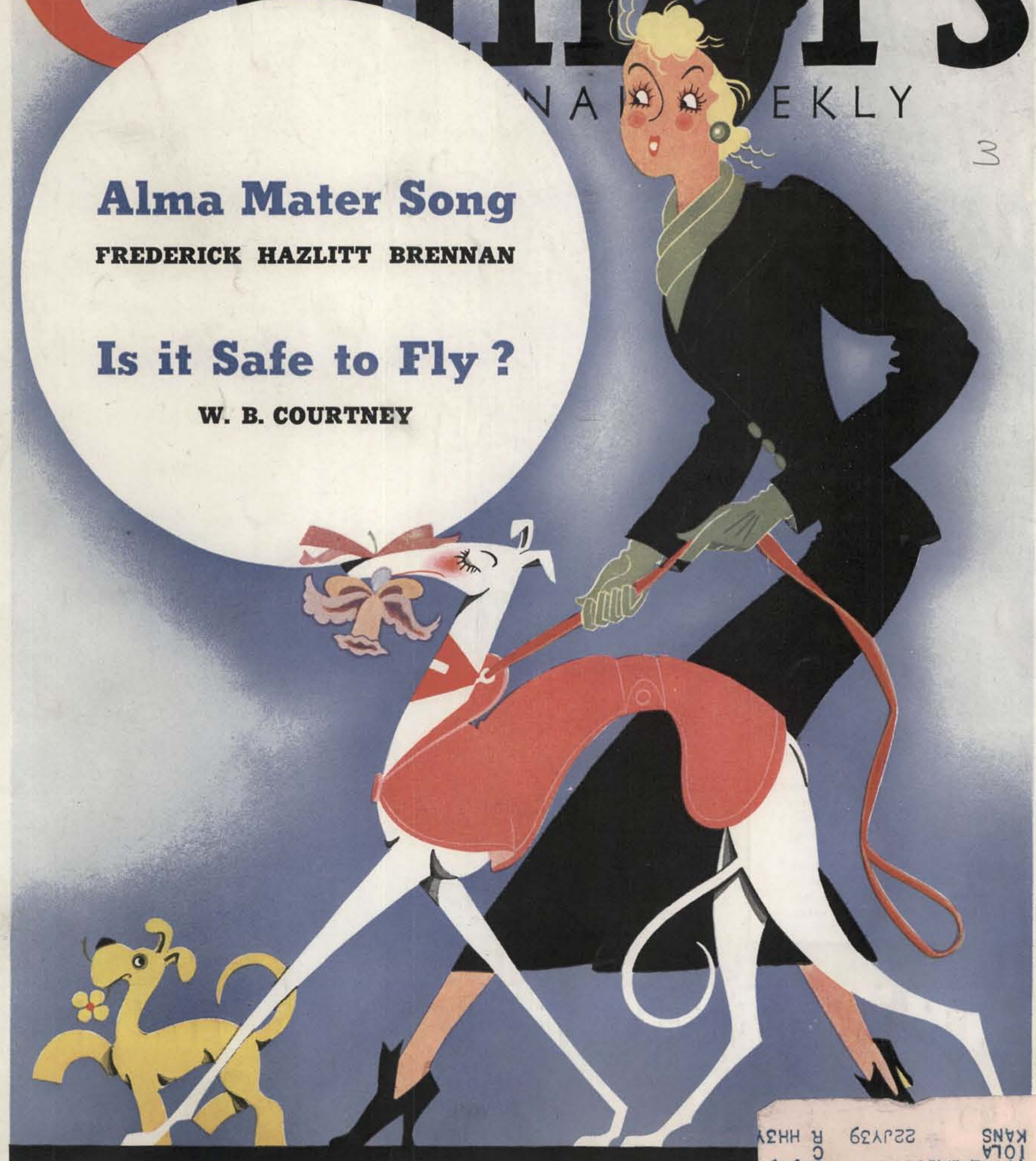

Alma Mater Song

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Is it Safe to Fly ?

W. B. COURTNEY

MRS JOAN :..HARGROVE 12E
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AMERICA'S ACE CLOTHING VALUE!

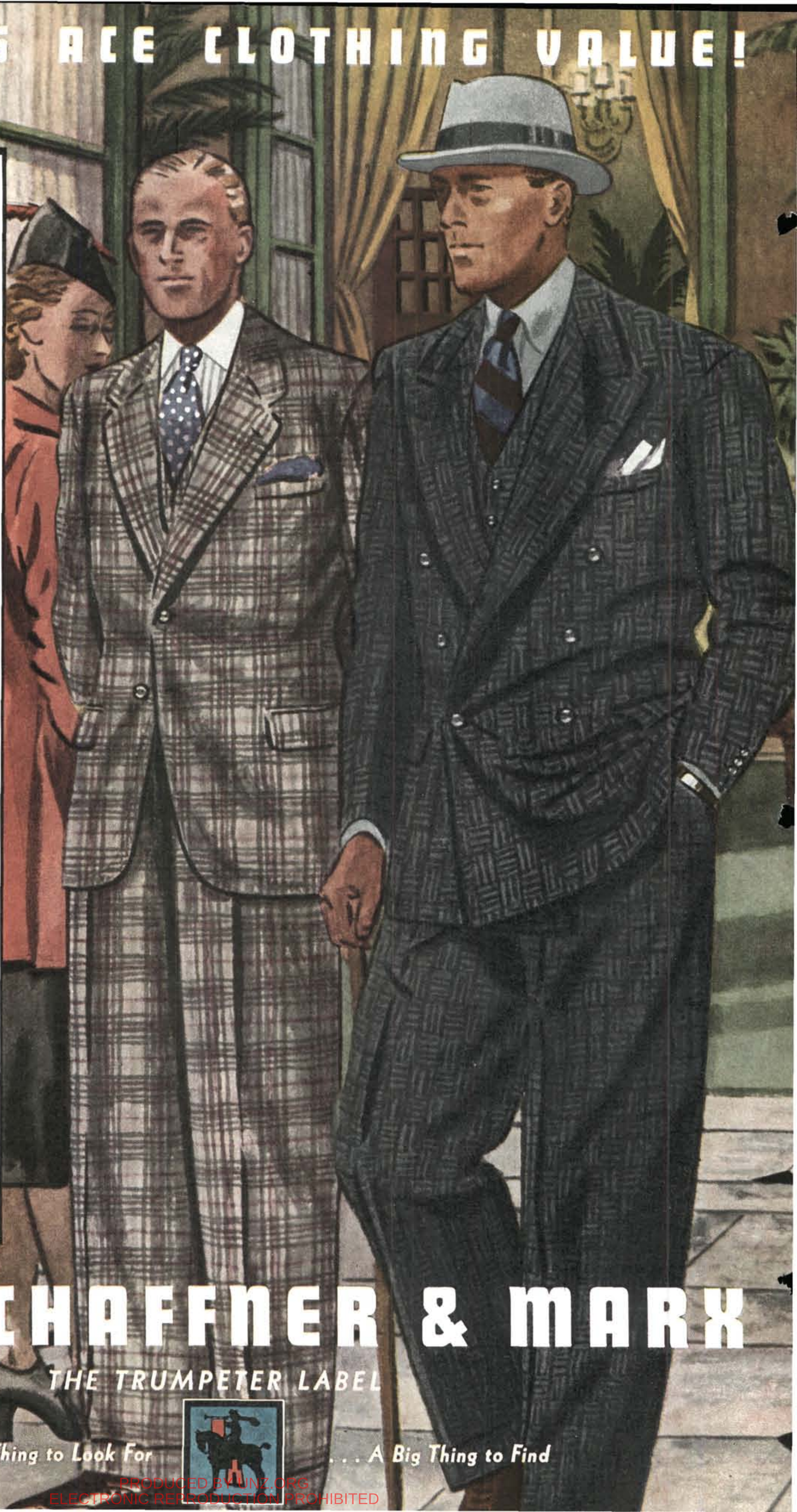
Triple Test Worsteds

Introduced for the first time last season, Triple Test Worsteds have already created a strong heritage for value, style and quality. And in view of increasing wool prices this husky, long-wearing fabric, tested three times as it is by Hart Schaffner & Marx experts—once for value, again for quality, and again for style—represents one of the outstanding buys of 1937.

Particularly good-looking in colorful new checks, such as the Glenurquhart and the new Scots Guard pattern shown.

Feel the Fabric!

Stop in at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer tomorrow and run your fingers over Triple Test. Closely examine this sensational material! Notice its weave, its quality, its colorings, its pattern clarity. No cheap fabric could begin to stand such a severe analysis . . . no cheap fabric could begin to offer such value.



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For . . . A Big Thing to Find

35 miles per gallon - owners report!

DESIGNED FOR BEAUTY

It's fun to drive the New Willys—not just because it handles so responsively and offers so much comfort—but also because its design is so sleek and good-looking. Smart streamlining of the Willys is responsible for new motor car beauty. As you drive, admiring eyes glance your way—affirming the approval of millions.

CAN PAY FOR ITSELF

But by far the greatest fun in owning the New Willys is paying the gasoline bill. Strange? Not at all. Willys *costs so much less* to own than people are used to paying, that it's really a pleasure to pay the small amount that it costs to run the New Willys. With the great savings Willys can actually pay for itself within three years.

A SCORE OF FEATURES

All-steel top and body welded together into one solid unit... large luggage space and two of the largest glove compartments in the dash that you've ever seen... 2 to 5 inches wider front seat than next three cars... safety glass all around... battery under hood... body insulated against sound and heat... these are just a few.

PRICE SAVES UP TO $119

Beginning with the price, the New Willys *costs less*—by far. You save as much as $119 depending upon the model you purchase. Each payment is $6 less. Depreciation, taxes, insurance, tires, oil and upkeep are less. From every point of view, Willys is a highly desirable car to own. Get *all* the facts from your Willys dealer.

Willys

THE SURPRISE CAR

Half the gas ... *twice* the Smartness

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

March 20, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

HER name was Opal. His name was Tex. When they danced together, people stopped to watch. Even in their cheap clothes they were beautiful. And they knew that they were destined for better things than the pinched life of a small tobacco town. The world was rightfully theirs; all they needed was a chance to go out and take it.

Then the chance came. Each set forth separately in pursuit of fame and fortune. Opal went to New York; the theater was to be her meat. Tex chose Hollywood. Both were young; they were very much in love. But fame came first. Mildred Cram tells their story.

ALONG the trail that Lewis and Clark blazed in 1804 a new generation of pioneers is moving toward the Pacific. Out of the sun-baked areas of Oklahoma, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado and the Dakotas the drought refugees are hitting the Oregon Trail, in search of new homes in the West. At least seven thousand have moved or are on the way. They come with their household goods piled in wagons or trucks or cars, lean in purse but with the heritage of the frontier. Richard L. Neuberger shows you the procession.

JUNE BLACK knew about money. Her father had told her and her father was president of a very large railroad. "Money," he said, "is the most important thing in the world." Maybe June would never have doubted it, if it hadn't been for Johnny Durant. And Johnny, wagering four thousand on a turn of the dice, said to her, "Remember, youngster, it's only money." In a brilliant love story, Quentin Reynolds tells you about the girl who decided she could spare "Twenty-four Hours to Live."

SHEPARD BARCLAY, the expert on experts in the bridge world, has once more come down out of the mountain with the current ratings of the champions. In "The First Ten in Contract Bridge," he tells all.

IF YOU pin Detective O'Malley down and ask him how he did it, he can always give you a logical explanation. But sometimes it seems like magic. In the case of the "Marked Shirt," he reads the mind of a man supposed to be in the morgue—and gets an answer. William MacHarg reports the case.

ELSIE SINGMASTER, Germaine C. Marcus, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Bill Cunningham, Octavus Roy Cohen, Jim Marshall, Dwight Mitchell Wiley, J. D. Ratcliff and others turn in a good account of themselves. How about you?

This Week

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●

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Keep Up with the World. The universe in waltz time. Page 6

EDITORIAL
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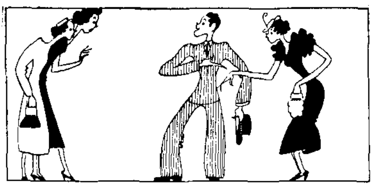
COVER GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Any Week

ONE of our transgressions is pounced upon by Mr. John W. Somerset of New York City. Our short short story, "A Gentleman of the Old School," says Mr. Somerset, "moved me to mirth but also, I must confess, to exasperation." Says he: "A gentleman never mentions the fact that he has a mistress, or if he does, never by that identifying name. Should his friends meet her she is introduced as Mrs. So-and-So, *the relationship* being perhaps implied (as so many things are implied among gentlefolk), but never stated explicitly. To admit or to name what the woman actually is—well, it simply isn't done by a gentleman."

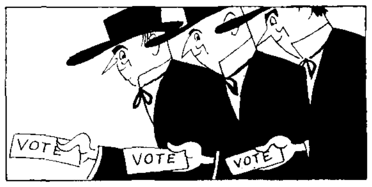


STILL there are situations worthy of greater worry. At the moment we're a bit apprehensive about what Dr. Elwood G. Kleinhans of Terre Haute, Indiana, heard as he purchased his Collier's at his regular newsstand. Said the newsman to the doctor: "What's the latest you hear about the guys who get Collier's out?" The doctor said he hadn't heard a thing about us. "What about them?" he demanded. Said the newsman: "Nothing. I was just wondering. I always feel as if those guys had got pinched for something and I missed reading it in the paper."

IT'S possible of course that unexpected disaster may overtake us. We have here a hint which will not go disregarded. Mrs. Natalie E. Lincoln of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, warns us "not to forget that the lovers of dumb animals will watch with great care what you do about that faithful horse in Montana." Mrs. Lincoln refers to our quest for a solution of the problem the horse presents to its owner. The horse, you know, insists upon eating with the children and we propose to pay ten dollars to the person offering what we regard as the best solution. "We horse lovers," says Mrs. Lincoln, "will tolerate no encouragement of any plan which will be unfair to that noble animal."

THE trouble with all of us is, says Miss M. Laura Mustin, competition. "The competitive spirit which we force upon our children is responsible for war, for labor troubles, bad government and all the other world ills," says she. "How much better if we taught our children non-competitive games. Baseball, football, hockey and other games like tennis can be enjoyed all the more if the pernicious habit of 'keeping score' were eliminated. Who cares who wins? The game's the thing, not the winning. Does not history teach that a 'loser' is forever afterward offended and may easily become antisocial?"

"I AM told by reliable authorities," says Miss Della B. Mooney of Toledo, Ohio, "that many of our members of Congress, including the President of the United States, voted for themselves at the last election. Is this fair play? Is this sporting? Can we depend upon men with so little courtesy to a gallant opponent? However, I am not convinced that this is so, so I am asking you for confirmation."



SOMETHING tells us that Miss Mooney's reliable authorities were, oddly enough, reliable. Yet we can't be sure. Perhaps they didn't vote, being in the same dilemma we found the Honorable Jim Farley in a week or so before election. We were in Mr. Farley's office when somebody asked him: "Who are you going to vote for?" Mr. Farley looked up wearily and said: "Gosh, just think of it. Here it is almost election. I've been so busy that I haven't had a chance to look over the candidates."

MORE bad news comes from Mr. Miles Scull of Little Rock, Arkansas. He reports that the new governor — the Honorable Carl E. Bailey — has raided the light side of Central Avenue, Hot Springs. "Six of the top-flight gambling houses were pounced upon and about the only thing left in Hot Springs is the hot water."

WE have, too, a great many complaints about the secrecy prevailing in Washington. We are informed that this secrecy is particularly noticeable around the White House—new and unsuspected surprises popping up almost every day. We asked a very prominent member of Congress about it. "Well," he said, "in a way you can't blame the President for refusing to warn the people of his next move. If they knew what he was going to do next they'd be cheering in advance and that would be very embarrassing to a man of his retiring disposition."

ASK Mr. Dizzy Dean.

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HE CAN STILL GET 500 MILES A DAY FROM HIS 1929 PLYMOUTH

The Car that Stands Up Best—

Police Chief E. P. Baker has an amazing reliability story: in 120,451 miles he has spent hardly $50... and on recent trips has done 26 miles per gallon of gasoline!

SAYS CHIEF BAKER, "My '29 Plymouth saved me plenty!"

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST! You'll find the big, beautiful 1937 Plymouth is remarkably easy to buy. The Commercial Credit Company has made available... through Chrysler, DeSoto and Dodge dealers... payment terms which you will find fit your budget. You can buy a new Plymouth for as little as $25 a month.

THE BIG, BEAUTIFUL 1937 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan...with spacious built-in trunk.

Remember, today's big 1937 Plymouth offers you even greater value...comfort... safety...over-all economy!

HE HAS OWNED "All Three" low-priced cars... and several other makes. And here's the verdict of E. P. Baker, Police Chief of Macedon, N. Y.:

"My '29 Plymouth coupe has carried me more than 120,000 miles... and it's always ready to go. The brakes were relined once—at 80,000 miles—and they're in perfect condition today. Recently I checked my gas mileage... 26 to the gallon!

"In eight years I have spent only about $50—and you can't beat that for reliability and all-round economy!"

Such stories of the remarkable long life and economy of old-model Plymouths indicate what you can expect when you buy a 1937 Plymouth.

Important new features give you more economy—greater comfort, safety and reliability.

It is scientifically soundproofed. Big, airplane-type shock-absorbers. Live rubber mountings for the body. Lots more room. All-steel body. Smooth, double-action hydraulic brakes.

Owners everywhere tell of 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas.

Before you buy, see... and drive... this beautiful Plymouth. It's the car that stands up best! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

YOU GET THE EXTRA WEAR OF A SECOND PAIR

Life Begins at "Forty"

FOR FLORSHEIM SHOES

When ordinary shoes reach retirement..Florsheims are just approaching "middle age." They're built to give "the extra wear of a second pair"..to go on living *half* their vigorous lifetime *after* other shoes would have passed into the discard! For nearly 50 years, we've been putting extra quality *into* Florsheim Shoes so that the wearer would get extra service *out* of them ..and this policy has built the largest fine shoe business in the world. *Illustrated*, The *wing-tip* REGENT, S-555, *in brown Russia calf; also in black*, S-554.

$8^{75} AND $10

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SHOE

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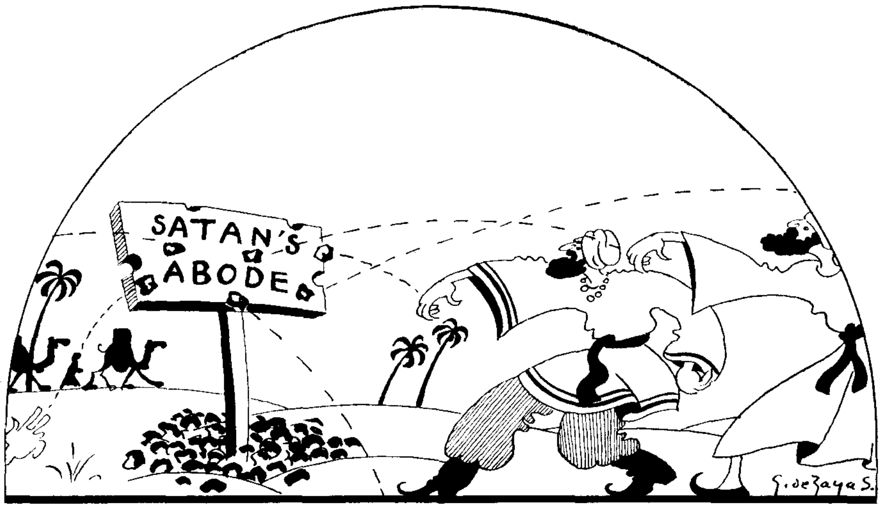


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

For about 1,200 years, a unique Islamic custom has been practiced in Muna, Arabia. As enjoined in the Koran, every Mohammedan, passing through the town on his way to Mecca, has stopped at the rock pile and thrown 49 stones at Satan. "Satan's Abode," indicated by a sign, is the official target and gentlemen who playfully hurl rocks in other directions are arrested.

One quarter of the people in this country do not use the name recorded on their birth certificates. In most cases the discrepancy is traceable to incorrect registration or a change of name by the individual or the parents for euphony or for economic reasons.—*By Harold M. Heuer, Bay City, Michigan.*

One of the boldest crooks in the criminal records of America was a forger who, after having passed bad checks in virtually every state of the Union, calmly visited Sing Sing one day in 1914 in the guise of a sightseer and, on his way out, cashed another worthless check through a clever ruse which he worked on the prison authorities.

The only memorial tablet to be placed below the surface of the sea, it is believed, is the inscribed bronze plate that marks the spot, in Kealakekua Bay off the island of Hawaii, where Captain James Cook, the English navigator and explorer, was killed by natives in 1779. Laid in 1928, the tablet is always covered with water, even at low tide.—*By Joseph N. Weiler, Burlington, Wisconsin.*

A famous English mousery, which breeds fancy mice for a variety of characteristics, recently succeeded in producing a sensational mouse—one that is pure white with pure black whiskers. The young fellow, now the envy of all breeders, is valued at $1,000.

The smallest lens in some nine-lens microscopes, a perfect hemisphere, is so tiny that, not long ago, one was carried away from a manufacturer's bench by an ordinary housefly.—*By Wilma McK. Wild, Rochester, New York.*

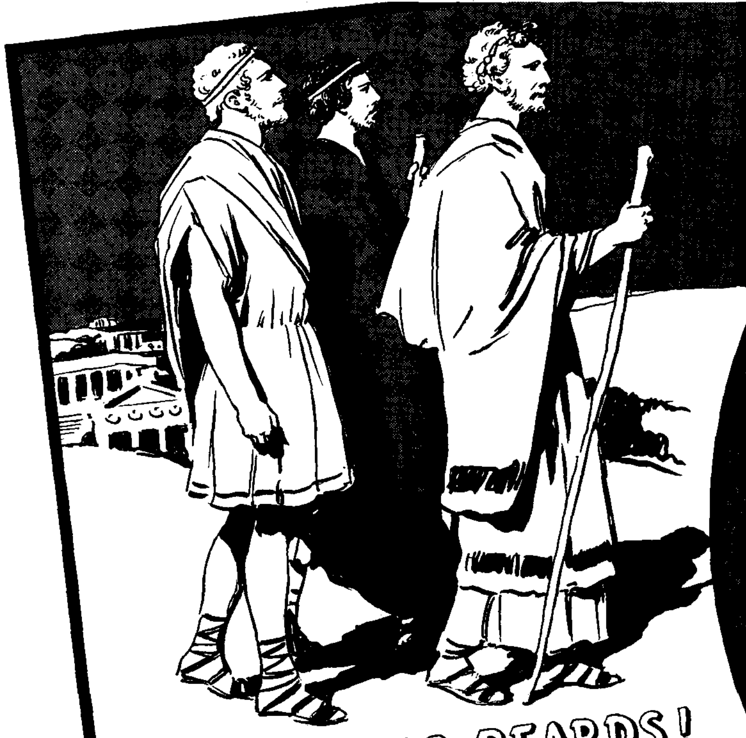
In New York City in 1741, when the uncorroborated testimony of any white woman, irrespective of her character or motive, was sufficient to convict a Negro, a thief named Mary Burton, alias Margaret Kelly, in order to secure her release from prison, maliciously accused one hundred and five innocent Negroes of an imaginary criminal plot. The result was that seventy-one were transported, twenty were hanged and fourteen were burned at the stake.

The largest band of criminals in the history of the United States was "Murel's Gang," consisting of more than a thousand horse and slave thieves, forgers and highwaymen who terrorized the South for several years in the early part of the 19th century. When captured, the men who directed and protected the gang had grown so bold that they were about to attempt the seizure of New Orleans.—*By Frank A. Walker, Pontiac, Michigan.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

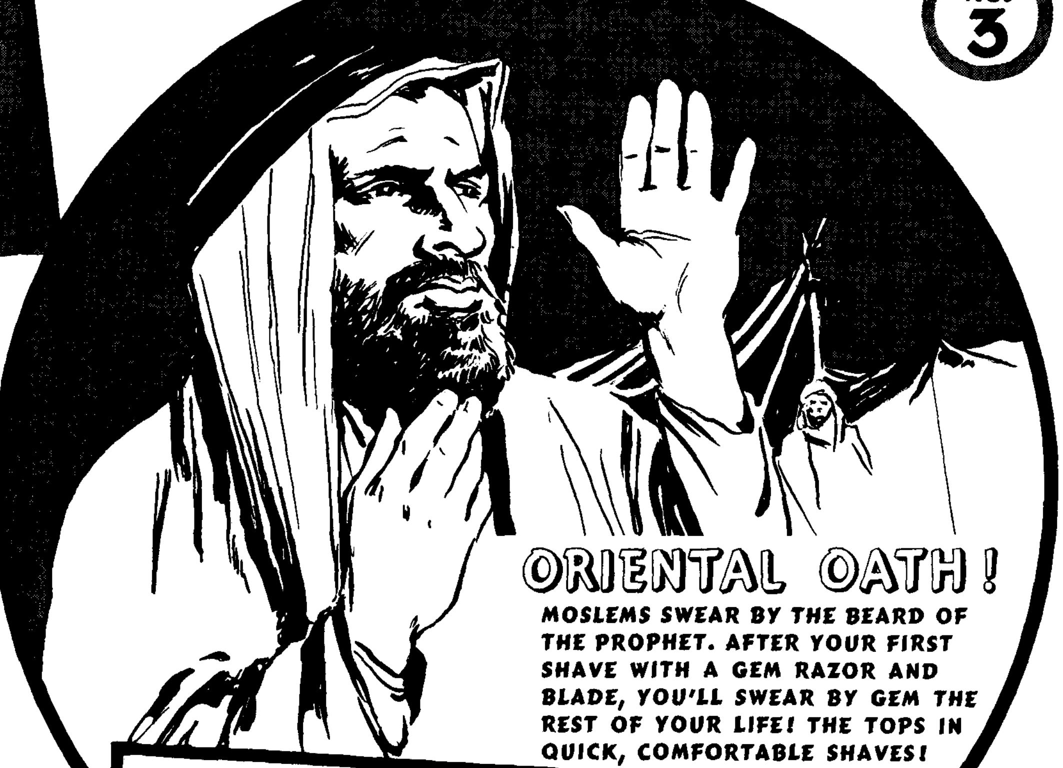
Shaving Oddities

NO. 3



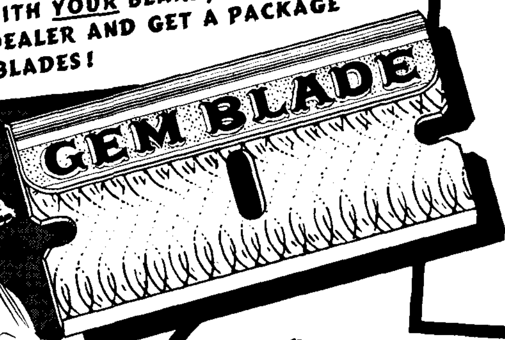
TRAVELING BEARDS!

YOUNG ATHENIANS WERE ADVISED TO CONSECRATE THEIR FIRST BEARDS TO APOLLO, AND MANY JOURNEYED TO DELPHI FOR THIS PURPOSE. FOR LUCK WITH YOUR BEARD, JOURNEY TO THE NEAREST DEALER AND GET A PACKAGE OF GENUINE GEM BLADES!



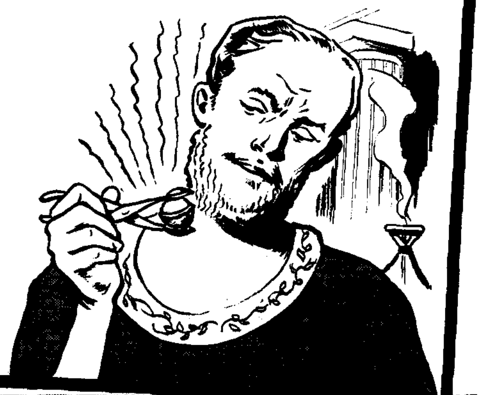
ORIENTAL OATH!

MOSLEMS SWEAR BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET. AFTER YOUR FIRST SHAVE WITH A GEM RAZOR AND BLADE, YOU'LL SWEAR BY GEM THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! THE TOPS IN QUICK, COMFORTABLE SHAVES!



WAY OF AN EMPEROR!

DIONYSIUS, AN EARLY GREEK EMPEROR, SINGED OFF HIS WHISKERS WITH A HOT NUTSHELL. DON'T IRRITATE YOUR FACE WITH IMITATION BLADES. USE GENUINE GEM BLADES AND ENJOY COOL, REFRESHING SHAVES!

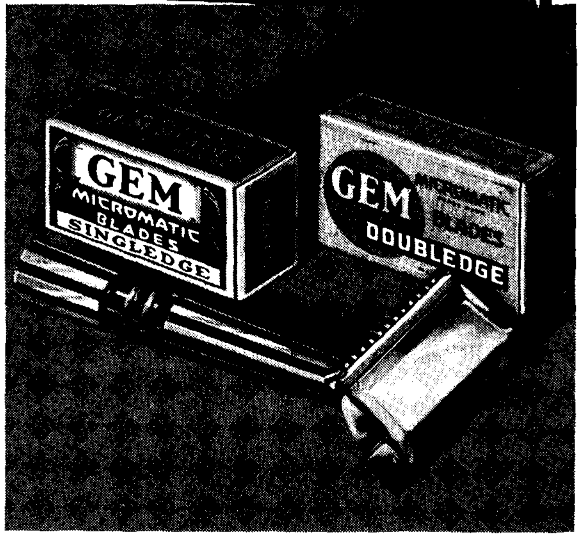


"AFTER-THEATRE" TEST!

8 A. M. HE SHAVED HIMSELF WITH A GENUINE GEM BLADE. 11:30 P. M. HE STILL PRESENTS TO HIS LADY AND A CRITICAL WORLD, A BLAND, SMOOTH, UNSHADOWED FACE! REASON: GEM MICROMATIC BLADES ARE SUPER-KEEN! THEIR 50% THICKER STEEL IS STROPPED 4840 TIMES FOR LONGER-LASTING SHAVES! PROOF IN COUPON BELOW!

NEW HIGH! $660,000 SHAVE!

THAT'S THE KIND OF SHAVE YOU GET WITH A GEM RAZOR! EXCLUSIVE GEM FEATURES COST US $660,000: FACE-FITTING BEVEL WHICH **FORCES** YOU TO SHAVE WITH MASTER-BARBER'S EASY, GLIDING STROKE; DUAL-ALIGNMENT WHICH HOLDS BLADE RIGID AT 5 POINTS..A GEM BLADE IN A GEM RAZOR GIVES YOU BETTER SHAVES! PROOF: GET A $1.00 GEM RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES FROM YOUR DEALER. OR SEND COUPON BELOW FOR **SPECIAL 25¢ "PROOF" OFFER!**


GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

For perfect shaves—use a Gem in a Gem!

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Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C40, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULAR $1.00 CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

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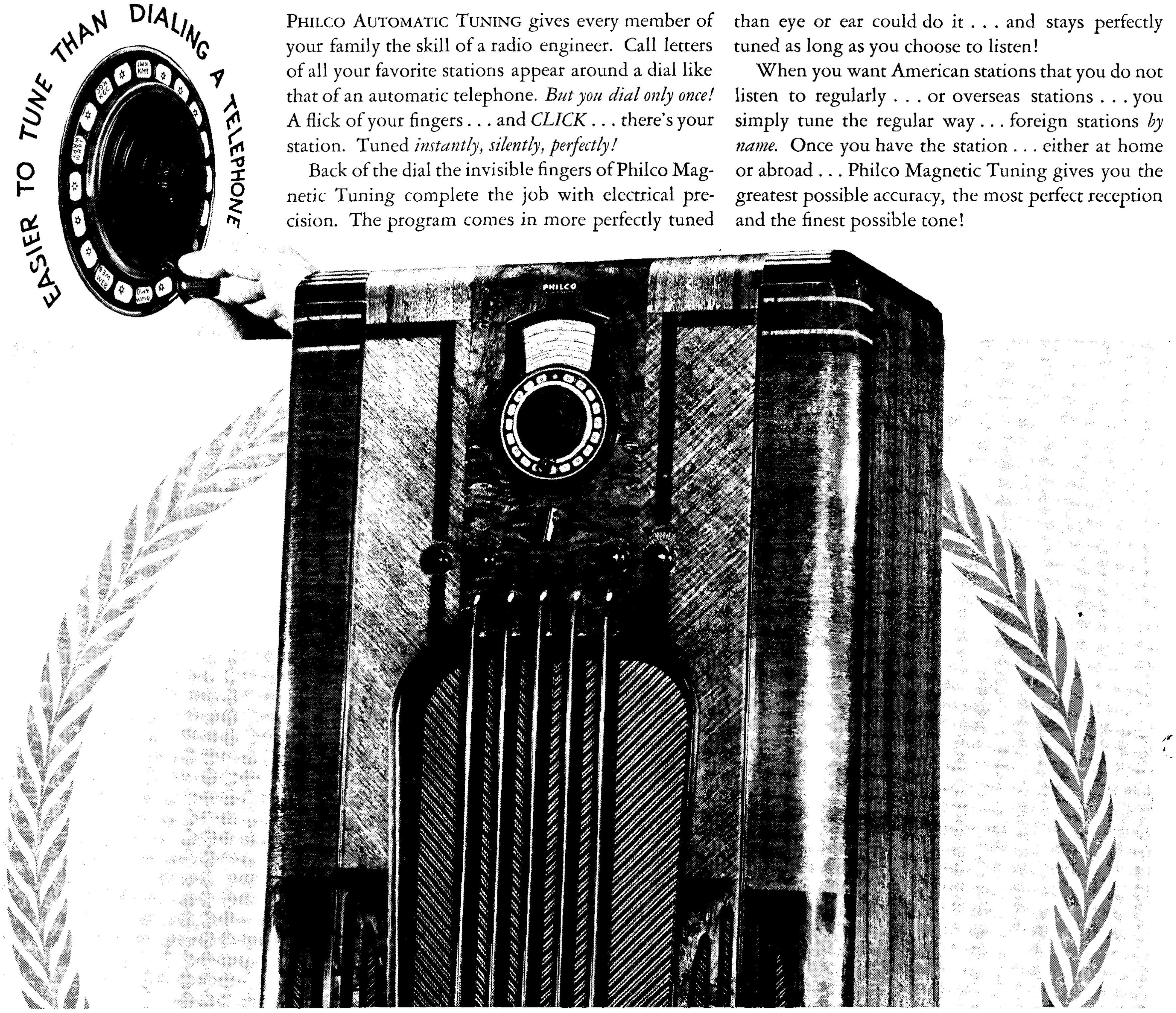
PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING

Philco Automatic Tuning gives every member of your family the skill of a radio engineer. Call letters of all your favorite stations appear around a dial like that of an automatic telephone. *But you dial only once!* A flick of your fingers . . . and *CLICK* . . . there's your station. Tuned *instantly, silently, perfectly!*

Back of the dial the invisible fingers of Philco Magnetic Tuning complete the job with electrical precision. The program comes in more perfectly tuned than eye or ear could do it . . . and stays perfectly tuned as long as you choose to listen!

When you want American stations that you do not listen to regularly . . . or overseas stations . . . you simply tune the regular way . . . foreign stations *by name.* Once you have the station . . . either at home or abroad . . . Philco Magnetic Tuning gives you the greatest possible accuracy, the most perfect reception and the finest possible tone!



$10 DOWN puts Philco Automatic Tuning in your home!

Now . . . with a down payment of only $10 *. . . you can have an Automatic Tuning Philco installed and playing in your home! By special arrangement with the Commercial Credit Company, your Philco dealer will accept a* 10% *down payment on any Automatic Tuning Philco . . . from the* 9X *at* $100 *to the* 690X *at* $375.

For as Little as $19.50 Down . . . your Philco dealer will install the famous Philco 116X DeLuxe (illustrated above). In this model Philco Automatic Tuning is combined with Philco High-Fidelity and the Philco Foreign Tuning System! Favorite American Stations are tuned *automatically.*

You enjoy all the realism of Philco High-Fidelity reception with all the tones *and overtones* that make voices and instruments so thrillingly true to life. Acoustic Clarifiers eliminate "boom" from the low notes, while every note is brought up to ear level by the Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Five Spread-Band Tuning Ranges cover all that's interesting in the air . . . with all important overseas stations named, located and spread six times farther apart on the Philco Spread-Band Dial!

See your classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer. He'll tell you about the Philco Commerical Credit Easy Payment Plan.

PHILCO TABLE MODELS . . . $20 and up
PHILCO CONSOLE MODELS . . . $42.50 and up
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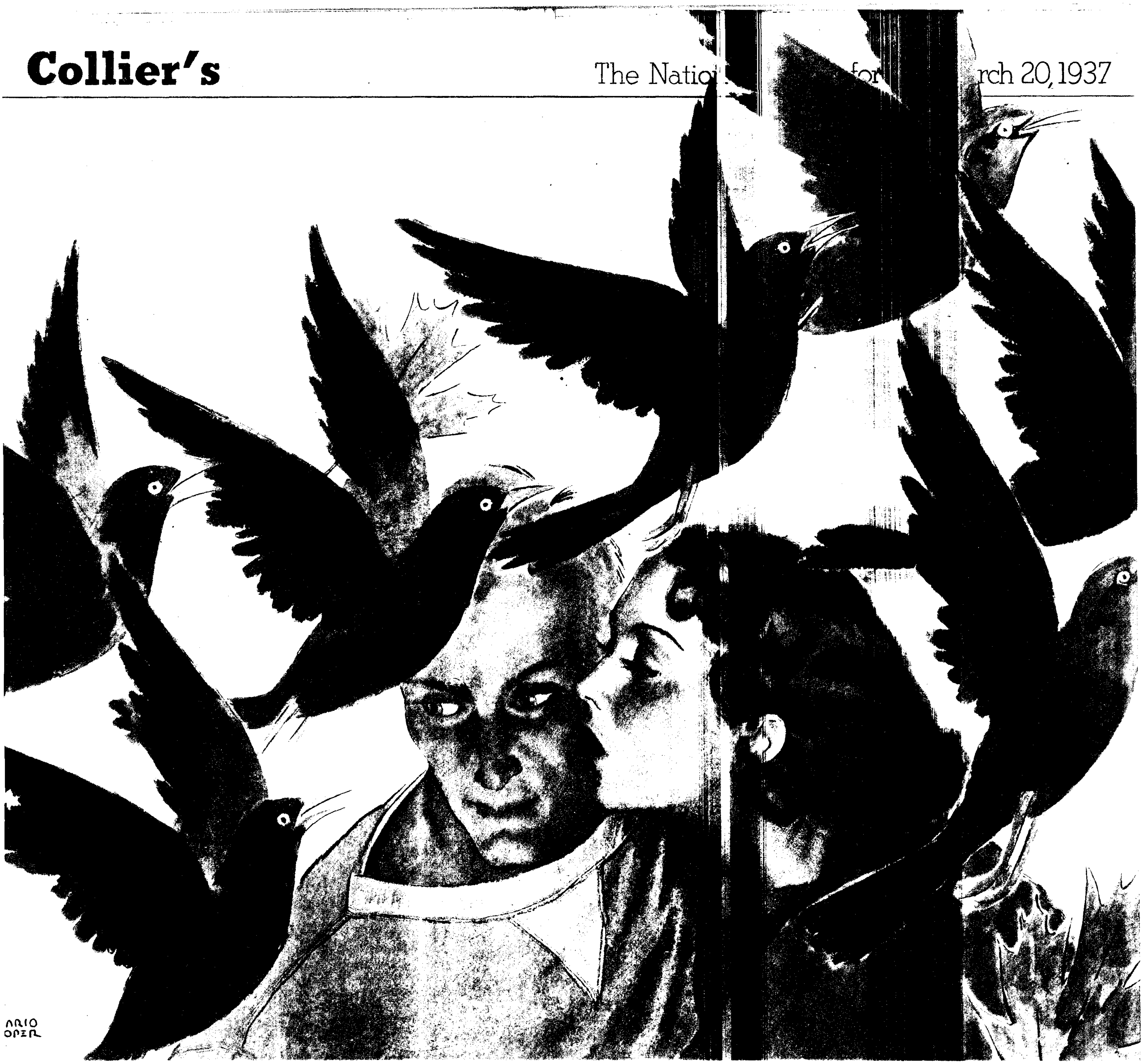
The Natio for rch 20, 1937



"I wanted you to have courage," she said. "You and I have to help Doc"

by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Beginning a two-part serial—the story of a man of science who came close to denying his God because of the love of a woman

I AM one alumnus who is never going back to dear old Ozarkian College. The sumac may be red or the dogwood may be white; and I suppose boys and girls still wait behind the workshops for twilight to roll down from Hindleg Ridge like a cloud of beautiful, dangerous gas with its dead smell of ivy and its other-world colors. But they can have that twilight which, I tell myself, was only the poet's purple—a worn-out cliché.

Doc Rand and Lisha Moseby won't be returning to Ozarkian, either. Let Prexy Temson ring his five-o'clock-in-the-morning bell. It did sound very fine at the start of an April day; but Doc and Lisha will remember that it was a hellish bawling through the dormitories in the cold dark of January. Not that Lisha and Doc and I need such trivial, unpleasant recollections to warn us away from dear old Ozarkian. We have other things to remember—love and hate and pain.

Poor bewildered Doc, who thought teaching in a mountain school a splendid vocation; and Lisha, that reckless "campus queen," in a missionary-barrel skirt and darned sweater—I wonder if it is any clearer to them now, wherever they are in this world? Have they come to understand that even young Pete, the Boy Terror of the Ozark Hills, has grown up to see?

It wasn't John Q. Temson, LL.D., D.D., the pompous little nitwit; or his smug English-teaching daughter, Joan; or that cluster of crumbly brick barracks called Ozarkian College that was at fault.

We used to jeer at Sis Callie Hudlip when she shouted: "Raise up yer hills agin 'em, Lord!" But Sis Callie was right and we were wrong. We had come too close to those hills, forgetting what sort of folks lived there. . . .

Where Sangamon's happy river
Meets our pine-clad Elsinore,
We have builded us a college
Which shall stand forevermore—

The first time I saw Doc Rand we were singing our alma mater song in chapel at the opening session of my senior year. Doc came in during the first verse and shyly took a pew in the back. But Prexy Temson espied him and stopped the song:

"Ah, Doctor Rand! Come right up here, Doctor!"

With all of us students staring at him, Doc was obliged to march to the platform. I remember liking him for his stumble at the hole in the dusty red carpet of the steps, his chuckle at his clumsiness and his embarrassed flush. He was a tall, big-boned man with a shock of crisp sorrel hair. Despite his big-city clothes and haircut, there was a hearty countryman ruggedness about him. I was always looking for another Abraham Lincoln in those days; Doc fitted this pattern not too well, except for his eyes, which were deep-set and oddly gentle even in the distracted manner of his first look at us.

Prexy Temson put on an unwonted enthusiasm in introducing Dr. Paul Rand as "—ahem—the newest but—ah —not the least by any means—member of our faculty!" Doc had come to Ozarkian trailing clouds of glory. It was obvious that Prexy still bumbled with delighted amazement that such a man had, as Prexy put it, "heard amid the city's clamorous call a nobler summons."

We students quickly translated Prexy's ten minutes of bombast into this: Doc was a Johns Hopkins and University of London man who, for some unexplained reason, had chosen to be resident physician and professor of chemistry and physics at Ozarkian College.

THE student body of three hundred and sixty-seven boys and girls, at Prexy's order, prayed for Doc while he stood with head properly bowed but kept his eyes open. Observing this, Johnny Praskins nudged me and whispered: "Maybe he's a-going to turn out okay."

I tried to catch Lisha's eye, over on the girls' side. But Lisha's saucy little face and mop of blue-black hair were turned in profile; she was watching Doc Rand with what I knew was vast approval. She nodded to herself with a pleased smile; her body was taut in that peculiar sympathy her physical self always showed when she was thinking quick, eager things. Lisha, I had long since learned, never had small emotions about anyone or any subject.

What Doc was thinking about us that morning I have often wondered. We dashing college boys wore blue jeans and sweatshirts, smelled of fish glue and shellac from the furniture workshop where we earned our keep, and some of us still clung to the up-the-crick habit of chewing snuff. The girls, rigidly segregated across the central aisle, could not have passed a sorority manicure inspection. Their fingers were stained from rug dyes or jam-making or just plain housework. The scraggy rooftops of Milledgeville, a hillbilly town, seemed to press close to the chapel windows and a faint odor of wild onions was around us, as insistent as a prison smell. I reflected that Doc, if he took potluck at the college tables, would face the harsh reality of side meat and fried squirrel.

"And now, Doctor Rand, would you say a few words?"

Doc's eyes, which had held the dark concentration of an explorer who has traveled a long journey, changed expression. He looked up and saw our faces and his smile was one of discovery.

"I am very glad to be here," was all Doc said.

We were abashed by the genuineness of his tone; Lisha's solo applause awakened us after a pause and we clapped our hands.

Lisha and I were among the fifteen seniors who reported to the decrepit travesty which Prexy and the catalog stubbornly called "The Science Laboratory." I remember Lisha's young, excited voice saying: "Oh, Petey, he looks as if he really *knew* something. I'm a-shaking with Christian hope, I am!"

WE FOUND our newest faculty member, casually dressed in a quite old tweed suit, standing amidst inadequacy and cheap improvisation with just the right expression of features and voice. His face was earnest, grave, as though three sound test tubes and a blacksmith's forge for a gas hood were indeed sufficient laboratory equipment. His voice welcomed us as picked recruits for the glorious company of science.

"I think we'd better talk awhile about chemistry," he said. "I hope we can agree that it is important."

Lisha nodded vigorously.

"It pinely is!" she said.

Doc looked at her.

"Why?"

"Because folks are jest big bundles of chemistry and folks are the most important things in this sad-God world!"

The rest of us grinned, but Doc didn't.

"Good," he said.

Then, Doc began to talk to us. And in the space of half an hour, Doc became our hero. He led us into a new country, far beyond the junior pottering we had done under old Professor Wincope. Biochemistry—adjustment of science to life—needing young minds, fresh and unafraid—the consecration necessary—a new attack on disease, old age and death, the three haunting terrors of existence.

I remember the patch of sunlight in which we stood, after leaving Doc's classroom in Pritchett Hall, and talked there breathlessly, boys and girls united in the bond of common discovery.

"What is he doing *here?*" I asked.

"He won't last," Mary Sue Daggett said.

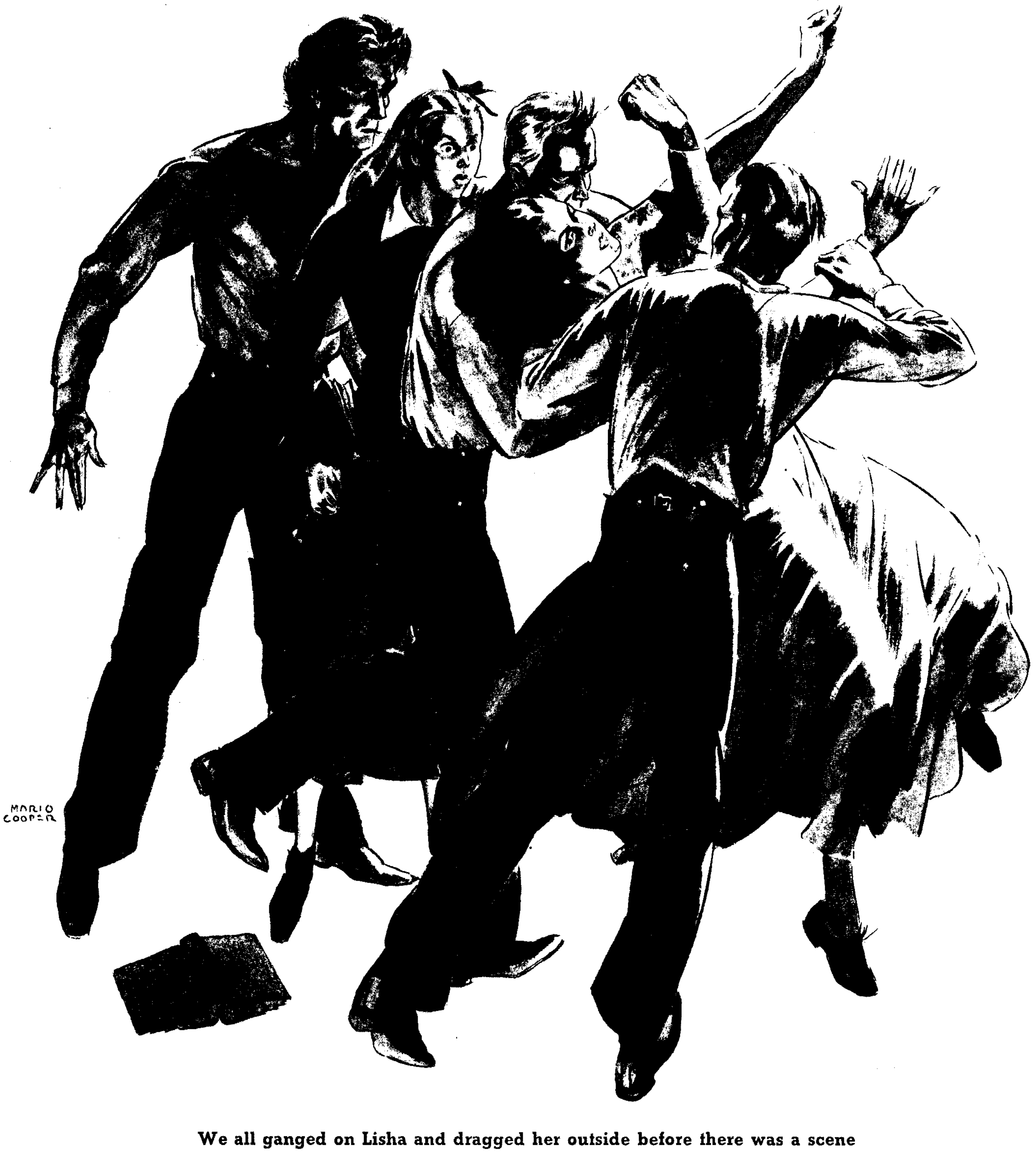
"Prexy will fire him," Johnny said.

"The conference preachers will get him," Willie Heath said.

Lisha was furious with us.

"Y'all make me sick!" she said. "The only real teacher we've ever had in these mountains—and you're betraying him in your hearts already. If anybody makes trouble for Doc, we'll strike—all of us! We'll burn this stupid school into ashes!"

I FELT no jealousy of Doc, although I had been in love with Lisha since we were freshmen. It was fear for Lisha that moved me to snap at her: "Calm down. Want to get canned?" She had narrowly missed expulsion last year for leading a strike. And I knew enough of Lisha's background to realize what having to leave school might mean. She had been reared in the family of one Buck Hunkins, a snaggle-toothed poor white trash who lived in Milledgeville. Let this be entered on Prexy Temson's list of good deeds; his interference saved Lisha from having to take to the road to escape mistreatment at the hands of the ruttish Buck. The Hunkins tribe had never forgiven Lisha for going to work at the college; and most of the Milledgeville folks were down on her for allegedly "actin' up above herself." Any



We all ganged on Lisha and dragged her outside before there was a scene

(Continued on page 34)

War lords, soldiers, lamas and foreign exploiters make up the greater part of the Mongolian population. Prince Teh (upper left) was a rather phlegmatic war lord until elected by the Japanese to be Mongolia's savior. The lamas (above) are but two of the group which includes more than half the adult male population. Below is a Mongol soldier

Luck of the Mongols

By Jim Marshall

Once the Mongols overran half the earth; today they are quietly passing out of the picture, sunk in Lamaism and opium. Three nations, without permission, are using their country for a battlefield—thereby ruining the fishing

IN A CLEAN white ward of the Seventh Day Adventists' Hospital in Kalgan, which is the gateway to Mongolia, wounded soldiers of the Chinese Nationalist army lay in rows. Bronzed, sturdy, shaven-headed boys from the middle provinces; tall, dark lads from the North China prairies; here and there a small, quick-eyed Cantonese. This one had been shot through the leg by a bandit rifle; this one torn by a bursting bomb dropped by a warplane from "a certain quarter"—which is the official Chinese way of saying Japan. In the ward, the wreckage of battle lay in neat rows, the debris of nameless skirmishes in the mud villages far away across the Mongolian steppes.

In one white bed a sallow-faced boy lay silent, brown eyes unmoving. "We do not know what is the matter with him," said the little Chinese surgeon. "He is not wounded. He says he has a very bad headache."

But your correspondent knew what was the matter with the boy. He had been trying to understand why all the battling was going on in Inner Mongolia. Your correspondent had a very bad headache, too, from the same cause.

The headache victim, of course, suffered because, like all Chinese, he was an individualist. In all the northern armies, he was probably the only boy who tried to figure out why he was there.

The individuality of the Chinese hits you as your ricksha rolls slowly through the dusty, narrow streets of Kalgan, past the plodding, smelly camels, the creaking, high-piled wagons hauled by tugging, shaggy ponies from the far reaches of the steppes to the north and west.

Here and there outside the open-faced shops hangs a wooden clockface, as in America. But in America, all the clockfaces read 8:20. In Kalgan the Chinese clockfaces read 1:46 and 2:18 and 3:23 and 9:35. Sixty-one of them, and all different. (The sixty-first fooled everybody—its owner left the hands off altogether.)

You roll up the long, winding hill and underneath the soldier-guarded wall, adorned prosaically enough with huge posters advertising Ruby Queen and Rat and Pirate cigarettes. You lumber over a stone bridge in a seething riot of camels, ponies, Mongols, Chinese and dust, and start up the long, broad trail to the pass. At each side of the broad, gravelly valley the blue mountains tower and the Great Wall goes weaving crazily away over the ridges.

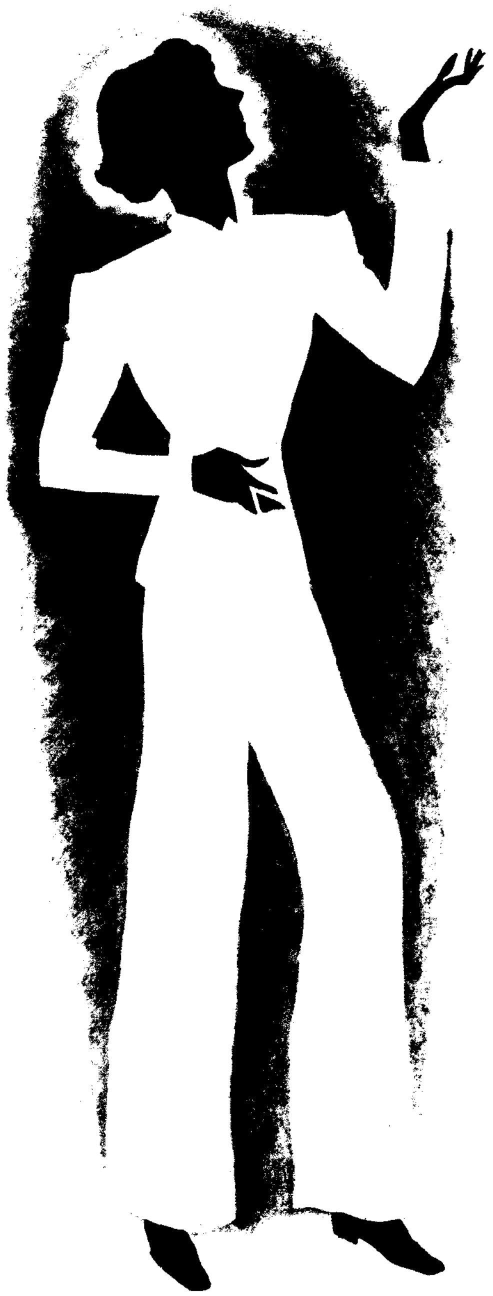
What, no Japanese trucks? Oh, yes, there are some—discarded by the trackside. They couldn't take it, in Mongolia.

You top the pass. China's behind you and Mongolia lies ahead. China may be full of individualists, but it takes Mongolia to own and operate five separate calendars. In the puppet Japanese-created state of Manchukuo, this is the 732d year of Genghis Khan—they call him Chingith up there. For the Japanese it's the 12th year of Showa. In Chinese, it's the 26th year of the republic. And 1937.

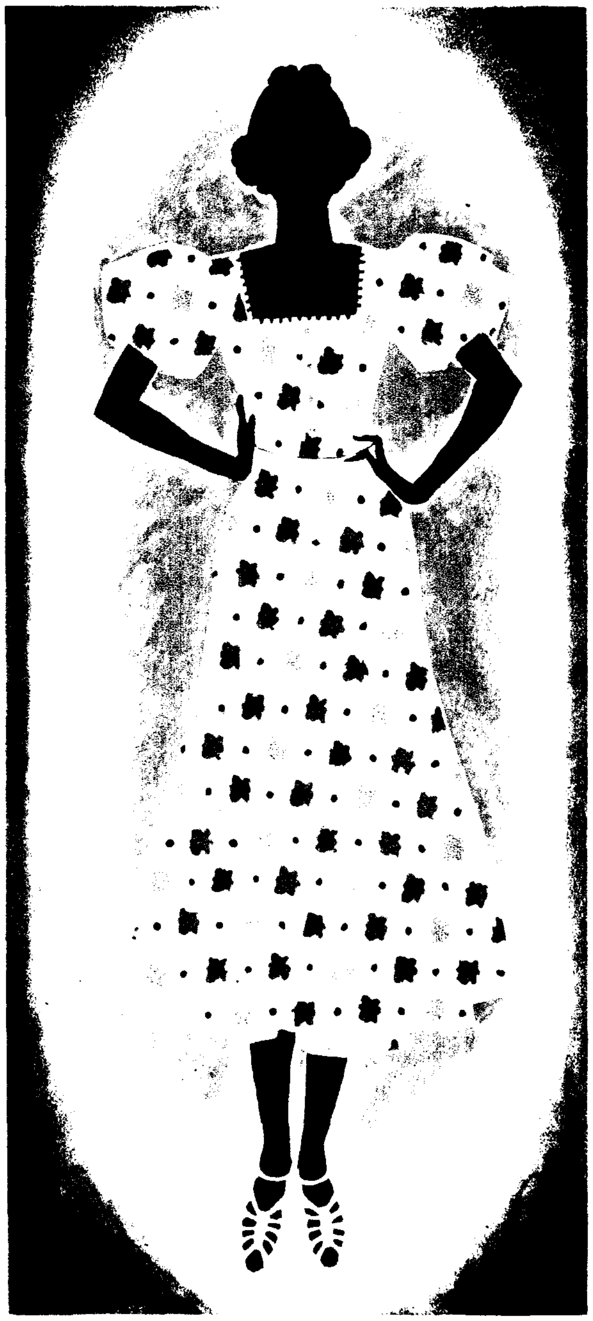
As if these were not enough, Wang Ying, a bandit chief subsidized by the "certain quarter," has his own calendar. In his outfit—the Great Han Autonomous Righteous Army—it's the 4904th year of Huang-ti.

Before it was cluttered up with a war, Inner Mongolia was a sort of super-vacation land for a few hardy souls who could stand dirt and lamas, overlook the fragrance of camels and manage to live

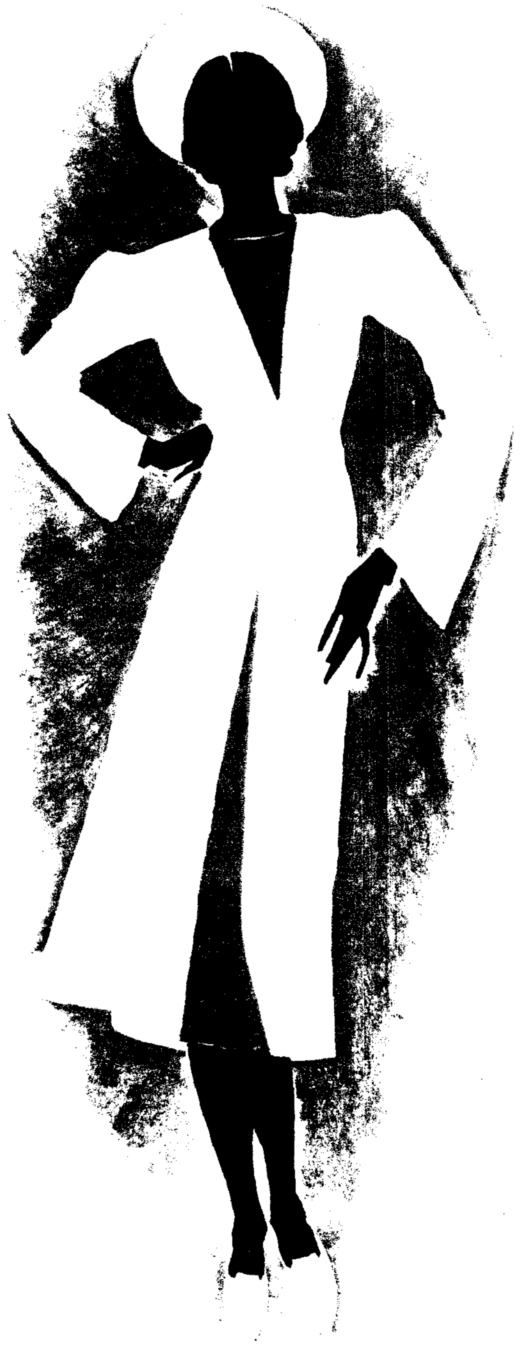
(Continued on page 90)



Slacks, the one boyish note in a very feminine mode, go through the day from beach to dance floor



The newest dress of the season, the dirndl (that's right) peasant dress. Silhouette after design by Grace Arcuri



The redingote, over printed or plain dress, takes the coat honors. Silhouette after design by Helen Cookman

That Bloom in the Spring

This year's spring song is different. The theme is glamor and the substance romance; the air is lively and the result enchanting. In brief, these are the fashions of spring

By Ruth Carson

THE girls are going in for glamor and romance this spring. The turn of an ankle, the turn of a wrist, the curve of a slim waist are the thing. Sprays of bleeding hearts in a print, old-fashioned challis, taffeta, checked or plaided, beribboned bonnets, lace edging a low-cut neck, embroidery, tight little gloves and trim little shoes give an air of trusting innocence.

But they are being very calculating about it. Will it wear? Can I dance in it? Will it pack? Will it do for the summer? Will it go with what I have? Nothing that doesn't answer "Yes" joins the springtime wardrobe. For girls can be feminine no end, but they've got to have endurance, too. And so have their wardrobes.

So the smart girl goes out and buys herself a pair of slacks. It's the one boyish note in a very feminine season, so make the most of it. Wear them now for lounging—they'll give you much more freedom than your picturesque housecoat which was so fetching at the fireside. Wear them on a boat, at the beach this summer, all day long at any resort, as a dinner suit for dancing. They were the rule of the day at Palm Beach this winter and of the evening as well at Palm Springs and Sun Valley, which is tip enough. If it's one pair you're sticking to, they will be lightweight flannel or knit (the kind that won't stretch out of shape) and they'll be perfect in fit and tailoring. Linens and silks are something handsome to think about if you'll agree to the upkeep. Up top will be a matching jacket, either bolero, cardigan or the exuberant "jeep," which flares from shoulder to waist or below and makes you feel very young and gay. Neither will be doing its utmost for you unless you combine it with a dress or skirt another day for another costume. Under the jacket a tailored shirt is very good. Later on at the beach wear a sweat shirt in pastel or brilliant color, plucked from the Riviera. It will look pretty handsome above your shorts, too. Halter tops are still good, and any tune you want to play on sweaters.

But it being nearly spring and nearly Easter, street costumes are the immediate question. So here are the questions and answers that flew over the cables and about the wholesale rooms, where editors and reporters and buyers sat with poised pencils, ready to spread the word or close the sale. It was business with them, so the answers really mattered. Make it your business, too, and all the glamor you want to spread on afterward will ride on a much more even keel.

Coats? The redingote is the coat of the season. In beige, the color of the season. It can be as practical and generally useful or as special a costume as you like. Keep the beige natural enough, neither too gray nor too yellow, in a roughish woolen that is neither too sporty nor too formal, and the coat will be equally at home over the popular printed challis, crepe, or over street-length chiffon, and will go on into the summer over your cottons and linens. The popular version is unlined. The extravagant version is lined with print to match the dress underneath. The in-between has a silk lining to match the coat. Most

(Continued on page 100)

Is it Safe to Fly?

It's not at all safe to be alive, but many persons prefer it. As for flying, that depends on what sort of flying and what you mean by safe. In this article Mr. Courtney analyzes the system and safeguards of the air lines and brings in a verdict

By W. B. Courtney

HARVEY F. BOLTON, senior pilot of Trip Six eastbound, was not only flying to death that night, but into history. Indeed, when the final rolls are made up of those who did not die in vain, Bolton's name may lead all the rest.

No other accident in the brief history of American commercial aviation set the dogs to barking so hard.

Bolton, with copilot Greeson beside him, and ten persons in the cabin, took off from Glendale Airport, near Los Angeles, at four in the afternoon of May 5, 1935; and flew east. Kingman, an hour and a half later, then Winslow, after two more hours, reported his progress over Arizona. At ten minutes to nine he set his wheels on the desert airport at Albuquerque; Senator Bronson Cutting waited there to get aboard and unwittingly lend a heavy fatefulness to the next leg of the eastward journey.

There was trouble with the plane's radio transmitter, and a delay seemed imminent. Only the day before, in Los Angeles, the same trouble had been noted; *apparently overcome. The nature* of it does not seem important, now; technically, it may or may not have had much to do with the subsequent events of that night. There is a factor, however, which might have concealed significance; although in the endless testimony afterward it was never explored. Bates, technician at the field, during the refueling stop began to pull the radio apart. Bolton, the pilot, tanks full and passengers waiting, ordered Bates to desist; since the "day frequency" was okay, and normally—the ground stations along his route being duly warned—he could get through on that without using the "night frequency."

The delay, which Pilot Bolton feared, conceivably might have altered the flow of aviation records that night; and spared lives. One wonders whether the presence of a United States senator made the pilot unduly eager to get on; or whether the senator, noting the halt, let drop an influential word.

At any event, Bolton got a clearance from the operations superintendent and took off. He flew into a peck of trouble.

Details of the course of Flight Six from then on are definitely known; the reasons for what happened are lost in a shameful maze of contradictions, disputes, alibis, counterblame, politics, committee reports, irresponsible and partisan testimony and espionage.

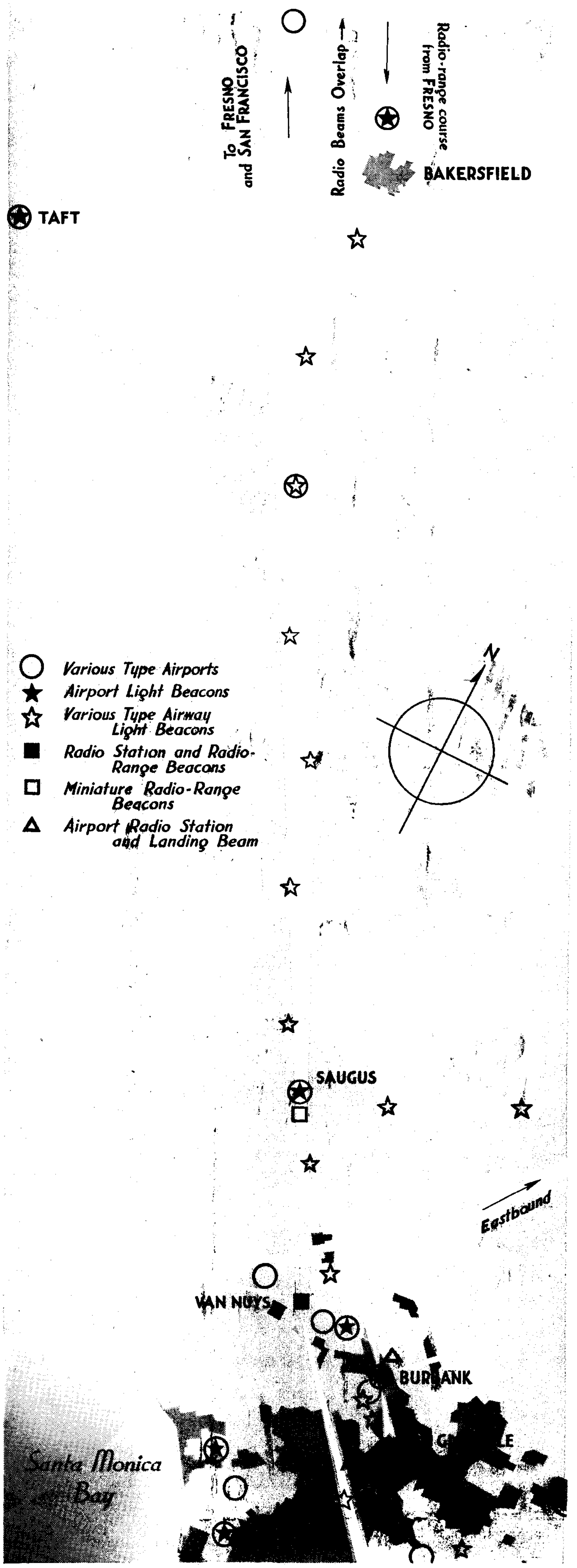
This much is sure. Senator Bronson Cutting, Pilot Bolton, Mate Greeson, and three others are dead; the rest were seriously injured physically and seared for life mentally.

Bolton passed over Amarillo about midnight; at one-thirty in the morning of May 6th he was in the vicinity of Wichita. The weather at Kansas City, his destination, had been closing down; but Pilot Graves of Flight Eight, thirty minutes ahead of him, got in safely. Bolton was due at Kansas City at half past two; by then the ceiling there was less than the minimum allowed by airways regulations for operations, and he went on east. Gradually he worked his way down from the mists and somewhere over Macon County he broke under the very low ceiling and flew by "contact"—that is, in sight of, and with reference to, the ground. Evidently he was heading for the Department of Commerce field at Kirksville, where adequate ceiling was reported by the local observer. Sixteen miles from this haven, while hurtling through the evil night at a speed of nearly three miles a minute as he skimmed the contours of the rolling earth, he made a lightning bank to avoid a fog-filled depression. He did not have enough altitude for the maneuver, and the tip of his left wing scraped the ground; the plane wrenched out of Bolton's control and piled up on a rock bank one hundred yards beyond.

Fault Dodgers

Its splintered wreckage was cleared away, eventually; but there were unseen marks in that field near Atlanta, Missouri, that will forever serve as a monument to a vitally important turn in the development of American commercial air transportation.

The battle of fault and responsibility was fought and is not yet ended; on the ground, in the Senate, in offices and hearing rooms, it set records of pettiness, self-interest, meanness and mental dishonesty. The Air Commerce Bureau made categorical charges against the line; the company retorted with a counterattack. The Bureau said that Bolton, when Kansas City began to close in long before his arrival time, should have been ordered down at Wichita; the company maintained the weather report from the government man at Kirksville was misleading; the Bureau replied that



To FRESNO and SAN FRANCISCO
Radio Beams Overlap
Radio-range course from FRESNO
BAKERSFIELD
TAFT
N
○ Various Type Airports
★ Airport Light Beacons
☆ Various Type Airway Light Beacons
■ Radio Station and Radio-Range Beacons
□ Miniature Radio-Range Beacons
△ Airport Radio Station and Landing Beam
SAUGUS
Eastbound
VAN NUYS
BURBANK
GLENDALE
Santa Monica Bay

Several accidents occurred recently on this airway leg near Los Angeles. Here you get a pilot's view of a Federal Airway: lights, landing fields and various radio aids

ANTONIO PETRUCELLI

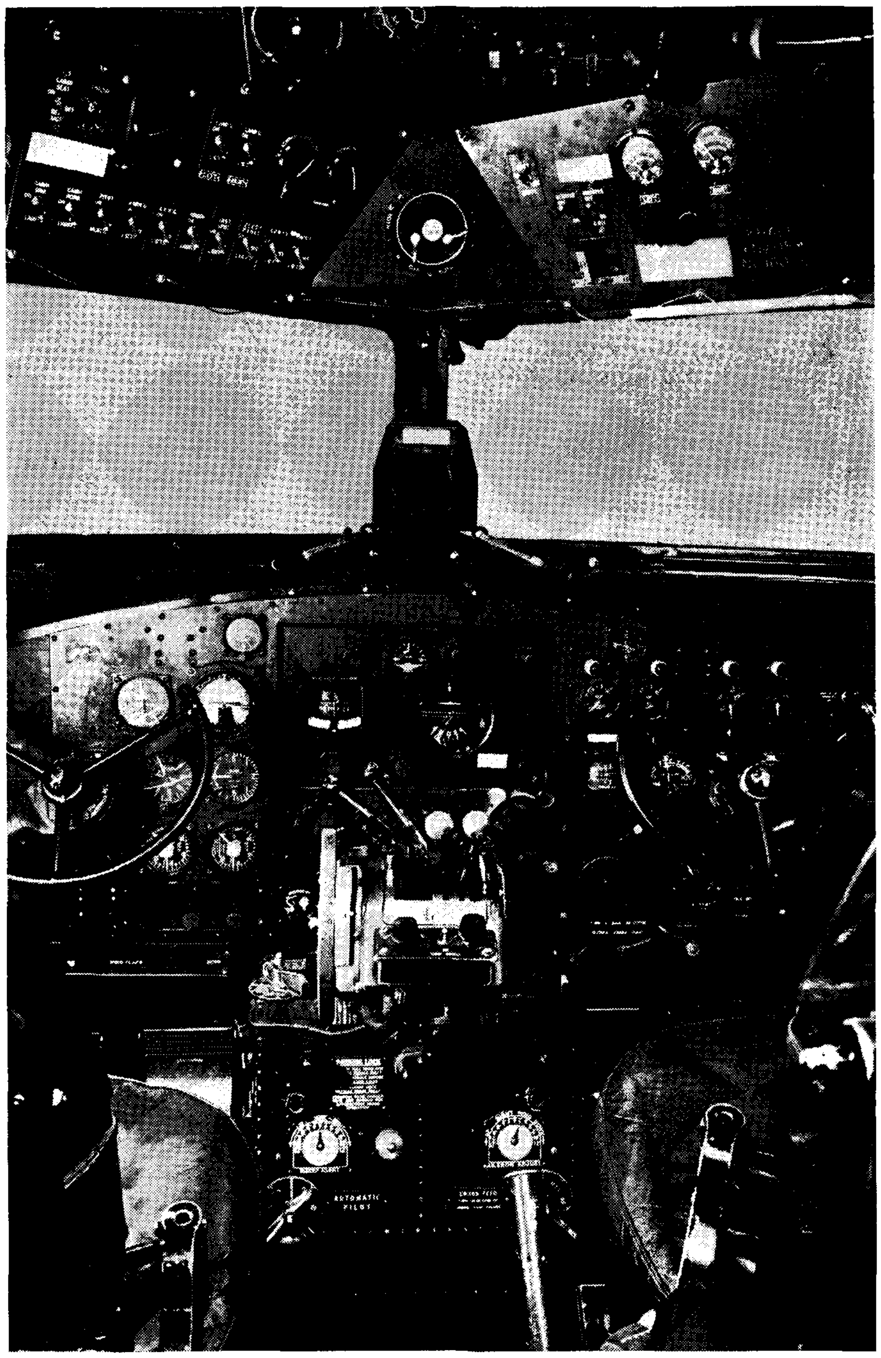
ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Bolton crashed miles from Kirksville, and that weather can vary greatly in such a distance. Government detectives were called in to investigate witnesses; a Senate committee hearing took on the aspects of a brawl rather than an impartial judicial proceeding; and once more you and I and other lay folk had a grave jolt to our faith in the safety of American flying—scarcely recovered from the tragic sequel of the air-mail cancellation in the previous year, when a dozen fine Army lads were killed.

Perhaps if Senator Cutting had not been involved, this would have been just another incident in the painful growth of a transportation industry. There have been other disasters, of more absorbing details and greater loss of lives useful in the American industrial and commercial scene. But the two most publicized accidents in commercial aviation were those involving Knute Rockne and Bronson Cutting. The preliminary Copeland report in the Congressional Record for June 20th contains frequent laudations of "our beloved colleague"—but, except for the pilots, does not mention any other victim by name.

The Cutting accident reopened, for the public, the whole question of whether it is safe to fly; the investigations and furor have kept it constantly agitated, so that subsequent accidents—including the dreadful group this winter—have been pitilessly spotlighted. The result has been to fetch public confidence in aviation to a new low point; and patronage of the air lines to diminishing levels, which threaten economic losses that will halt—temporarily at least—the progress of the young industry. One line concerned in a California accident previously carried an average of 475 passengers a day between Los Angeles and San Francisco; in the following weeks the figure was down to 120. No one seemed to recall that before the accident the line had flown passengers on 35,000 trips between these cities without injury.

In fairness to the air-mail and passenger operators, to their pilots, and to the aeronautical science the commercial development of which forms an inestimable reserve for our national defenses, this is an interesting and important time for you to find out, as nearly as you can, whether it is safe to fly.



AMERICAN AIR LINES

A modern transport plane's cockpit; instruments above, below and all around. Not as bewildering to pilots as to you, but a case for simplifying

Stick to the Air Lines

First, you must decide upon which kind of flying you mean.

Military flying, which requires extraordinary maneuvers and speeds, is not safe in the protected sense; however, all factors considered, the annual casualty list is relatively small. Army and Navy chiefs do everything within reason to breed in their men appreciation of the value both of their lives and of the planes entrusted to them; awards are made each year for safety records. Once the cocky idea was: If anything goes wrong, bail out and let the plane go to the devil—the taxpayers can buy a new one! Happily that notion has passed into the limbo of derring-do and the Frank Merriwell days. The new enlightened spirit molds our young military pilots usefully for the commercial air-lines service into which many of them later go.

Private flying, like mountain climbing and madcap automobile racing, is adventurous sport and its safety can be measured largely by the skill, experience and wits of its practitioners. The record is not good; the risk, to private flyers' passengers, is beyond the insurance pale. If you fly with your sportsman pilot friends you are, in one degree or another, definitely "taking a chance."

When you were young you did not ask if automobiles were safe; today your children do not ask, "Is flying safe?"

All other forms of non-scheduled flying—that is, aviation not regulated for interstate commerce—must be considered hazardous. You are not likely to have personal encounter with much of this sort of aviation, except barnstorming. There are many conscientious and expert flyers, who sell "hops" at fairs and other places. You will have to judge such pilots and their equipment on the spot. Test and experimental flying is for the professional research flyers, who could not take you with them if you wanted to go; stunt ocean flights nowadays are for the scatterbrained and publicity-mad.

Aeronautics, therefore, runs a long and colorful and varied scale of activities.

The phase on trial before you now is *scheduled commercial air-line transportation.* It is the only one in which you as a prudent traveler, with social or business motives, should be interested.

This modern transportation method is, literally, in its infancy. It is now entering upon its eleventh year; and its record for safety, its growth in service to your daily life and in volume of business is unprecedented. It has taken on the tempo of these brave and glamorous postwar years; and no other transportation method in history can match the acceptance record of its first decade.

In 1926, less than 6,000 passengers were carried; in 1936, there were 1,150,000, and the ten-year-old industry flew nearly half a billion passenger miles. This despite the fact that, alone of transportation industries, civil aviation was singled out for one of the shabbiest exhibitions of political capital-making in Washington's annals, and, too, in spite of the greatest economic bubble and the most widespread economic disaster of history, all embraced within its first ten years. Moreover, air transportation has had to overcome the hardest sales resistance ever met by a travel method; man's ancient fears of leaving the ground, the unmedical superstitions

(Continued on page 63)

BY ALAN LEMAY

Ghost at His Shoulder

TWO minutes before, playing cards at a table in the cowboy-thronged, kerosene-lighted Mustang Bar, Davy Jefferson had been enjoying himself; not high, wide and handsome, but in a quiet way—the only way he had.

Then he had got up and gone to the bar to get himself a drink, a mild-eyed youngster in cowboy clothes—tame, for a cowboy on a Saturday night.

Brad Blackburn, range boss for the tough Circle-Bob cow outfit, was standing at the bar, red-eyed and ugly. Davy Jefferson should have noticed that Brad had been eying him sourly ever since he came in. There was a girl named Rosarita Gomez in this man's sand-hill cow town, and Brad had been having hard luck with her. But Davy, unable to imagine any girl getting much excited over him, didn't know Brad held him to blame.

Brad reached over a big callus-crusted hand, and flicked the little whisky glass out of Davy Jefferson's fingers. "Get the hell out of my light."

The other cow hands along the bar moved back quickly. There was a gun at Davy Jefferson's thigh, simply because sand-hill custom placed it there. And now everybody in the Mustang Bar waited for that gun to jump.

It did not jump. There was a sizable stretch of ugly, sick silence. Davy was thinking that if he drew his gun he was going to be killed; and after he had examined that fact for a minute he decided that he did not want to be killed.

"Sure," he said at last. "Sure—I'll get out of your light."

He turned away uncertainly, and walked back to the poker table.

THE cow hands began to go back to the bar, back to their drinks. Now and then they would look over their shoulders at Davy, in a very curious sort of way.

One of the players at the poker table began to deal again. When he got around to Davy he hesitated for a moment, then dealt him in.

Mechanically Davy picked up his cards. His unsteady hands drew them close to his shirt front, opened them. Automatically he glanced down at the hand. And then a strange, slow emotion went through Davy Jefferson.

He was holding aces and eights. It is the hand known from one end of the West to the other as the Dead Man's Hand.

Davy knew the name of that hand, and he knew how it had got that name, the day Wild Bill Hickok died—shot in the back of the head as he sat in a poker game.

What gun fighters remember is that somehow as Wild Bill fell forward, instantly dead, his gun came into his hand. But gamblers remember the poker hand of aces and eights that slid from Wild Bill's fingers as he fell.

Tonight, somewhere, a Westerner in a poker game will hold aces and eights; and a curious chill will run along his spine. For he will have a sneaking opinion that Wild Bill is there, standing behind his chair. Being a gambler, he knows that the old gun fighter must want to finish playing that hand he was holding when he died.

SO Davy Jefferson sat for a long moment staring with strange eyes at those aces and eights. And he was feeling Bill Hickok looking over his shoulder at the cards.

But he wasn't thinking as a gambler thinks, about the value of the Dead Man's Hand. With Wild Bill Hickok's dead eyes looking over his shoulder, he was knowing himself for the coward that he was. He could get away from this town, and this range, but he could never get away from himself. And he knew now, or thought he did, that it is not always sensible for a man to save his life.

"You drop, Davy?" the dealer said.

Davy shook his head, and laid his hand face down. Slowly, stiffly, he pushed back his chair and stood up. He went to the bar, walking like a mechanical man.

"Give me a straight bourbon."

Brad Blackburn turned unbelievingly, and his voice rose, ugly and red, like his eyes. "I thought I told you—"

Davy Jefferson picked up his bourbon and threw it, glass and all, into Brad Blackburn's face.

Once more there was the quick movement out of line, but it was not wasted now. One gun spoke, then the other, and a quick reek of powder spun up through the tobacco smoke.

Then everybody was staring with a blank foolish look—Davy Jefferson most amazed of all. Brad Blackburn was down on his face, crookedly, one shoulder wedged between the footrail and the bar.

After that, of course, there had to be a lot of muddling around—hours of it. The town marshal had to come and make himself a name for letting nothing obvious escape him; and though they didn't shove Davy in the jail, he was told to stay around. So, after a long time, Davy was back at the poker table again.

He was not shaking now; something inside him had turned hard and bleak. He knew that, no matter how many times more he fought, he was never going to be afraid of it again. Yet, satisfaction was lacking in that. He was trying to figure out what it would be like to be dead; and all he could think about was what it is like to be alive. In that smoky bar, where he could still smell faintly the tang of powder, Davy was remembering things he had loved without knowing he loved them; things he had never thought about at all.

Perfunctorily, without watching what he did, he was winning almost every hand. But he couldn't interest himself in that. Something was haunting him, and he couldn't find out what it was. It was something about the aces and eights. Something so simple that its very plainness made it elude him.

And then—he held them again. Once more, for the second time in that deadly night, he held the aces and eights—the Dead Man's Hand.

HE FOLDED up the cards and sat looking down at their backs. He was waiting for the sense of someone standing behind him; the sense of unseen eyes looking over his shoulder at the playing of his hand.

But this time it did not come. He could feel nothing but emptiness behind him. Suddenly, in that thronged room, Davy felt alone—terribly alone.

"You drop, Davy?"

Davy Jefferson looked up; so that he was watching, as startled blankness struck all other expression from the faces of the two men opposite—the men who faced the door.

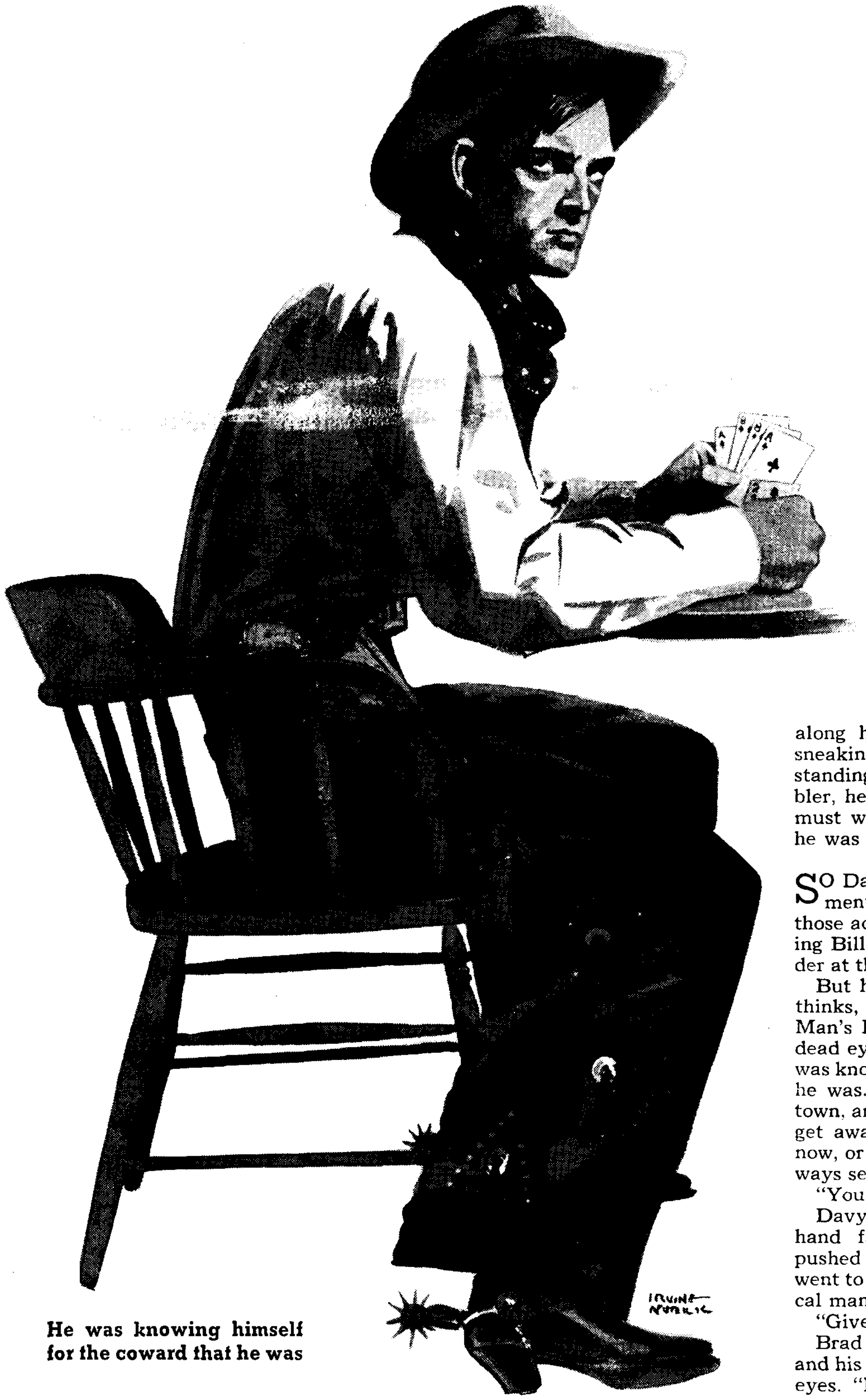
Then in a split second the other eyes jumped to the door, and instantly the poker players moved apart; a chair overturned.

The dealer said, "Joe Blackburn!" And he ducked.

Davy knew Joe Blackburn, the brother of Brad; he had known that Joe would sometime come after his brother's killer—and he was not afraid. But, because he had not seen Joe with Brad, he had thought that tonight Joe was far across the sand hills, at the camp of the Circle-Bob.

One hairbreadth of time too late, Davy sprang up, whirling to face the door. Too late, too late by the barest flicker of the falling hammer, his gun whipped up. But in that one flashing instant before Joe Blackburn's gun spoke from the doorway, before the aces and eights fluttered to the floor to lie beside Davy's silent gun—in that instant Davy must have known what it was he forgot.

He had forgotten what happened to the original holder of aces and eights, to make it a famous hand.



He was knowing himself for the coward that he was

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

By Ben Ames Williams

Girl Adrift

The only case on record of a girl coming out of a fog with a perfect sense of direction

TERRY PETERS would surely, would inevitably, marry Thomas Mayden in Blue Hill next Thursday at high noon. This was only Saturday; but already Thursday was a hound baying at her heels.

Mayden's Diesel yacht, bright work gleaming in the sun, slid out of Camden Harbor into the open bay. The light wind from the east had a damp chill, so the other guests aboard preferred the cabin and bridge; but Terry refused to cut in, and picked up a book at random and sought the deserted afterdeck. The book proved to be "Sightly Casuals" by James Braden, a collection of tales of this Maine coast, tales with a rich Munchausen flavor, set against a background of descriptive passages of startling beauty.

Terry turned the pages at first idly, then began to read with delight. The fog stole in whitely from the sea to cloak the outer islands, then the nearer ones; it enfolded the yacht, wrapped it in cotton wool as though it were a rare and precious thing; it deposited small drops of moisture on Terry's lovely hair. The yacht respectfully slowed down and a sailor came aft to put out the log. Terry looked up to watch him, and thought he was younger than Thomas Mayden had ever been, would ever be—oh, Thursday was a hound nipping at her heels—and she asked him:

"What is that? What is it for?"

"It's the log, Miss Peters," he explained. "It measures how far we go. Captain has to know his departure, and his course and distance to navigate in fog."

She was at once lonely and beset by people all around. She asked other questions, kept him here till her mother came out of the cabin and drew sternly near. He departed, and Mrs. Peters whispered reproaches.

"You reckless child! Thomas could have seen you from the bridge table if he had turned around, Terry. Fortunately he didn't turn."

"Oh, Mother, what was there to see?"

"Chattering with a common sailor! Even Thomas, devoted as he is, isn't blind, you know!"

Terry turned to lean wearily on the port rail, watching through the fog a rocky shore slide by close at hand. Then the shore slowed down, and stopped.

"You simply must not be so heedless," her mother insisted; and then: "Hush, here's dear Thomas now!"

Dear Thomas came out of the cabin. "Captain Nickerson thinks we'd best anchor till it clears," he explained. "We've too much draft to go dodging ledges in the fog. Terry, darling, care for a rubber of bridge?"

"I've a headache, thanks. I'm going below."

"I've some splendid tablets, dear—"

"I'm sure you have; but a nap will fix me."

Mrs. Peters told him: "I'll just make our little girl comfortable; be up in a minute, Thomas." Below decks, by the door of her daughter's cabin, she whispered: "You ought to be thankful, Terry, that dear Thomas loves you so."

The girl said miserably: "Oh, I'll marry him, Mother. I've promised, haven't I? Please let me alone."

Behind her, with emphasis, she shut the cabin door. Through her porthole she saw the rocky beach now almost lost in fog. It would be fun to slip into her bathing suit, swim ashore, be alone. To escape even for an hour. . . .

THE deck, when she came up, was deserted except for two or three of the crew who watched admiringly her clean dive. The shore was hidden now in fog, but she knew it lay to port. She swam that way at a leisurely crawl.

After a while she raised her head to look; but the shore was not yet in sight. She swam on. The shore still did not appear. The yacht behind her now was hidden in the fog. There was nothing but fog and water all about her. The fog pressed down as though to thrust her under.

She felt fear crawling in the pit of her stomach. She began to swim faster.

The old man on the wharf stringer spat into the tide. "Lobsters running pretty sizable down yore way this year, they tell me."

The man below him, storing parcels in the cabin of a competent old motorboat, nodded. "Biggest ever I see," he assented. "And the hongriest."

He cast off mooring lines, lifted the box hood off his engine.

"Mite thick, ain't it, to go rousting around the bay?" the old man suggested.

Black fog hung about them; drops of water formed in the very air and fell sullenly. The eye could see objects fifty yards away; no more. But the boatman shook his head.

"Why, I wouldn't say so," he protested. "Not compared to some fogs I've seen. . . . Well, see you next week."

This was an able sea boat, fit to go anywhere—so long as the heavy-duty two-cycle, two-cylinder engine of antiquarian design behaved itself. Its owner trusted it—but he carried rowlocks and two long oak sweeps in case of accidents.

The old engine putt-putted merrily as he ran out of harbor now. At the light he took a true departure, steered by watch and compass. Presently he skirted a shore line invisible in the fog beam, and a bell rang close ahead of him, and he swerved to dodge the taut anchor chain of a long white yacht, and on her deck he heard a woman scream. He checked his way, and white faces lined the rail above him, ghostly in the fog. A mouth moved, saying things the boatman could not hear; so he cut the engine, called:

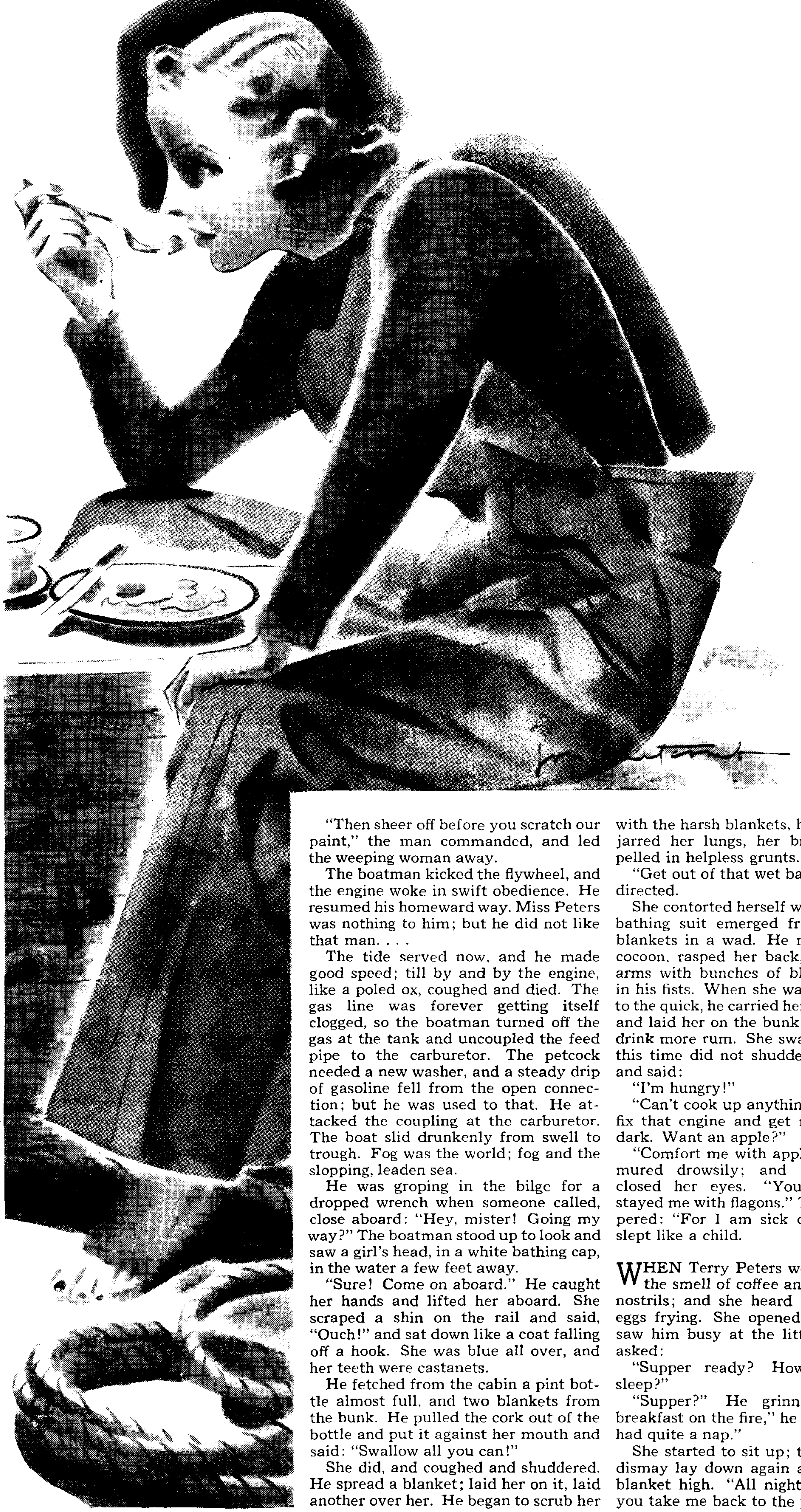
"Trouble?"

"Have you got Miss Peters?" the man whose mouth had moved demanded; and a woman beside him wailed:

"She's drowned! I know she's drowned!"

"Sorry, no!" the boatman replied.

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



They sat in the tiny cabin with a box for a table. "You haven't told me who you are," she suggested at last. "Under the circumstances—shouldn't I know?"

"Then sheer off before you scratch our paint," the man commanded, and led the weeping woman away.

The boatman kicked the flywheel, and the engine woke in swift obedience. He resumed his homeward way. Miss Peters was nothing to him; but he did not like that man. . . .

The tide served now, and he made good speed; till by and by the engine, like a poled ox, coughed and died. The gas line was forever getting itself clogged, so the boatman turned off the gas at the tank and uncoupled the feed pipe to the carburetor. The petcock needed a new washer, and a steady drip of gasoline fell from the open connection; but he was used to that. He attacked the coupling at the carburetor. The boat slid drunkenly from swell to trough. Fog was the world; fog and the slopping, leaden sea.

He was groping in the bilge for a dropped wrench when someone called, close aboard: "Hey, mister! Going my way?" The boatman stood up to look and saw a girl's head, in a white bathing cap, in the water a few feet away.

"Sure! Come on aboard." He caught her hands and lifted her aboard. She scraped a shin on the rail and said, "Ouch!" and sat down like a coat falling off a hook. She was blue all over, and her teeth were castanets.

He fetched from the cabin a pint bottle almost full, and two blankets from the bunk. He pulled the cork out of the bottle and put it against her mouth and said: "Swallow all you can!"

She did, and coughed and shuddered. He spread a blanket; laid her on it, laid another over her. He began to scrub her with the harsh blankets, hard. When he jarred her lungs, her breath was expelled in helpless grunts.

"Get out of that wet bathing suit," he directed.

She contorted herself wearily, and the bathing suit emerged from under the blankets in a wad. He rolled her in a cocoon, rasped her back, her legs, her arms with bunches of blanket gripped in his fists. When she was sandpapered to the quick, he carried her into the cabin and laid her on the bunk and made her drink more rum. She swallowed it, and this time did not shudder, and smiled, and said:

"I'm hungry!"

"Can't cook up anything now. Got to fix that engine and get moving before dark. Want an apple?"

"Comfort me with apples?" she murmured drowsily; and she chuckled, closed her eyes. "You've already—stayed me with flagons." Then she whispered: "For I am sick of love!" And slept like a child.

WHEN Terry Peters woke, there was the smell of coffee and bacon in her nostrils; and she heard the crackle of eggs frying. She opened her eyes and saw him busy at the little stove. She asked:

"Supper ready? How long did I sleep?"

"Supper?" He grinned. "This is breakfast on the fire," he told her. "You had quite a nap."

She started to sit up; then in sudden dismay lay down again and pulled the blanket high. "All night? Why didn't you take me back to the yacht?"

"Couldn't get the engine started." He watched the flame of the gasoline stove grow dim and die. The tank was empty, but breakfast was all cooked, so he need not fill it now. He said: "There's a pair of new overalls in that bundle, and an old sweater under the mattress. I'll go look at the scenery. Sing out when you're ready to eat."

The overalls were reassuring, as far as they went. A sweater under the bunk, he had said. She found it, pulled it on. She thought: He doesn't talk like a fisherman. And she thought: They'll be wild! Think I'm drowned! And she thought: If I slept all night, then this must be Sunday. Thursday? Only four days!

Thursday, a hound baying on her heels.

From somewhere over her head he called: "Find everything you need?"

She answered: "In a minute! There! I'm ready now."

He reappeared. They sat in the tiny cabin with a box for a table between them, and she watched him eat bacon and eggs and was reassured by the way he ate them, and began to forget herself in wondering about him more and more. "You haven't told me who you are," she suggested at last, and smiled. "Under the circumstances—shouldn't I know?"

HE SAID calmly: "Jack Bard's the name. I fish some, run a few lobster pots."

"Is it still foggy?"

"Thick as the cream in your coffee."

"Where are we?"

"Anchored back side of my island. I never did get the engine going, so I had to row home or else go to sea on the tide. Time I'd got this far I'd had all the rowing I wanted, so I dropped the killick. My landing's round t'other side."

"Your island?"

"Well, I'm the only one that lives on it. Call it mine."

She smiled in quickening interest. "Like Robinson Crusoe? You don't seem a bit excited at having saved my life."

"Dunno as I be."

"Did it startle you when I hailed you?"

"Ain't been what you'd call startled in ten years. Last time was down Bay of Fundy way. I was alone in a dory, fishing in the fog, and there come this snort behind me and I whirled around and looked a walrus right in the whiskers. That took all the startle I had on hand. Since then I don't startle for a durn."

She said: "My name's Terry Peters."

"Pleased t'meet you."

"I'm on a cruise in Mr. Mayden's yacht."

"I come past it," he assented. "They'd missed you. There was a woman, taking on."

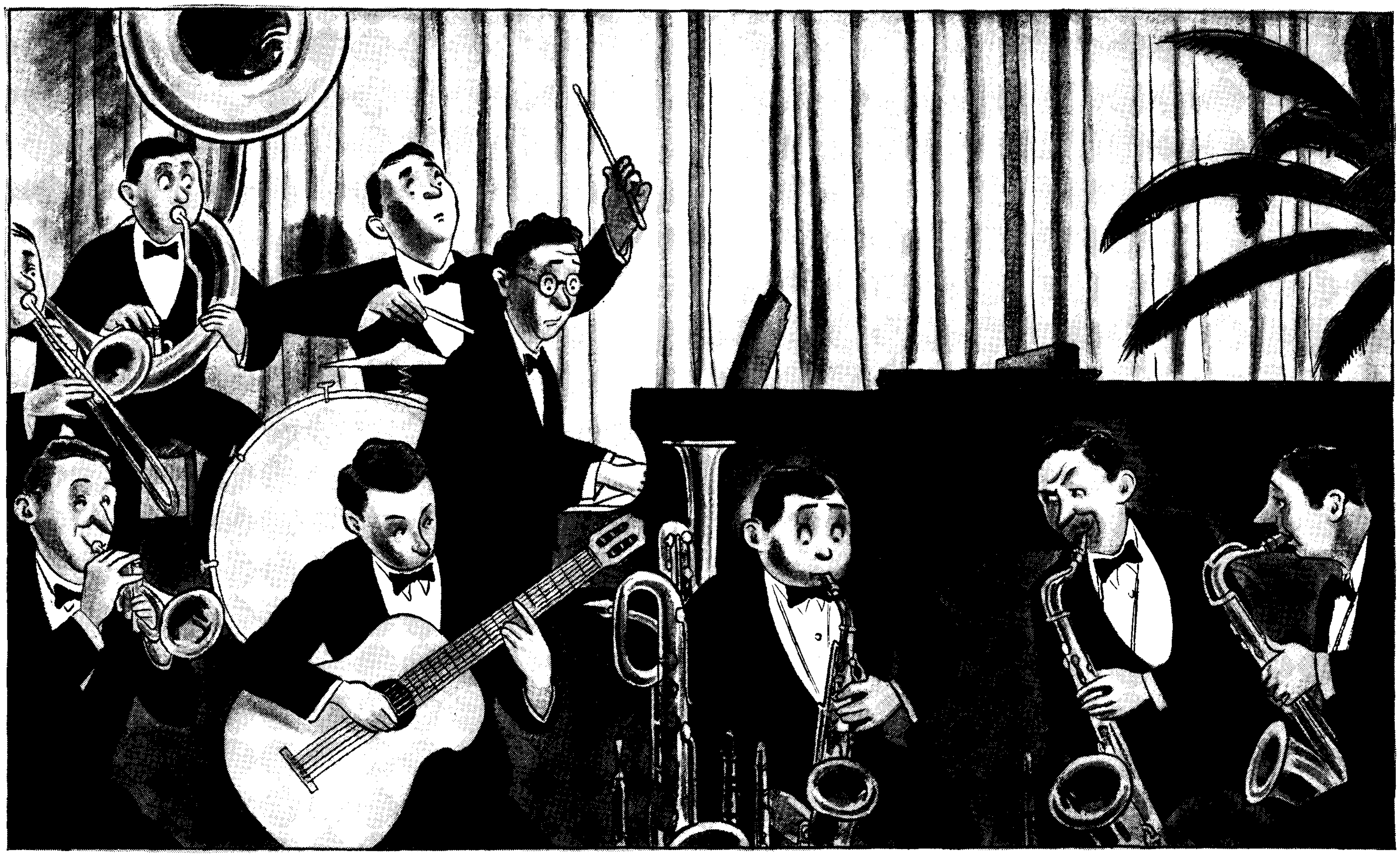
"That was Mother!" And she explained: "We anchored when the fog caught us, and I decided to have a swim. I could see the rocks on shore when I went below to change. When I came up, the fog was so thick I couldn't see anything, but I knew the direction, or thought I did. But I swam and swam and didn't get to shore; so then I floated and took it easy, and got pretty cold and tired and scared, and after a while I saw a boat and it turned out to be you."

"What time did you start on this swim of yours?"

"About three."

He reflected: "Tide turned round quarter of. Yacht 'uz probably swinging to her anchor, so when you come on deck the beach wa'n't where it had been. You headed south, 'stead of west, the way you figured to; and the tide fetched you along fast." He said chidingly: "That's no way to do. You never want to set out to go anywhere in a fog without you can take a true departure."

(Continued on page 48)



"Come on, Bounce, cut out the schmalz," the other saxophonists begged, but Bounce ignored them

Evening of a Gobble-Piper

By Henry Anton Steig

A few hot hours with Bounce Holman, who could play anything from a grunt iron to a potato whistle. Assorted new notes in music guaranteed to make the breast more savage

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

ALBERT HOLMAN was called "Bounce" because he was always bouncing about. When he played the saxophone (or the clarinet or the oboe or the flute or the bassoon or the sarrusophone) he just couldn't sit still. He wrestled with it like a hungry infant with an overdue bottle.

It was in the middle of his sixteenth year, when he had a strange illness, that the saxophone became the center of his world. The family doctor told Mr. and Mrs. Holman that Albert's loss of weight, neglect of his school work and general melancholia were due, very likely, to a frustration. And when he learned that Albert had been begging for a saxophone for several months, he advised they lose no more time in gratifying his wish. So they bought him a saxophone.

They began to doubt the soundness of this move very soon, for, though Albert quickly regained his former chubbiness and *joie de vivre,* he remained stubbornly unresponsive to his teachers' attempts at awakening in him a proper enthusiasm for history, civics and geometry. Albert attended school solely for certain extracurricular activities, like slipping worms into schoolmates' pockets and lunch boxes. He spent every available moment investigating the possibilities of the saxophone.

Now, at twenty-four, as short, almost as baby-faced, and even chubbier than he had been at sixteen, he played first sax with Bill Cannon's Bullets at the Can Can Club. He could play any instrument he had ever seen, expertly; and he had a reputation equal to the best as a "ride man," which means he could "give," "send" or "go."

The Bullets were a first-rate band—they had to be to play at the craziest club in the Village—but Bounce was in a class by himself and knew it. Bounce had heard it said that he played the hottest gobble-pipe between here and Chicago, but he didn't consider it a compliment because his own opinion of himself allowed no geographical limitations. And perhaps he was justified. At any rate, no one could definitely name another saxophonist and say he was a better man than Bounce, among those who were in the know, without getting into an argument.

The Bullets were tired. They had rehearsed all morning for a commercial radio program and most of the afternoon with the new floor show at the club. But if Bounce was tired, he didn't show it. He seemed to be able to bat a thousand, consistently, and he set so high a standard for the other men to shoot at that sometimes, as on this evening, they rather wished he weren't quite so hot. It didn't swell a man's ego any, after he had knocked out a good shake solo, to have Bounce jump up with three clarinets, stick them all into his mouth, and play an even dirtier trio.

The boys wouldn't have thought anything of that, though, if they had known that Bounce was in one of his prankish moods. They had just finished a group of dances and were going out to their lounging room for a smoke and a rest. Bounce, hedged in by a little thicket of instruments, remained behind with a clarinet in his hands.

"I wanna dope out sumpm on the ole licorice-stick," he said. But as soon as he was alone, he put down his clarinet and went over to the drummer's chair. He took a little paper bag out of his pocket, removed from it a section of onion, and rubbed it over the drummer's sticks, completely covering them with a coating of onion juice. He treated the back of the bass viol in the same manner and then got rid of the onion by burying it at the base of a potted palm, near the bandstand. When the boys came back they found him improvising, sadly, softly and hotly, in the low register of his clarinet.

Bill Cannon, pianist and leader of the band, signaled for the beginning of the next dance.

"How 'bout dustin' off the stone crusher?" Bounce suggested to him. "I got some swell get-off woiked out on this number."

"Give us a tell," said Cannon.

"You'll see," said Bounce. "Third

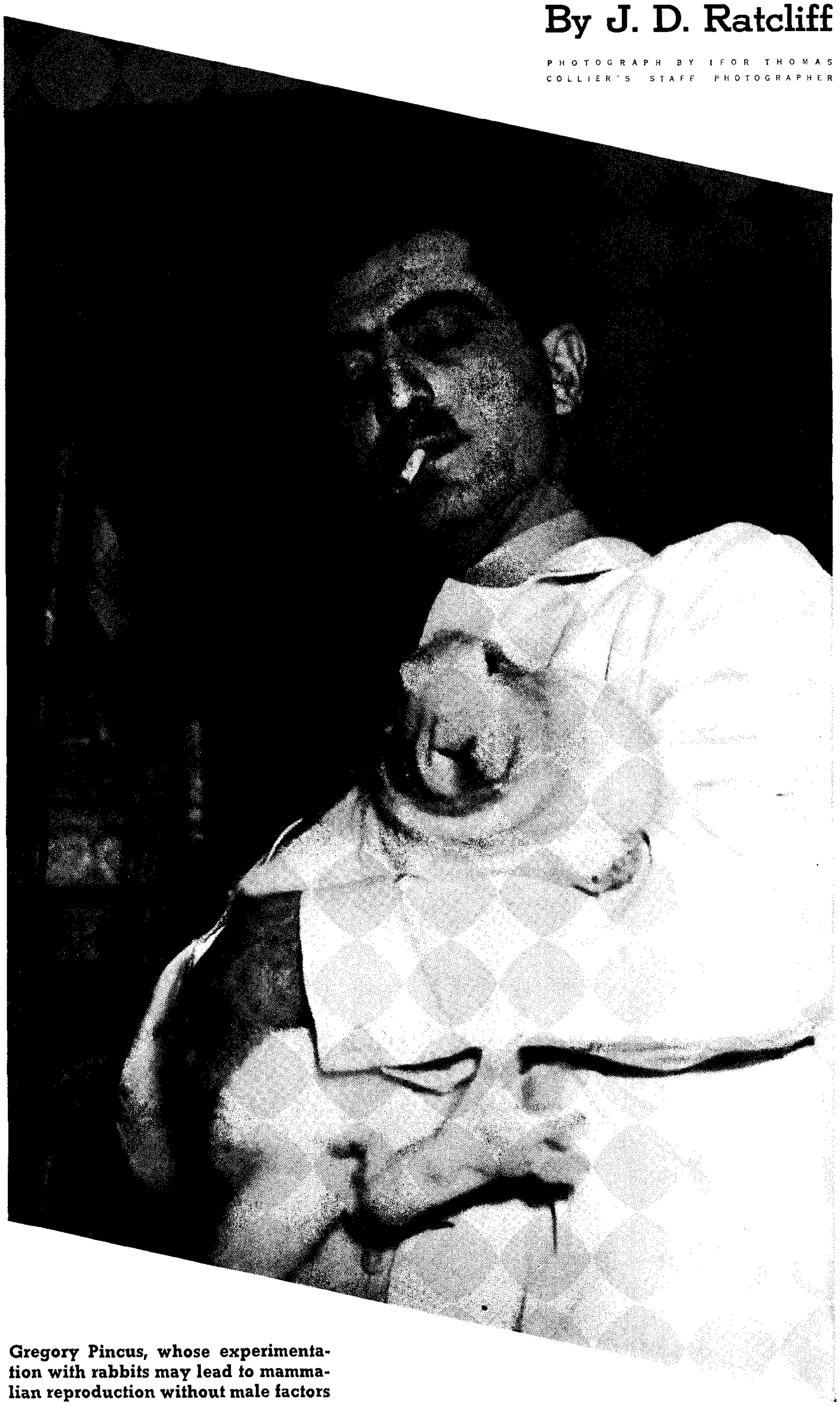
(Continued on page 59)

No Father to Guide Them

It's a biologist's business to know life; young Mr. Gregory Pincus of Harvard has got on so well that he can now play tricks with it. Witness his fatherless bunnies. And will there be fatherless babies presently? You may speculate as much as you please; young Mr. Pincus is not going to say

By J. D. Ratcliff

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Gregory Pincus, whose experimentation with rabbits may lead to mammalian reproduction without male factors

IN THE huge Biological Laboratory—a building which represents seven of Harvard's fifty-two million dollars' worth of real estate—a 33-year-old scientist leaned over a microscope. His name might have been borrowed from a cop in a detective novel: Gregory Pincus. But what he saw has possibilities more thrilling than anything a detective-story writer ever imagined: a world in which woman would be a dominant, self-sufficient entity, able to produce young without the aid of man.

On his microscope slide lay two linked disks. They might have been a cryptic symbol of some backwoods cult or a crude identification mark on a ransom note. Actually they were two cells that had grown from the single cell of a rabbit ovum—cells that had taken the first stumbling step toward growth. And life.

Amateur biologists had seen a similar sight a thousand times. All they had to do was get up early in the morning and look in a quiet eddy of a creek for fertilized frog eggs. Then cart the eggs back to the laboratory and slip them under a microscope. Pretty soon life's oldest drama started unfolding. One half of the globular egg staged a tug-of-war with the other half. Finally the two parts stretched the ovum until it looked like a dumbbell. Then it broke apart to form two cells. Life.

Had Pincus' rabbit egg been fertilized in the normal manner, the show would have been just as routine as that put on by frog eggs. But that was not the fact. The father of that initial growth was not a healthy buck rabbit. It was nothing more than a tube of extremely salty water.

Pincus' head, thatched with a heavy mop of black hair, buzzed with excitement. His dark, penetrating eyes narrowed to slits. Had he actually fertilized a mammalian egg without the services of a male? It couldn't be that. Yet that egg had been fertilized by something. What? Salt solution?

The phenomenon got more exciting and complicated. Could such an egg, thus artificially fertilized, be reimplanted in a host mother and grow into a bunny? Since some male elements would be missing, would an all-female line result, as was the case with certain gall wasps? And why—this was a daring thought—couldn't the same process be applied to human beings? The basic physiological differences between men and rabbits were, after all, small.

Pincus walked out of his severely neat laboratory—equipped like any other with a refrigerator, orderly racks of tubes, a drawing board. In his own private animal room he looked over his experimental subjects: 60 rabbits, 1,000 mice, and 1,000 rats.

He selected a big female rabbit. The work must be rigidly checked before he mentioned what he had seen on that microscope slide. He couldn't afford to make a blunder. Maybe the salt water hadn't fertilized that ovum after all. Still it did fit in with the work of that hugely famous Portuguese Jew . . .

Experiments with Life

Jacques Loeb was born in Germany after his family had fled persecutions in Portugal. The youngster with a pale, studious face and dark, sad eyes started out to be a banker. After working a while with his uncle in Berlin, he decided to be a philosopher. Then a doctor. He skipped from the University of Berlin, to Munich, then on to Strasbourg. His teachers nodded as they watched his exquisite brain surgery. That boy, they said, would go far. He did. Geographically and professionally.

He emigrated to the United States in 1890. For a while he taught at Bryn Mawr, outside Philadelphia, showing giggly young women how to cut up frogs. Then he moved on to the University of Chicago. There the future Rockefeller Institute researcher launched himself on the road to fame.

In 1899 the temperamental genius started experimenting with frog eggs. For reasons that probably Loeb himself would have had difficulty explaining, he dropped some unfertilized eggs in a batch of extra salty sea water. He let them stay there two hours, then switched them to ordinary sea water. Loeb must have had a premonition something was going to happen. For he watched those eggs with all the pompous authority of a setting hen.

Something indeed did happen! One day they hatched into free-swimming larvae. Larvae with real stomachs to digest whatever their hungry mouths found to eat.

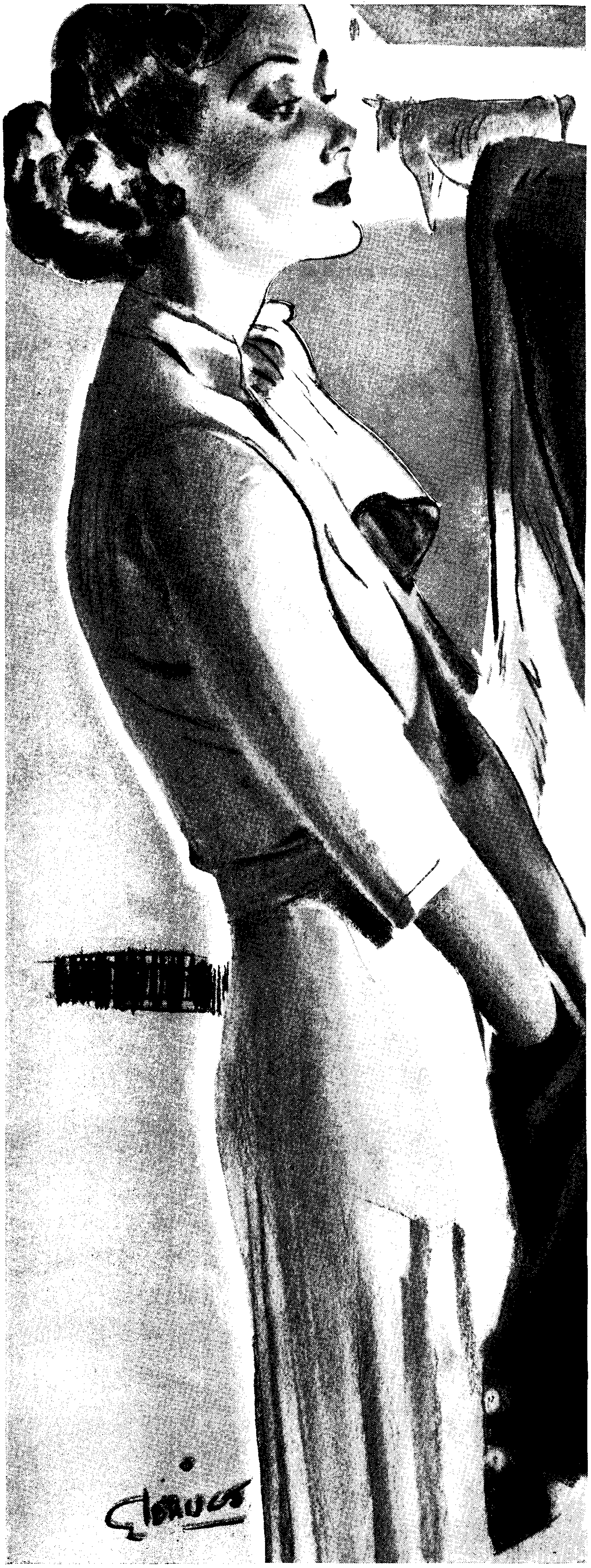
Loeb worked away at his idea while the press went crazy. Had he plumbed the mysterious depths of life? Had he solved the dark riddle? They asked him scores of silly questions like that. Loeb kept on working. One sweltering August day one of his fatherless

(Continued on page 73)

Starve a Fever

By Corey Ford

A pleasant, effective treatment for severe cases of fickleness as practiced by Mr. Barney Lyons, who loved an actress



THE surprising thing, Barney Lyons noticed, was the way they referred to her as "she." "Oh, she's to the theater now, mister," one of the men perched along the counter told him. "The Red Barn, you know," volunteered a man leaning an elbow on a pile of overalls. "Show lets out around eleven," the storekeeper said to Barney, sliding a pack of cigarettes across the glass showcase. "She'd be just about through, if you hurry."

"Thanks," said Barney, pushing a dime and nickel back across the glass. "I've been driving all day. Maybe I'll wait for her at her hotel."

The group propped on the counter exchanged little covert glances. "You may have quite a wait, mister," said one of the men, and someone in the back of the store snickered.

"I'm used to waiting for her," Barney said pleasantly, breaking the wrapper and taking out a cigarette.

"She don't always come back right off," the man leaning on the overalls winked at him. "Sometimes nights after the show she us'ally goes for a little drive," added a man beside the magazine rack; and his companion grinned: "With her shofer."

Barney blinked amiably, and turned to the storekeeper: "Which hotel is she staying at?"

"Second turn to your right and straight acrost the covered bridge about a mile till you come to a sign 'Tourists,' " he said. "Folks name of Stannard. Hain't exactly a hotel, but anybody knows the real reason she stops there." He watched Barney light his cigarette. "She a friend of yours, mister?"

"Yes," said Barney.

He felt his own answer drop like a stone, and silence spread outward from him in widening circles around the room. The storekeeper was nodding his head up and down slowly. "Ay-uh. . . . Kind of a dry spell of weather lately, hain't it?" he said, turning away.

"It's been rather warm in New York," Barney attempted brightly, but the group in the store had suddenly become inanimate. "Well—" He knew as he shut the door behind him that the silence would give way at once to explosive whispers, like a nursery when the light is turned out.

"Well!" said Barney again.

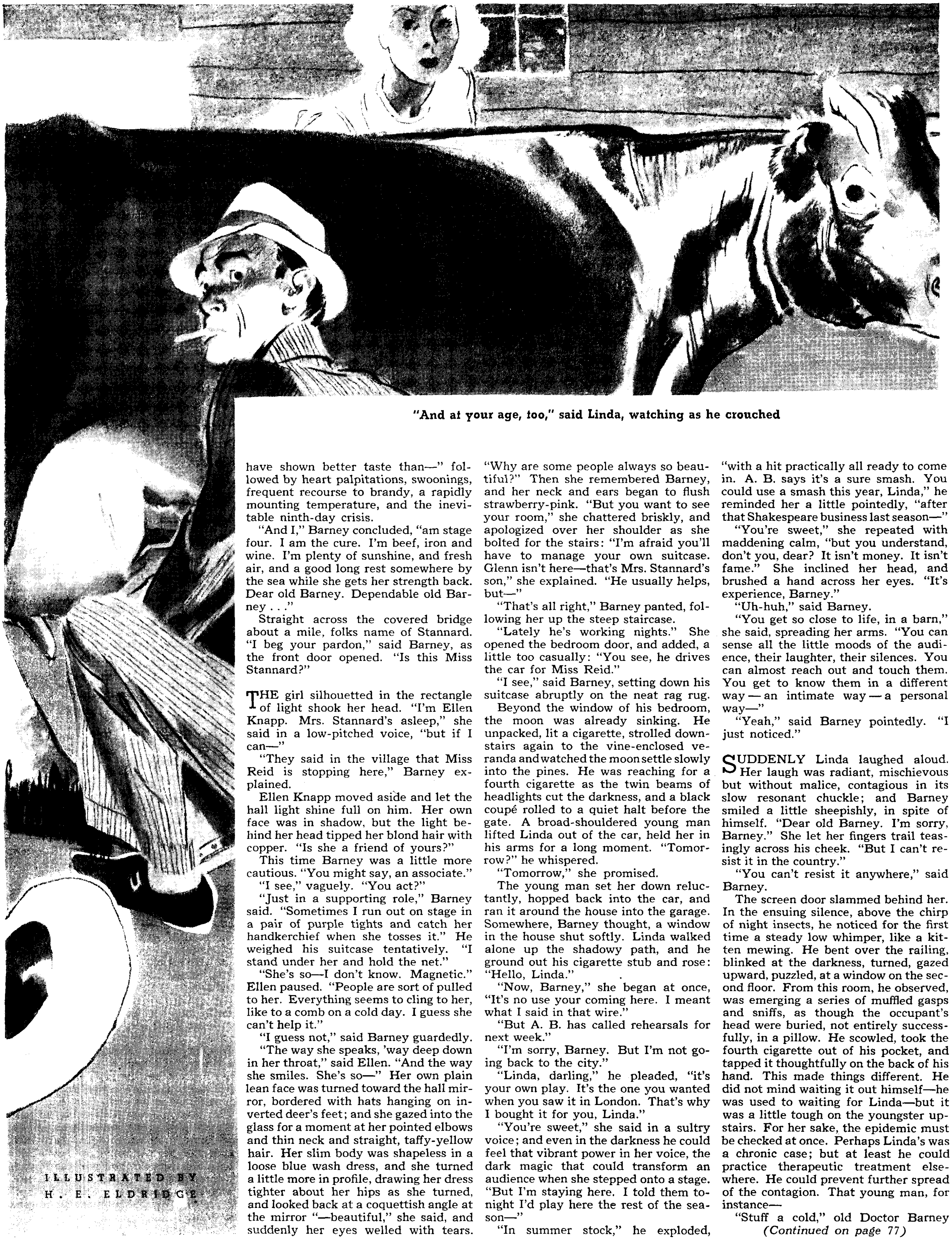
He let out his breath with a sigh, wedged himself behind the wheel of the dusty roadster, and trundled down the dimly lighted main street. Summer had advanced upon New England, suitcase in hand; and New England, with that Yankee capacity for self-denial which can approach total self-effacement whenever a sufficient sum of money is involved, had sublet its birthright for two months, complete with running water and a view, and retired into its annual hot-weather hibernation until Labor Day.

Strange men in white flannels and even stranger girls in beach pajamas had taken possession of the town like an army of occupation, and the natives skulked in the shadows at the rear of the general store, their weather-beaten faces as anachronistic as a box of Christmas-tree ornaments in August. Expensive limousines with out-of-state licenses were parked ostentatiously under the quiet village elms, their radios blaring defiant rhythms at the Congregational Church; antique shoppes and tea shoppes and gift shoppes spread their shellacked displays over their front lawns; the local drugstores advertised "New York Papers;" and in front of the Town Hall—"Main Civic Building, erected in 1887; it is the county seat of Oseola and—"; a flamboyant red-and-white poster proclaimed: "This Week! The Oseola Repertory Players Present Linda Reid — Direct from Broadway — in the Sensational Hit, 'Don't Mention It' . . ."

BARNEY dangled the cigarette from his lower lip, and spun the wheel to the right. "Straight across the covered bridge, mister; you may have quite a wait; she don't come back right off. . . ." He sighed as the car rumbled over the loose planking. That would explain the telegram he had received from Linda in New York this morning. That would put things, he would judge, somewhere about stage three.

At least, Barney sighed, Linda's affairs never varied much. They moved inevitably through a progressive series of stages, like a cold in the head; and Barney, after long experience, had come to view them with the patience and certain scientific detachment of an old family doctor. There was no more chance of diverting them than heading off an attack of hay fever—"I've tried simply everything, my dear, but I always say, a head cold with me just has to last about so long—" Precautions were useless; a change of climate never helped; it was no good to avoid undue exposure. Didn't science claim the germ was small enough to filter through porcelain? She managed to pick up a new one each summer; it ran its accustomed course, and it burned itself out at last. Barney had learned to recognize the symptoms, to count the successive stages, and to be on hand when the fever finally broke.

There was stage one, for instance, when she was listless, her eyes dull, her manner moody and depressed. "Leave me alone, Barney, please. . . . No, you don't understand, dear. No, there's really nothing. . . ." There was stage two, the fever stage, when her face grew flushed, her hands burning hot, her eyes abnormally bright, her whole manner distracted and restless, her appetite gone. "I don't want to eat; I can't sleep. . . . I'm just beginning to live, Barney! Do you hear? To live, to live!" Then there was stage three, when her head was full of it, her eyes running tears, her throat choked, her voice husky and low over the telephone—"Oh, my dear one! Oh, my sweet!"—and her body racked alternately with torrid fevers and sudden unpredictable chills—"am returning your letter unopened; I really think that after last night you might



ILLUSTRATED BY
H. E. ELDRIDGE

"And at your age, too," said Linda, watching as he crouched

have shown better taste than—" followed by heart palpitations, swoonings, frequent recourse to brandy, a rapidly mounting temperature, and the inevitable ninth-day crisis.

"And I," Barney concluded, "am stage four. I am the cure. I'm beef, iron and wine. I'm plenty of sunshine, and fresh air, and a good long rest somewhere by the sea while she gets her strength back. Dear old Barney. Dependable old Barney . . ."

Straight across the covered bridge about a mile, folks name of Stannard. "I beg your pardon," said Barney, as the front door opened. "Is this Miss Stannard?"

THE girl silhouetted in the rectangle of light shook her head. "I'm Ellen Knapp. Mrs. Stannard's asleep," she said in a low-pitched voice, "but if I can—"

"They said in the village that Miss Reid is stopping here," Barney explained.

Ellen Knapp moved aside and let the hall light shine full on him. Her own face was in shadow, but the light behind her head tipped her blond hair with copper. "Is she a friend of yours?"

This time Barney was a little more cautious. "You might say, an associate."

"I see," vaguely. "You act?"

"Just in a supporting role," Barney said. "Sometimes I run out on stage in a pair of purple tights and catch her handkerchief when she tosses it." He weighed his suitcase tentatively. "I stand under her and hold the net."

"She's so—I don't know. Magnetic." Ellen paused. "People are sort of pulled to her. Everything seems to cling to her, like to a comb on a cold day. I guess she can't help it."

"I guess not," said Barney guardedly.

"The way she speaks, 'way deep down in her throat," said Ellen. "And the way she smiles. She's so—" Her own plain lean face was turned toward the hall mirror, bordered with hats hanging on inverted deer's feet; and she gazed into the glass for a moment at her pointed elbows and thin neck and straight, taffy-yellow hair. Her slim body was shapeless in a loose blue wash dress, and she turned a little more in profile, drawing her dress tighter about her hips as she turned, and looked back at a coquettish angle at the mirror "—beautiful," she said, and suddenly her eyes welled with tears. "Why are some people always so beautiful?" Then she remembered Barney, and her neck and ears began to flush strawberry-pink. "But you want to see your room," she chattered briskly, and apologized over her shoulder as she bolted for the stairs: "I'm afraid you'll have to manage your own suitcase. Glenn isn't here—that's Mrs. Stannard's son," she explained. "He usually helps, but—"

"That's all right," Barney panted, following her up the steep staircase.

"Lately he's working nights." She opened the bedroom door, and added, a little too casually: "You see, he drives the car for Miss Reid."

"I see," said Barney, setting down his suitcase abruptly on the neat rag rug.

Beyond the window of his bedroom, the moon was already sinking. He unpacked, lit a cigarette, strolled downstairs again to the vine-enclosed veranda and watched the moon settle slowly into the pines. He was reaching for a fourth cigarette as the twin beams of headlights cut the darkness, and a black coupé rolled to a quiet halt before the gate. A broad-shouldered young man lifted Linda out of the car, held her in his arms for a long moment. "Tomorrow?" he whispered.

"Tomorrow," she promised.

The young man set her down reluctantly, hopped back into the car, and ran it around the house into the garage. Somewhere, Barney thought, a window in the house shut softly. Linda walked alone up the shadowy path, and he ground out his cigarette stub and rose: "Hello, Linda."

"Now, Barney," she began at once, "It's no use your coming here. I meant what I said in that wire."

"But A. B. has called rehearsals for next week."

"I'm sorry, Barney. But I'm not going back to the city."

"Linda, darling," he pleaded, "it's your own play. It's the one you wanted when you saw it in London. That's why I bought it for you, Linda."

"You're sweet," she said in a sultry voice; and even in the darkness he could feel that vibrant power in her voice, the dark magic that could transform an audience when she stepped onto a stage. "But I'm staying here. I told them tonight I'd play here the rest of the season—"

"In summer stock," he exploded, "with a hit practically all ready to come in. A. B. says it's a sure smash. You could use a smash this year, Linda," he reminded her a little pointedly, "after that Shakespeare business last season—"

"You're sweet," she repeated with maddening calm, "but you understand, don't you, dear? It isn't money. It isn't fame." She inclined her head, and brushed a hand across her eyes. "It's experience, Barney."

"Uh-huh," said Barney.

"You get so close to life, in a barn," she said, spreading her arms. "You can sense all the little moods of the audience, their laughter, their silences. You can almost reach out and touch them. You get to know them in a different way — an intimate way — a personal way—"

"Yeah," said Barney pointedly. "I just noticed."

SUDDENLY Linda laughed aloud. Her laugh was radiant, mischievous but without malice, contagious in its slow resonant chuckle; and Barney smiled a little sheepishly, in spite of himself. "Dear old Barney. I'm sorry, Barney." She let her fingers trail teasingly across his cheek. "But I can't resist it in the country."

"You can't resist it anywhere," said Barney.

The screen door slammed behind her. In the ensuing silence, above the chirp of night insects, he noticed for the first time a steady low whimper, like a kitten mewing. He bent over the railing, blinked at the darkness, turned, gazed upward, puzzled, at a window on the second floor. From this room, he observed, was emerging a series of muffled gasps and sniffs, as though the occupant's head were buried, not entirely successfully, in a pillow. He scowled, took the fourth cigarette out of his pocket, and tapped it thoughtfully on the back of his hand. This made things different. He did not mind waiting it out himself—he was used to waiting for Linda—but it was a little tough on the youngster upstairs. For her sake, the epidemic must be checked at once. Perhaps Linda's was a chronic case; but at least he could practice therapeutic treatment elsewhere. He could prevent further spread of the contagion. That young man, for instance—

"Stuff a cold," old Doctor Barney

(Continued on page 77)

Fishing for a Living

By Jack Lamb

A fisherman's dream of paradise—nothing to do but fish, with a daily catch of one to two hundred. Not with a trotline, not with a net, but with a single hook. That's Buck Haney's daily routine. He makes a good living at it, too

YOU never heard of Buck Haney. Few people have. For Buck Haney lives far from the beaten path and never leaves the white sand dunes and swaying palms of his beloved Gulf of Mexico. His cabin wouldn't arouse your curiosity, even if you saw it; it's just an ordinary fisherman's shack, standing bleak against the sky on a forlorn stretch of shore line where the incessant slap of the surf beats relentlessly. A few cane poles pierce the sky above his humble home, and the family wash on the line pops in the never-ending breeze.

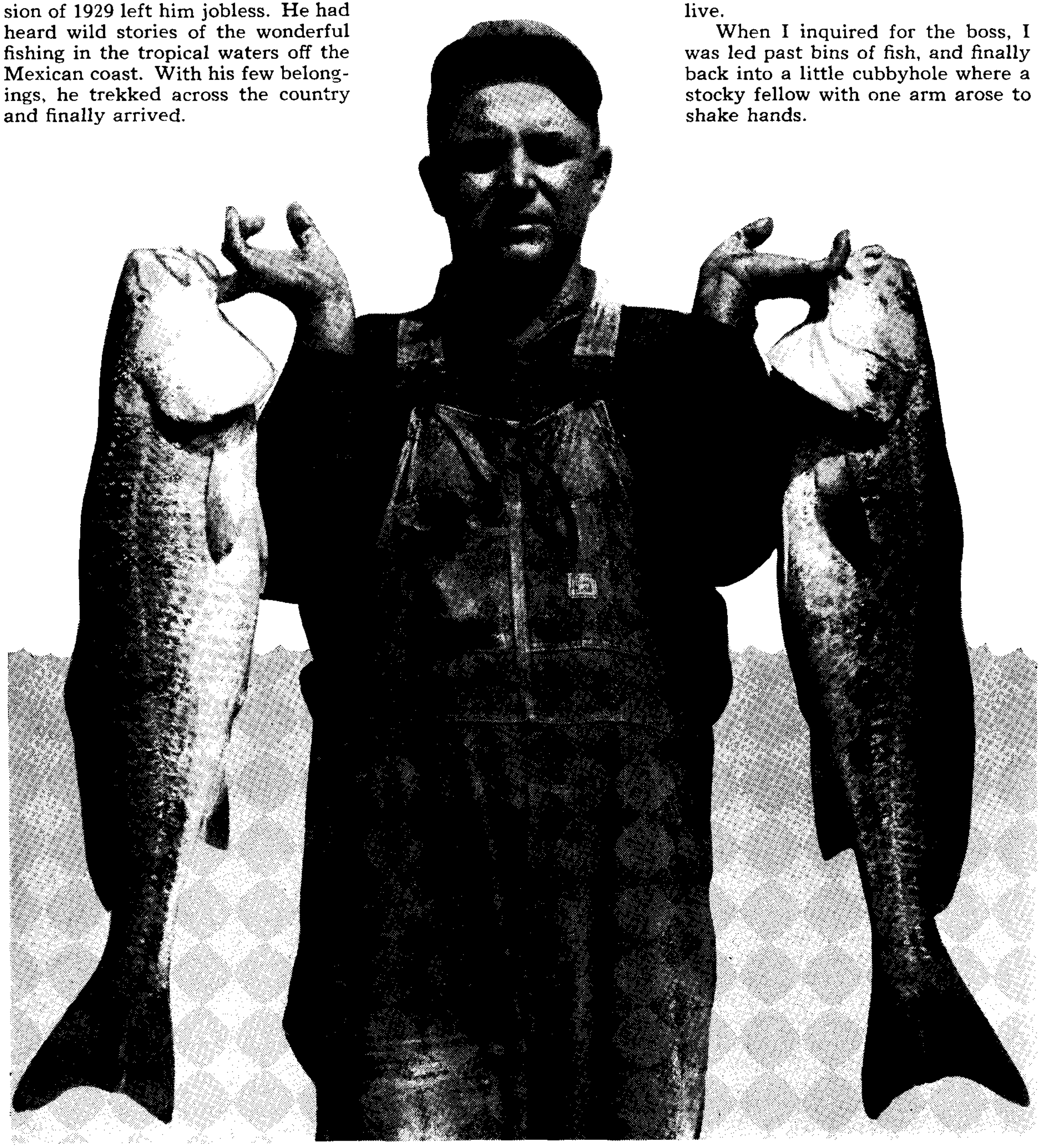
The hand of destiny caused Buck Haney to become a commercial fisherman. In youth he was always able to get jobs, but his love of fishing caused him to lose them. He liked to fish. He lived to fish. But a ruthless world demanded that he turn to other pursuits for a livelihood. For years he worked at various tasks, stealing off when occasion permitted to ply his skill against the finny tribe. The depression of 1929 left him jobless. He had heard wild stories of the wonderful fishing in the tropical waters off the Mexican coast. With his few belongings, he trekked across the country and finally arrived.

It was not his intention to fish on a commercial scale. He thrilled at seeing the swaying rod and the flashing fish. His greatest love was the contact with life at the end of his line. He loved the leaping black bass and the bulldogging tactics of larger fish in the surf. He was born a fishing man and never got enough of it. Some men are funny that way.

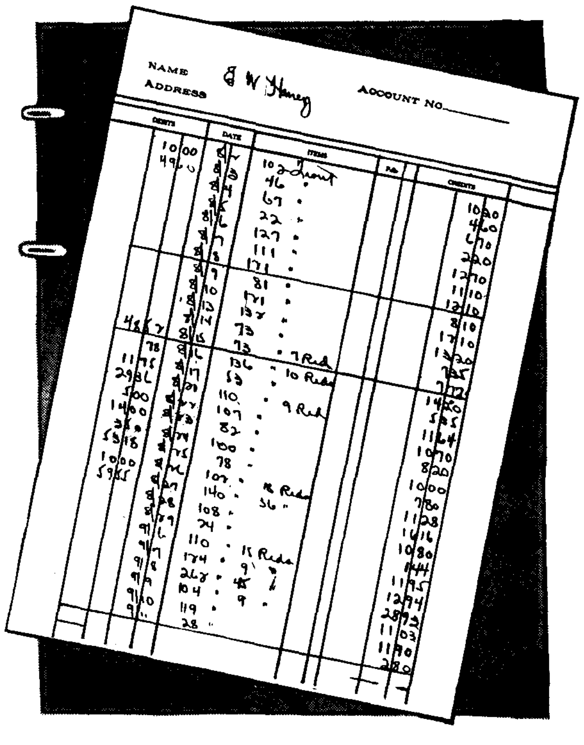
Now, I wouldn't know anything about Buck Haney if I had not been down in Port Isabel, Texas, on the Gulf Coast near the Mexican border, looking for someone to guide me about the coastal waters. I sauntered into a concern that buys all the catches of the fishermen.

It, too, was a desolate shack, with sun-baked men busily engaged in repairing the multitude of nets which hung from every pier. Outside, in the warm sunshine, several wharf rats sat lazily against the sheet-iron house, their motley faces reflecting the penalty charged to men who have to fight the elements to live.

When I inquired for the boss, I was led past bins of fish, and finally back into a little cubbyhole where a stocky fellow with one arm arose to shake hands.



Buck Haney with two large redfish that succumbed to his lures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Rain or shine, month after month, Buck Haney's ledger reflects the same story of record catches

"My name is Schmidt, but just call me Smitty," he said. "The Mexicans call me One Wing." His eyes surveyed me coldly.

"Smitty," I said, trying to appear as friendly as possible, "I want to go fishing and it has been my observation that a stranger has more success by getting in touch with the natives and thereby saving the time it takes to locate good fishing grounds. Have you anybody around here who can really put me where the fish are?"

"Boy, have we?" he blurted. "I've got two or three fellows around here who know more about fish than the fish know about themselves. They've tagged the tails of every fish in the Gulf."

"You see that poor old guy who just went out of the door?" Smitty nodded. "Well, he fishes hard every day but rarely makes a big catch. If he makes sixty cents a day he is lucky, but just look at this."

Fish Story in Black and White

He reached across the desk and thumbed through the pages of a big ledger.

"Here is the account of Buck Haney, who has been fishing for us for three years. The books speak for themselves. Just compare these records and you will get an inkling of what I mean.

"Now, mind you," Smitty added, "he does not use seines or nets of any description, but catches all of these fish with a single hook and line."

The longer I studied the pages, the more incredible did his record seem.

Oct. 5—173 trout and 48 redfish.
Oct. 6—206 trout and 74 redfish.
Oct. 7—96 trout, 16 redfish, 24 mackerel.

"How long has this been going on?" I inquired, and a flip of the pages sent us back into May and June, where the same kind of records were in black and white for everyone to see.

"Ye gods, do you mean to tell me that this man catches from 100 to 200 fish every day on a single hook and line?"

"That's exactly what I am telling you," Smitty replied, "and what's more, he does it day after day, when dozens of other fishermen come in with empty boats and a raft of excuses why they didn't bite."

"Say, fellow, what would be the chance to fish with this guy, Buck Haney?" I asked.

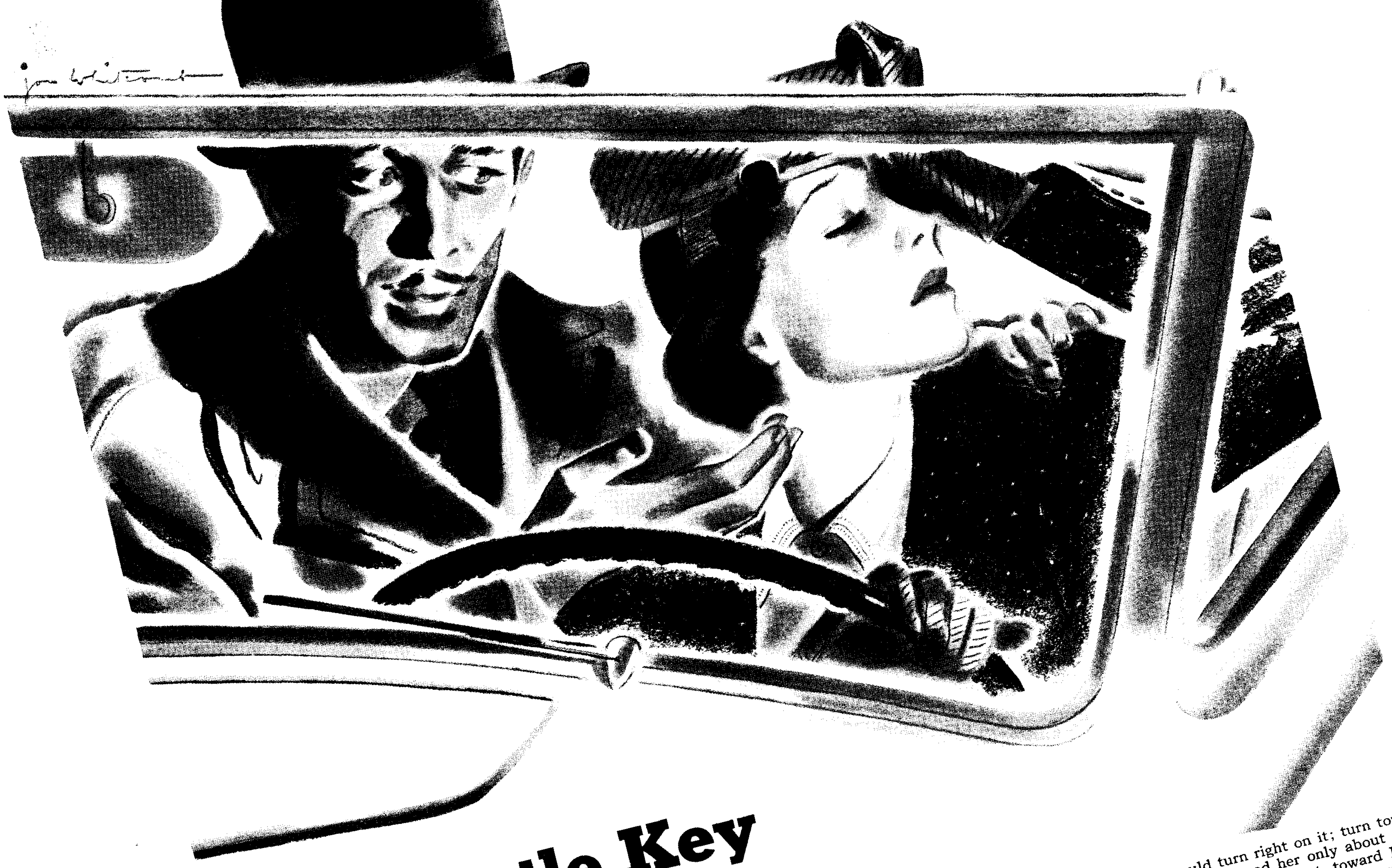
"Maybe we can fix it up," he said.

Thus the next day found me meeting Buck Haney, a powerful young fellow in his early thirties, cool as a cucumber, with a complacent look upon his face, and his ever-present pipe in the corner of his mouth. He looked as though nothing could perturb him. At three o'clock the next morning I was at his dock. Soon the motor was throbbing in the launch, and we headed through the murky night into an endless space of water and starlit sky. For an hour we chugged along, and the dim lights on the shore grew more and more faint.

(Continued on page 74)

"Oh, I knew what was coming," Perry told her. "Knew it when he drew that money. Knew it when I heard they were together all this morning. Oh, yes"

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



Castle Key

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

The Story Thus Far:

A SHORT time after his marriage to Rita Wells, Greg Adams yields to the sales talk of Perry Crane, a clever promoter, and invests three hundred thousand dollars in Castle Key, a Florida real-estate development. Whereupon, Crane plunges in Wall Street and loses two thirds of Greg's money.

Among Greg's dearest friends are Bill Keith and the Carlisles—Hugh and his sister, June. Penniless, because of a bank failure, both are working: Hugh at an airport, June in a dressmaker's shop. In love with Greg when he married, June still adores him—secretly.

While giving Greg a ride in a plane, Hugh is killed. Aware that, without her brother's aid, June will have a difficult time making both ends meet, Greg (who loves her as he would a sister) at once decides to come to the rescue. Having notified Perry Crane that he must have twenty thousand dollars immediately, he tells June that he wishes her to start her own dressmaking establishment, which he will back.

When Rita hears of this—from Crane, who has been making love to her—she is incensed. She turns on Greg in a frenzy of anger, accuses him of having a clandestine affair with June.

Certain that his embezzlement will soon be discovered, Perry Crane consults his brother, George, a wise and extremely cynical lawyer. George proceeds to outline a plan whereby, he feels certain, Perry can avoid a trip to the penitentiary.

Listening, Perry—usually hard and ruthless—is shocked. But he realizes slowly, as he listens, that there is no escape; he must do as George instructs him!

IV

YOU drove straight on down Ashton Street and over Ninth to Cromwell Avenue and you were there; and Perry would be waiting at the curb. He'd grin at you, a slanting grin, and tell you, casually: "Hi, there, Rio Rita," and climb in. And everything about it would be casual except his eyes; but when you saw his eyes, you'd feel that breathless, frightening excitement rising deep within you and the casual part would be all over and from then on everything would be the moment and you wouldn't want to think ahead. The stop light on the corner glowed red now, but when it changed you'd start, and twist the wheel a time or two, and you'd be there. It was so short a distance that you didn't measure it in miles, or even minutes, yet you knew it might be very far; so far a destination and so perilous and so uncharted in your thoughts that maybe you could never find the way to come on back again.

But that was silly. That was only what your mind did, dramatizing, to enjoy a silly shiver. Like the light, which still glowed red, and you could look at it and make yourself believe, almost, that it was staying red an extra length of time, for you; an ominous and warning red especially for you. That showed you what your mind did, for, of course, the poor old stop light didn't care where you were going; it changed red and green and back again exactly when they told it to, without significance, and it was just as foolish to believe that driving to meet Perry Crane meant anything dramatic or conclusive. For it couldn't! For you didn't want it to! You'd chosen to be Mrs. Gregory S. Adams, permanently, and you loved your husband, too. Not now perhaps, this minute, for you'd had a fight; but way down deep, of course, you did. And all this Perry business was excitement and a shiver, that was all; a sort of grown-up post office that nearly everybody played these days, to prove that they were still a little human. Nearly everyone was just a little human, darn it, and it didn't mean a thing because, if it began to, you would cut it out. This minute. Now.

The stop light still glowed red but she could turn right on it; turn toward home. It warned her only about going on down Ashton Street, toward Perry. She thought: "If you go home now, Greg won't even have to hunt for you and get a little scared; and he'll be tolerant and masculine and snicker down at you and say: 'You see how silly? Jealous! And of June Carlisle. Me; and June! You see?' And he'd be in the right; and it would never do to have a husband think that he was in the right—except the times when he was in the wrong."

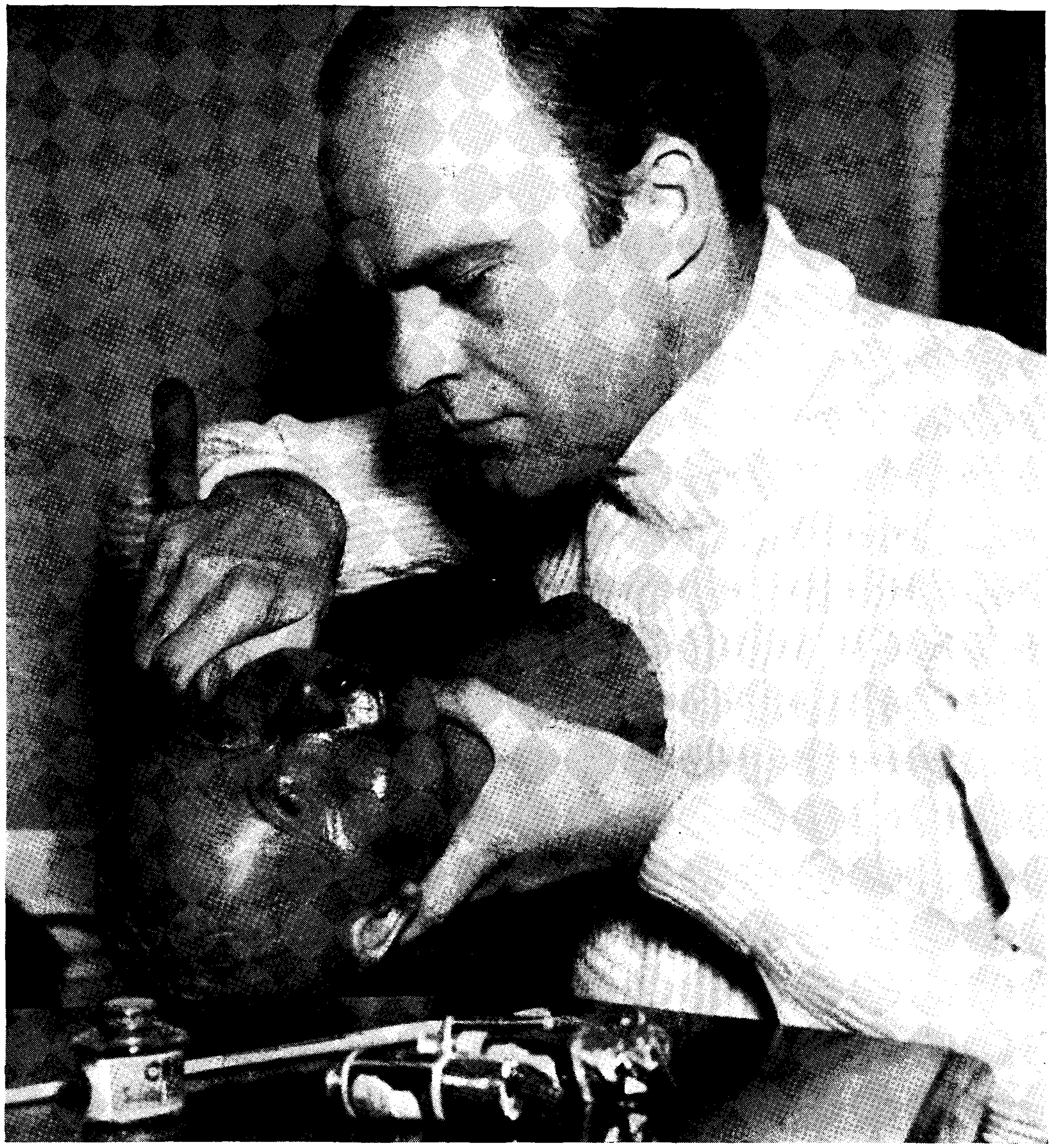
SHE thought: "And Perry. After this you'll cut it out. And if he tries to kiss you—if he kisses you—"

The light turned green and Rita threw the car in gear—

She saw him on the sidewalk, waiting, and he didn't grin at her and, somehow, from the first, it wasn't casual at all.

She said: "Where to, sir?" Like a taxi, but he climbed in, still not grinning, and his face looked strained and serious and not like post office at all, and there was something queer.

(Continued on page 30)



Meet Messrs Bergen and McCarthy. Some might call McCarthy a dummy, but that's a mistake. He even outwits Bergen on occasion. Together they are headliners who have turned ventriloquism into something new

The Man Who Talks to Himself

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

IT WAS a grand party and everybody—but, my dear, really everybody—was there. Edgar Bergen entertained the guests and he was a little bit nervous because among those present was Noel Coward. Mr. Bergen's act consists of talking to himself and the "dialog" is all his own. He felt a little bit nervous doing his act in front of Noel Coward, the master of sophisticated dialog. But he went on, and the boys and girls liked it and afterward his hostess came up and said, "Mr. Bergen, there's a man here who would like to meet you—Noel Coward."

Then Noel Coward came up and he said, "Mr. Bergen, who writes your dialogue?"

"I do," the flustered Bergen said.

"It's fine, bright dialogue—mighty clever dialogue," Coward said admiringly, and Bergen blinked twice.

"That," Bergen says, "is the greatest thrill I've had in my life."

A ventriloquist is the man who comes out on the stage, sits down with a brightly dressed dummy on his knee and says, out of the corner of his mouth, "Who was that dame I seen you with last night?" That, at least, is what we saw in the vaude houses a few years back. Now Edgar Bergen has come along to raise the art of the ventriloquist to a new high. He is the first ventriloquist ever to work in night clubs and, to put it mildly, he has been a wow during the New York winter season. To begin with, his dummy (his name is Charley McCarthy) is a real work of art, which took years of experimentation to perfect. The dummy is much more human than many people who sit in the night clubs where Mr. Bergen works, and it is also better dressed. Sometimes even Mr. Bergen forgets that it is a dummy. He and Charley get talking back and forth and suddenly the dummy pulls a wisecrack that Mr. Bergen can't answer—something that wasn't in the prepared script.

"Charley makes me feel an awful fool sometimes," Bergen admits. "I'm the stooge, the straight man for his jokes and sometimes I give him a joke which he turns at me in a very cruel manner."

How Ventriloquists Happen

The difference between Bergen and perhaps every other ventriloquist who preceded him is that Bergen is a very fine actor; an excellent writer of clever material—and third and least important (he says) he has thoroughly mastered the technique of what he calls voice diffusion. We would call it "throwing the voice." That, he insists, is the bunkeroo.

"Go into a room where a radio is playing," he says. "If you don't see the radio, you won't at first be able to locate the source of the music. The radio is a fine ventriloquist. It diffuses its voice and sends it all over. Once you see the radio your mind accepts the fact that the voice, or the music, comes from it. Put a dozen radios in a room with music coming from just one and you'll have a hard time finding that one."

Mr. Bergen started this career of talking to himself when he was very young and he started it by sheer accident. He walked out of his home one day (this was in Decatur, Michigan) and a friend of his passed on the street. The thirteen-year-old future night-club star called, "Hello, Fuzzy."

Fuzzy turned his head and hollered a return greeting to a lad standing on the porch three houses away. This puzzled young Edgar. That afternoon at school he pondered over the strange phenomenon. On his way out he called a "hello" to a lad standing near him and the lad said to Edgar, "Who was that calling me, anyhow?" Then Edgar realized in a vague sort of way that he had a strange power. At that time he was passing through the thirteen-year-old magic stage. Every time he saved a dollar he sent for another box of magic. In one of these there was an advertisement: "Send *twenty-five cents in stamps and learn to* be a ventriloquist."

"So I clipped the coupon," Bergen says, "and taught myself ventriloquism. Well, I didn't exactly teach it to myself—being able to diffuse or 'throw'

(Continued on page 88)

Has Nash Started a new Vogue in Motoring?

AT PALM BEACH! And at smart places everywhere, you'll see the people that other people copy stepping out in Nash cars this year!

YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A MILLION! Nobody wants a ittle car! Thousands now changing to Nash as they earn how much bigger popular priced cars can be!

From Actual Photograph of Nash Ambassador Six 4-Door Sedan with trunk

The swing to Nash grows stronger . . . thousands now realize it's no longer smart to be too thrifty . . . when you can get such big, luxurious cars for so little more than small cars cost!

● A few years ago it was the "style" to scrimp and save on the family automobile. But not this year. Thousands are getting out of the "small car" class. They are changing to Nash . . . stepping out in style again!

And never before have such big cars cost so little. The Nash LaFayette-"400" is a great big 117-inch wheelbase car . . . much bigger than any of "all three" small cars. But compare prices on the 4-door sedan models. *You'll be astonished!* This big Nash costs just a few dollars more.

The Nash Ambassador Sixes and Eights are the last word in luxurious motoring. They're powered with "Twin Ignition" engines. And all Nash cars give you oversized hydraulic brakes, strong steel bodies, wide seats, extra headroom and legroom—*plus* those vital engineering features that make Nash cars run smoother and "sweeter" for years.

Go to your nearest Nash dealer. See how much more Nash gives you for your money. Then you'll *know* why thousands are changing to Nash.

ON THE AIR! Floyd Gibbons as Master of Ceremonies with Vincent Lopez and Orchestra. Famous guest stars! C. B. S. stations coast to coast every Saturday, 9 P. M. E.S.T. Tune in!

NASH

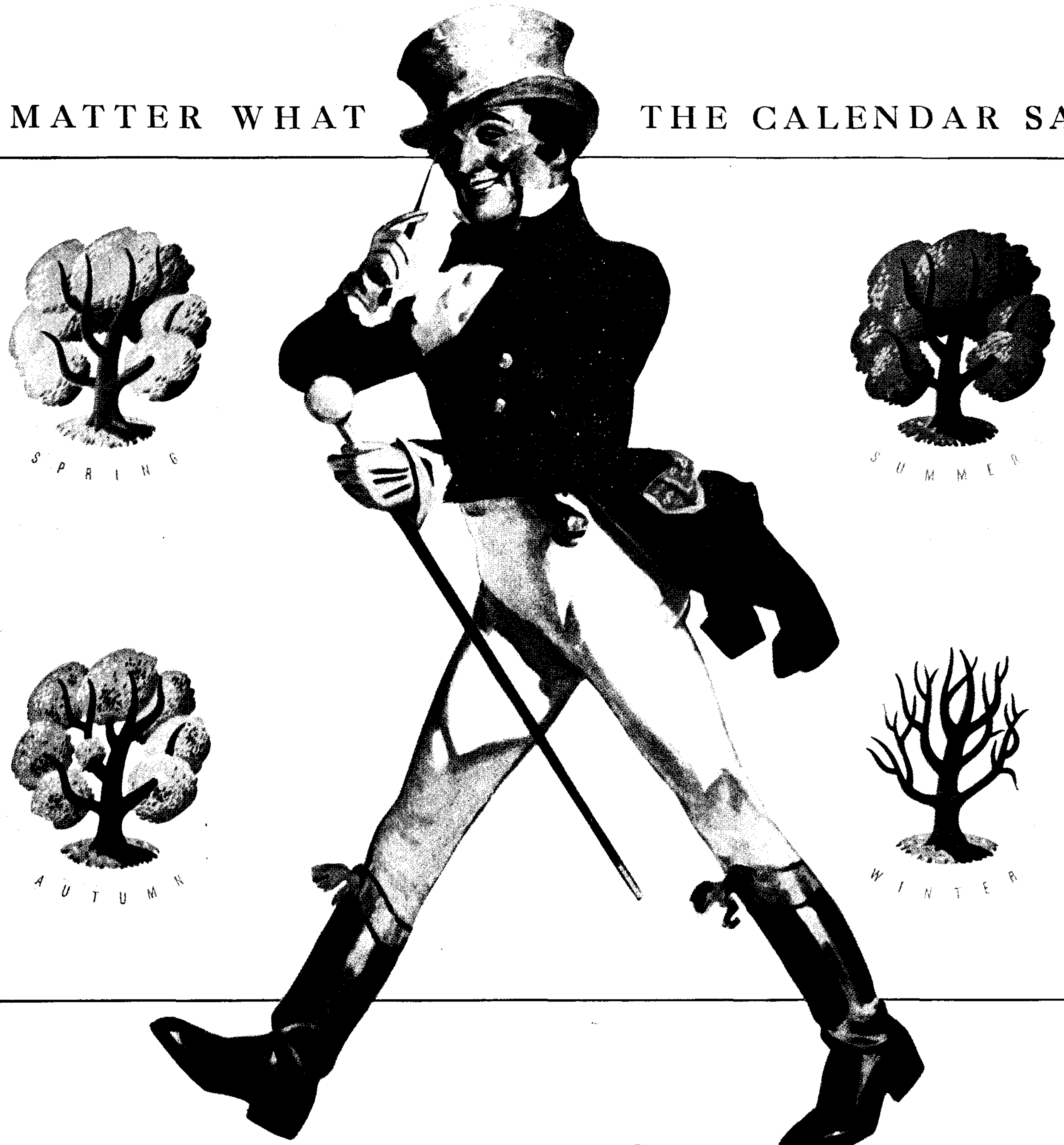
Automatic Cruising Gear available on all models at slight extra cost. New Nash-C. I. T. Budget Plan. Low, convenient terms

1937 X-RAY SYSTEM NOW READY! The first complete summary available to the public of all the facts about all the new cars. Reveals some astonishing differences in cars of the same price. See it at any Nash showroom. Buy with your eyes open this year!

ASK ABOUT THE CONVENIENT TERMS AND LOW RATES AVAILABLE THROUGH THE NASH-C. I. T. BUDGET PLAN

NASH LaFAYETTE-"400"	NASH AMBASSADOR SIX	NASH AMBASSADOR EIGHT
117-inch wheelbase	*121-inch wheelbase*	*125-inch wheelbase*

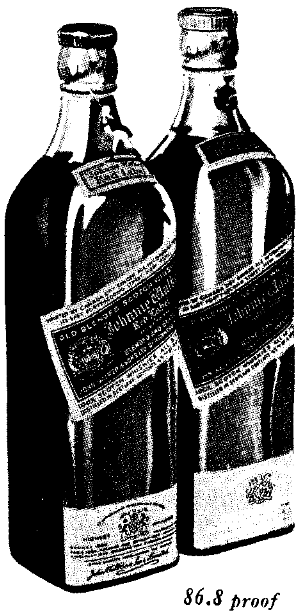
NO MATTER WHAT THE CALENDAR SAYS



...stick with

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

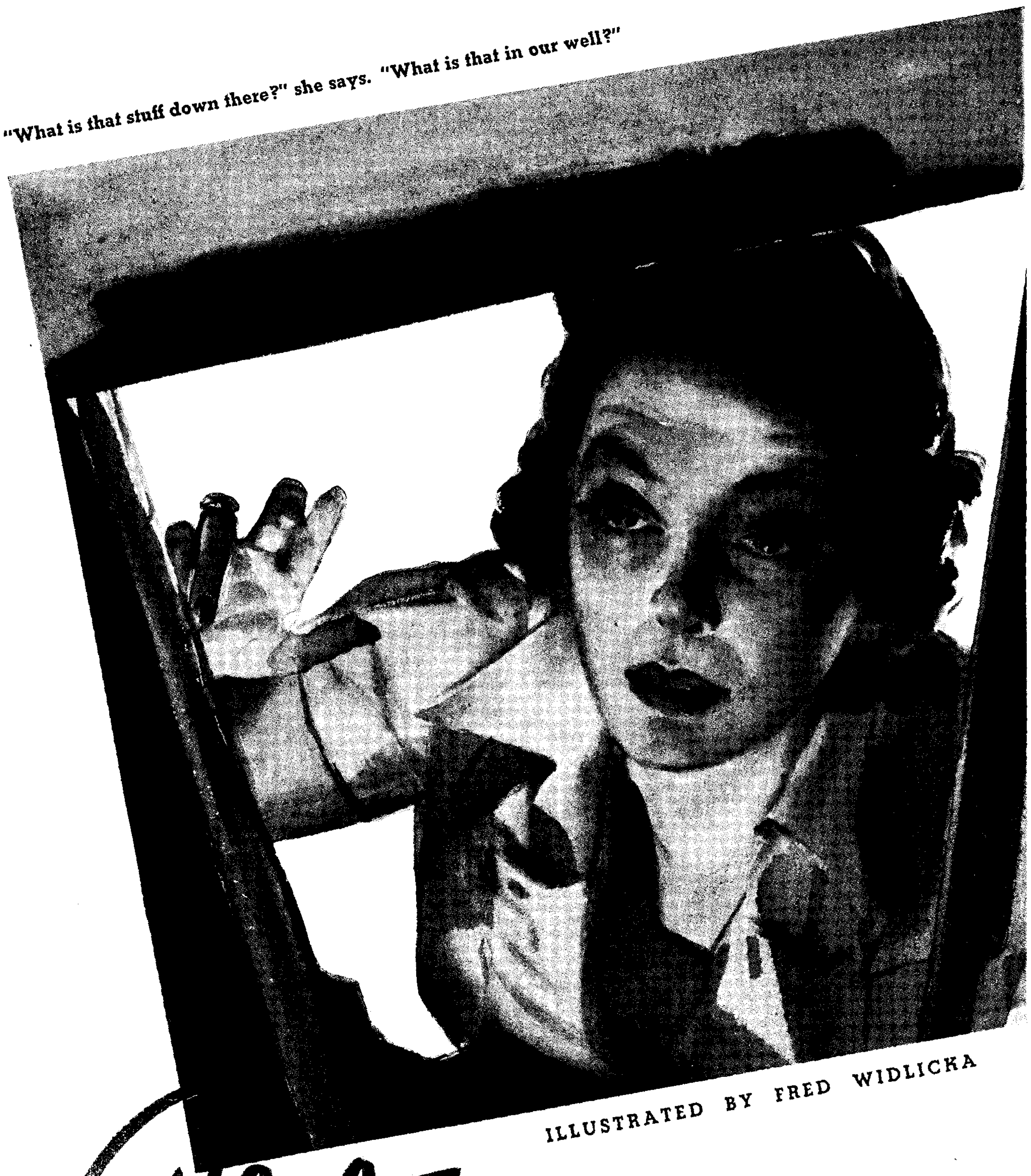


Lesser drinks may vary in appeal with the passing calendar. But the popularity of Johnnie Walker knows no season. Throughout the world and throughout the year, the accepted passport to a pleasant evening is "a *short* Johnnie Walker before dinner and a *long* one after dinner."

So at home and away... in winter or in summer... keep *yours* Johnnie Walker and soda. For an evening with this amiable gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

Johnnie Walker Red Label is all aged 8 years; Black Label, 12. Distilled, blended and matured in Scotland.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR



"What is that stuff down there?" she says. "What is that in our well?"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED WIDLICKA

Not in the Contract

By Thomas Mc Morrow

The lunatic doings of Charlie Logan, which begot him a headache. The true story of the last well Charlie will ever dig

HARRY MACQUHARRIE don't like Charlie Logan. No, sir, Harry don't like Charlie much.

"Doggone him!" says Harry MacQuharrie, and his black eyes shine red.

Harry MacQuharrie got some Cherokee into him, and he don't say much, but don't you start him on Charlie Logan. He don't forget much either.

Well, sir, Charlie Logan sold Harry MacQuharrie a deaf dog, and that's where it begin. That kyoot couldn't hear nothing; no, sir, he couldn't hear nothing, and a watchdog that can't hear nothing is not much good for a watchdog. Harry MacQuharrie was so mad, when he found out his new dog couldn't hear, he couldn't talk to him. Flip a bean and hit him on the nose and whistle, Charlie Logan would, and the kyoot would turn around and look right smart. That's Charlie Logan. You'd have to know Charlie Logan. He loves joking people. Yes, sir, that fat fellow don't look up to much, with his one gallus pinned on and a lipful of snuff, but he's up to more schemes.

But that's not why Harry MacQuharrie don't like Charlie Logan; it's what Charlie Logan done to the new schoolteacher come up here from Texas last June to teach the Tuola School in Tuola.

What's his name? . . . We called him Tappy, 'cause he had a wooden leg. That's why Harry MacQuharrie don't like Charlie Logan. Heh!

"Tappy was a nice man, and had a family, and Charlie Logan fixed to rob him!" says Harry MacQuharrie. "He didn't have no money for Charlie Logan to rob off'n him with his silly-billy tricks and go blow in Alvarez's Silver Bar. I ain't blaming Tappy none. He was a nice man, and him and me wouldn't never have a growl if'n Charlie Logan wouldn't mess with us."

Heh! . . .

Well, sir, the Tuola school board hired Tappy to come up here and teach the school, and he come up here with his wife and little boy, last June.

He wanted to build him a house to live in, him and the wife and the little fellow, and he bought a patch of land from Harry MacQuharrie, on Harry's old dry farm, and Harry charged him two prices, and that gave Harry a taste of blood.

Heh!

"He come to me," says Harry MacQuharrie, "knowing my name with everybody for being fair and square. And I sold him a quarter acre off'n my farm, on the road, and he paid me fair and square. A nice man; they might come nicer, far off. I helped him, what I could, to git his house ready, and he'd be there yit, if'n it wasn't what Charlie Logan done on him."

WELL, sir, Tappy bought this patch of land from Harry MacQuharrie, and then he sent off and ordered him a mail-order house, a knocked-down house, and when it come he put it up himself, him and the wife in overalls, and the little fellow tagging after them and falling over himself. Tappy was a big fellow and he could do anything with his wooden leg 'cept run, and that little woman of his worked like a man. Tappy got some FHA money down to Tuola to pay for his house.

How Charlie Logan got in with them: when the house started coming Charlie Logan rode it out to them. Charlie works in the Tuola garage and he drives the truck when there's trucking. Wasn't much last summer.

And it wouldn't be Charlie Logan if he didn't let on to them that he was the man if they wanted to hire any work done. So Tappy hired Charlie Logan to dig him a well back of the knocked-down house, 'cause Tappy couldn't dig with his wooden leg. Shows Tappy was a stranger, hiring Charlie Logan. Digging a well is work.

Charlie Logan got Zeph Race to find him water with a switch and save digging, as water is what we didn't have in Tuola County last summer; we had dust. Where Zeph's switch turned down, that was the water, and Charlie Logan went to digging for fourteen dollars the job. No water, no money.

Well, sir, Charlie Logan dug all day and nigh half the next, but he didn't come to no water, and he was tuckered out. So he got out of the hole and he had words with Tappy about getting money, though he wasn't to get no money till he got water, fair and square.

Well, one word borreyed another, and Harry MacQuharrie seen them at it hot and heavy.

Harry MacQuharrie come out to the road just then to see what he could sell Tappy for his knocked-down house, and he seen them at it hot and heavy. Charlie Logan bellering and shoving Tappy over his quarter-acre, and, next thing, Tappy was all shoved out and he let go one at Charlie Logan and like to break Charlie's jaw. Yes, sir, nice a man as you want if you let him be, but a shoulder-hitter if you shoved for it. And he like to break Charlie Logan's jaw.

Charlie Logan got up petting his jaw, and he said he wouldn't hit no damn' cripple like Tappy, but he'd fix Tappy and let Tappy just wait; he'd get his money. And he went off and didn't show around for days.

Harry MacQuharrie wanted to dig then, day's work, and Tappy said he'd first have to ask Charlie Logan was it yes or no, and the garage said Charlie Logan would be going by that week, riding some dead oil over to Hyattsville.

Well, sir, this day Harry MacQuharrie went out to the road to see could he dig, or sell Tappy something he ought to have; but no Tappy. The knocked-down house is pretty well knocked up and together, and Tappy and the family is in Tuola to see can he get some money

(Continued on page 71)

Here's what a famous
about the new

(EDITORIAL NOTE: *This informative story about the 1937 Series-60 Buick Century, top performer in America among the new cars, was written from personal experience by the Automobile Editor of the New York Evening Journal, and is reprinted here by permission as it appeared in that newspaper*)

By DON SHORT

STARTING out to write the story of an automobile that is completely new from front bumper to streamlined tail light is like launching a history of automotive engineering. Every fender, valve or brake, every graceful contour is a story in itself, and behind each story is another tale of engineering achievement.

So it is with the new Buick for 1937. I find myself tempted to discourse in detail upon each impressive feature. All of them play important parts in the making of a modern motor car. All have important bearing on its performance, beauty and comfort. Space limitations, however, make it necessary to confine this report to a brief description of the car's performance and a few of its more important new features.

Test on Raceway

The model selected for the test trip was a two-door series 60 Century sedan. This is the "medium" car of the Buick line for 1937, the others being the 40 series, which is slightly smaller, and the 80 and 90 series, both of which are larger.

The Century series has a wheelbase of 126 inches and is powered by a 130-horsepower, valve-in-head Buick straight-eight engine.

Our proving ground was the famous Roosevelt Raceway, built on the old Roosevelt Field at Westbury, L. I. Here the world's finest racing drivers recently found the four-mile course a stiff test for even the specially built racing cars. The new Buick 60 was strictly "on the spot" on this tortuous road-racing course.

With my associate, Dave Preston, holding the stop watch, I "gave her the gun" on the all-too-brief three-quarter mile straightaway. Those 130 mechanical horses under the hood did the trick in no uncertain terms, reaching 40 miles an hour in eight seconds from a standing start, 60 in second gear in 16½ seconds and 80 in high gear in 32¾ seconds. Probably an expert could do better, but I found all the getaway, pickup and speed I could use, with something to spare.

Specifications Of New Buick 60

MOTOR—Buick valve-in-head straight-eight. 130 horsepower at 3400 rpm.

CARBURETOR—Dual "Aerobat" with downdraft manifolding. Automatic choke. Automatic idle control. Intake silencer.

EXHAUST AND COOLING SYSTEM—Thermostatic heat control. Fuel pump. Air cleaner. Fuel filter. Thermostatic by-pass water temperature control.

CLUTCH AND TRANSMISSION—Single plate 11-inch dry clutch. All-silent helical gear syncro-mesh transmission. All gears nickel chromium.

SUSPENSION—Front Knee-Action. Front, coil springs, silicon manganese. Rear, silicon manganese, semi-elliptic, underslung. Threaded spring shackles.

STABILIZER—Dual stabilization front and rear.

SHOCK ABSORBERS—Delco double-acting, front and rear.

BRAKES—Four-wheel hydraulic. Centrifuse drums. Mechanical emergency-parking brake.

WHEELBASE—126 inches.

BUICK CENTUR

Rounding a sharp turn on the raceway at 50 miles an hour, the new Buick 60 demonstrates its ability to hold the inside lane despite a pouring rain and a slippery track

In Pouring Rain

Incidentally, these tests were made in a pouring rain, with the track in such condition that certain portions of it could not be used at all. The surface is built for racing, not for touring, and the bumps are plentiful.

The next test was made on the curves. We tried one gingerly at 30 miles an hour. That was all right, so we tried 40, then 45 and 50. In each case the new Buick stabilizers held the car on an even keel and the turns were made easil The car held the inside lane perfectly and could ha taken the curves faster if desired.

Top speed on the straightaway was 86 miles an hour.*

Preston drove the car back to New York and found, as had, that it was difficult to realize when he had reach the legal speed limit of 40 miles an hour on the Gra Central Parkway. The motor was smooth at all spee and bumps in the road were imperceptible.

Zooms Over Hill

The following day we tried the Buick on the long hill th rises for over a mile from the old ship canal at Rock Hill, N. J., to the Lincoln Highway. Starting in high ge

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**The international automobile race for the George Vanderbilt Cup was won on this Raceway at an average speed of 65.9 miles per hour*

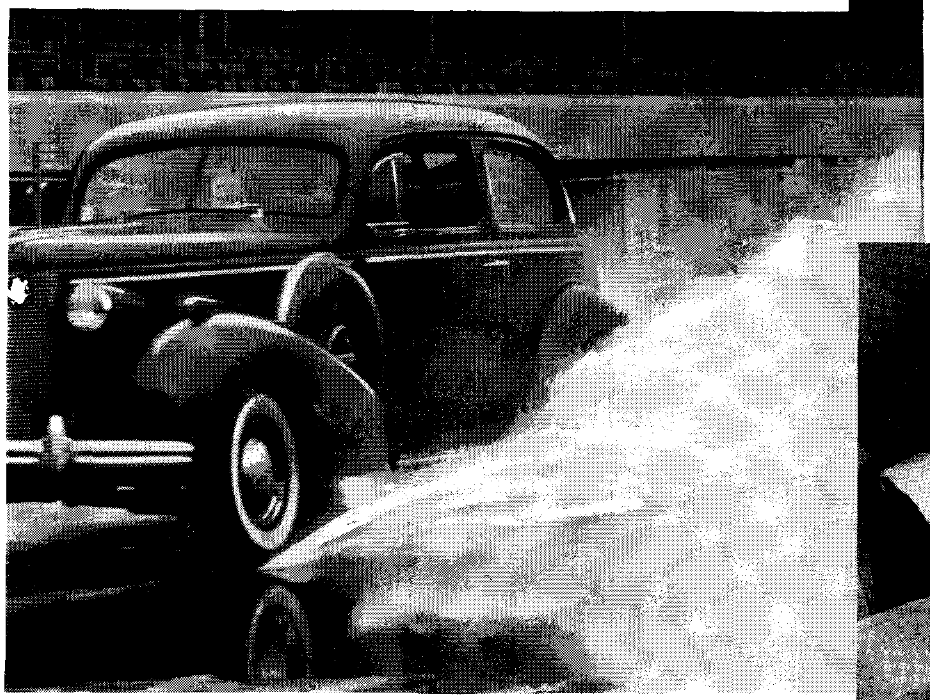
newspaperman thinks Buick—

·om a standstill the motor picked up smoothly and we went over the ɔp at better than fifty miles an hour.

o much for actual performance during the test trip. Between us, Dave 'reston and I drove the car more than 400 miles and found that it nswered every demand.

:hecking over the specifications of the new Buick for 1937 I find that ıere are so many new things that it will be impossible to list them all. Iorsepower has been increased over last year. Appearance has been ıproved by making the car lower and blending all lines. Steering ıs been simplified and the choke has been made completely auto-atic and non-flooding at the same time.

TEPS OUT ON ROOSEVELT TRACK



·eeding along the famous Roosevelt Raceway, the new Buick 60 steps out at 86 miles hour on the three-quarter mile straightaway, during the test run conducted by Don ort and Dave Preston

Aerobat is New

.n entirely new kind of carburetor is employed. Actually it is two ırburetors built into one unit. Buick engineers have named it the "aerobat," because it follows the principles used in carburetors built for stunt airplanes. It supplies an even, steady flow of fuel to the motor, no matter what position the car is in.

The new automatic starter is connected with the accelerator pedal, but there is also a starter connection with the hand throttle, so that the car may be started when the car is on a hill and both feet are on the clutch and brake pedals.

Factors in Ride

Roominess is an outstanding feature of the new Sixty. There is more room inside, as well as out, and the luggage space has been increased. An interesting feature is a little tool well in the rear luggage compartment, set out of the way so that it does not interfere with removal of the spare tire.

Most safety questions are answered by the new "unisteel" body construction employed on both the Forty and Sixty series for Buicks for 1937. A stronger "I" beam cross-member has been added to the frame to increase rigidity.

The entire chassis has been sealed from the fan to the rear wheels, keeping out dust, dirt and water.

The Buick "gliding ride," emphasized in the 1936 models, has been still further improved in the new car. Knee-Action front wheels, torque-tube drive, balanced weight and new ride stabilizers, both front and rear, all contribute to the smoothness with which the car covers all roads regardless of surface.

Comfort is one of the new Buick's outstanding features. It's illustrated in this view of the rear seat. The center of the seat opens outward to make an arm rest in this model

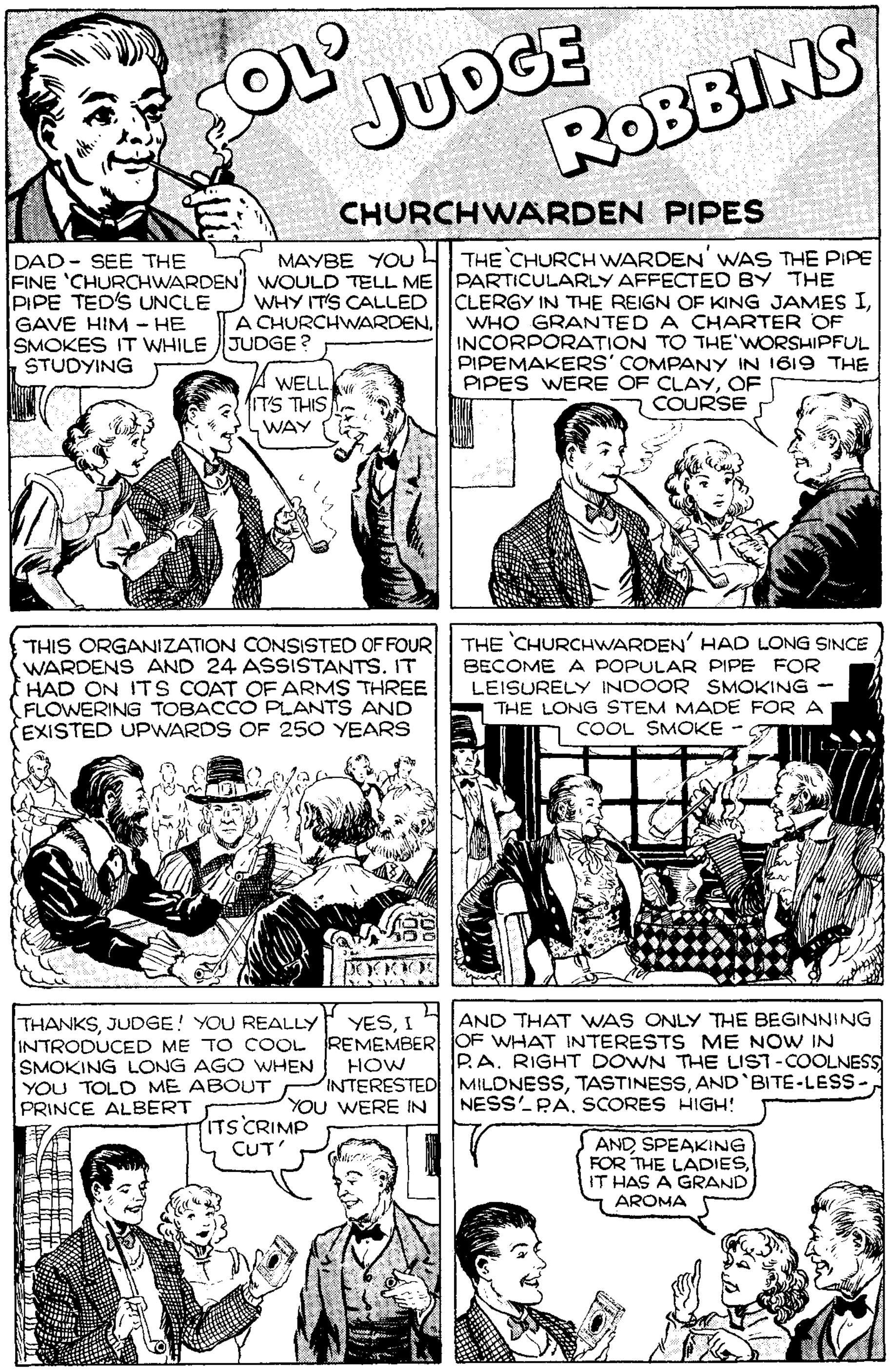
THRIFT NEWS:

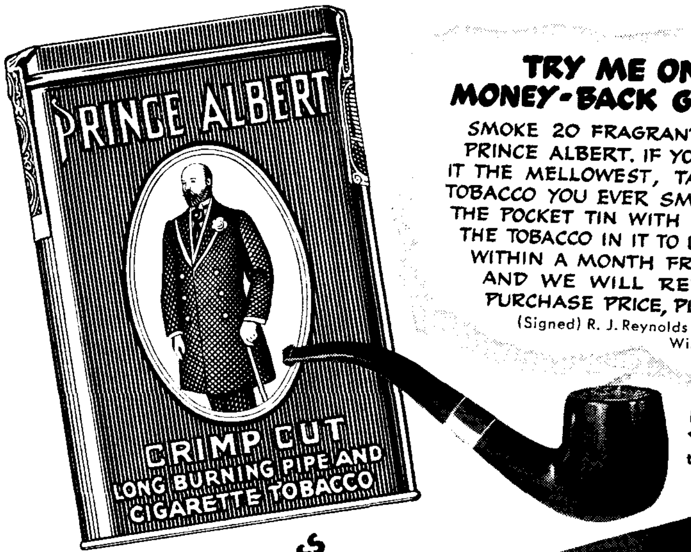
Current Buick prices are the lowest in history! Compare them with others and see what a buy Buick really is.

'It's Buick again!"

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CHURCHWARDEN PIPES
DAD - SEE THE FINE 'CHURCHWARDEN' PIPE TED'S UNCLE GAVE HIM - HE SMOKES IT WHILE STUDYING
MAYBE YOU WOULD TELL ME WHY IT'S CALLED A CHURCHWARDEN, JUDGE?
WELL IT'S THIS WAY
THE 'CHURCHWARDEN' WAS THE PIPE PARTICULARLY AFFECTED BY THE CLERGY IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES I, WHO GRANTED A CHARTER OF INCORPORATION TO THE 'WORSHIPFUL PIPEMAKERS' COMPANY IN 1619. THE PIPES WERE OF CLAY, OF COURSE
THIS ORGANIZATION CONSISTED OF FOUR WARDENS AND 24 ASSISTANTS. IT HAD ON ITS COAT OF ARMS THREE FLOWERING TOBACCO PLANTS AND EXISTED UPWARDS OF 250 YEARS
THE 'CHURCHWARDEN' HAD LONG SINCE BECOME A POPULAR PIPE FOR LEISURELY INDOOR SMOKING - THE LONG STEM MADE FOR A COOL SMOKE -
THANKS, JUDGE! YOU REALLY INTRODUCED ME TO COOL SMOKING LONG AGO WHEN YOU TOLD ME ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT
YES, I REMEMBER HOW INTERESTED YOU WERE IN ITS 'CRIMP CUT'
AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF WHAT INTERESTS ME NOW IN P.A. RIGHT DOWN THE LIST - COOLNESS, MILDNESS, TASTINESS, AND 'BITE-LESS-NESS'. P.A. SCORES HIGH!
AND SPEAKING FOR THE LADIES, IT HAS A GRAND AROMA

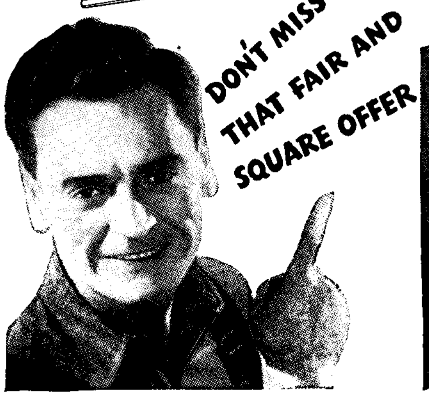

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

TRY ME ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.



DON'T MISS THAT FAIR AND SQUARE OFFER

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Castle Key

Continued from page 23

She said, with brightness, just a little nervous: "Here I am! I stalked out on my bed and board and here I am! For just a minute, though."

"And then?"

"And then I'll stalk right back again, of course!"

He said: "Oh!" in a funny-sounding voice, and Rita looked at him and tried to keep it bright. She said: "Unless you've thought of something different?"

"Yes," he said. "I've thought of it."

IT WASN'T just the words, it was the way he said them; it was how he didn't look at her. She said, a little hurriedly: "Of course you've thought of it! You were supposed to, Perry; every minute; all the time. But not—not really. Perry Crane, you're putting on an act! And very flattering and polished, too, and—and—"

He broke in on the nervous rush of words. "And so you're going back!"

Could he be serious? Was that it? Perry? Serious about her? Thinking she was, too? And thinking, when she'd called him up and told him that they'd had a fight, that she was really leaving Greg or something?

She heard him say, not looking at her but deliberately: "So you're being bright and gay about it. And you're going back to him. I wondered what you'd do—when you found out."

"Found out?"

The words were startled out of her in sheer surprise. "Found out? Found out?"

"I knew the minute you called up you'd finally found out. I guess he meant you to; that's why he drew that money for her, openly. I guess that, now Hugh's dead, they don't care any more—the whole town knows it anyway, and always has, and always does, except the poor damn' wife."

She couldn't speak. She couldn't even think. All she could do was sit there, huddled in her corner of the car, behind the wheel, while Perry's words went on, went pounding on inside her head like dull, persistent, padded hammer blows that flattened every thought and feeling and that left her only cold and sick and lonesome.

"I'm supposed to be a friend of Greg's, but it's been pretty hard to keep my mouth shut, feeling as I do about you." Thud, thud, thud—"A swell damn' code we've got, with everybody bound to hush—except behind your back"—thud, thud—"and pitying and snickering behind your back. A swell, fine code; a swell fine lot of friends."

She huddled there beneath the impact of the words and tears began to come and hopeless, frightened sobbing, and he put his arm around her but he didn't stop.

"And so you think you're going back? And try to win him back? Oh, good Lord, Rita, you can't love a heel like that. Why, don't you see? The only reason they kept up appearances was that Hugh wouldn't stand for little sister in a scandal. Now they don't care. Now he'll ease you out and make an honest woman of her. Oh, they'll make it very nice and pleasant, Rita, trying to persuade you that you ought to get a nice agreeable divorce. Sure. Nice and pleasant with the alimony sliced as thin as possible and everybody snickering because you've been the goat. Because she hates you, Rita; she'd be bound to. And she wants it all."

"Father," Rita whispered. "I want Father. Now."

"Oh, I knew what was coming," Perry told her. "Knew it when he drew that money. Knew it when I heard they were together all this morning."

He felt her stir against him and he knew his words were drilling through the shock and tapping wells of pride and anger; jealousy; resentment. He heard George's words: "A little elementary psychology, that's all." And it was easy.

"They say they started it almost before your honeymoon was over," Perry said. "Nice little girl, your friend June. Nice guy, Greg! Just boy and girl together. Why, they couldn't help it, Rita! It was love, that's all! Why, sure; they'll have you crying over them so helpless and in love. They'll have you off to Reno half in tears because you came between them and a great, great love."

He felt her tense against him and went on.

"Oh, this is hell, all right," he said. "But someone had to tell you, Rita; had to make you see it just like this. And, honey, when he drew that check for her and I knew what was coming, I knew someone had to help you and I wired to New York for George to come; my brother. He's a lawyer, smartest in New York, and he's been through these things before. He'll tell you, Rita; he'll know what is best to do. He's gone to get your father now. We're meeting them. Let me drive, Rita. You just sit there and try not to think."

She hardly heard him. All that she could feel was cold again, and tired, with an awful aching tiredness. He went around to get behind the wheel and she moved over.

Perry said: "I love you, Rita. Anyway, no matter what, I love you."

But it didn't matter. All she hoped was that he wouldn't touch her; but not even that would matter much.

It hadn't been five minutes since she'd got there, looking at the red light. It had been so short a distance that you didn't even measure it in miles.

The motor started. Perry threw the car in gear abruptly, with a harsh, determined rasp.

She said: "Where are we going, Perry? Where?"

A far, far destination, Rita. So uncharted in your thoughts, so far and perilous, that maybe you can never find the way back.

GREG put the phone down. It was after twelve and still there was no answer at her father's; but that only meant that she had found him and was staying out with him somewhere, as late as possible, to try to throw a little scare. There wasn't anything that could have happened, and the funny way he felt was just the way she wanted him to feel. If she'd been in a smashup, hurt or anything, he'd have been notified at once, and this was silly. He looked at his watch again and it had only been five minutes since he'd phoned. He thought: "For Pete's sake, what's the matter with you? Nothing's happened; nothing could! A fight, that's all and 'going back to Father.' " Why, they'd laughed about it when it happened once before. They'd laugh about it this time, too.

But tonight! A quarrel, a misunderstanding now, tonight, with Hugh's death only yesterday; with all they'd been through only yesterday. It should have been a night for being close together; for remembering and understanding and regret and promises; for needing someone close.

He thought: "She didn't understand, that's all. She simply didn't understand."

Perhaps she didn't realize what Hugh

had done there, in the plane. There'd been—there must have been—an instant when Hugh knew that they would crash; the fragment of a second, when, with awful clarity, he had to make a choice. And he had chosen instantly and hauled Greg from the cockpit, desperately, and shoved him clear, and died. And left June—and an obligation.

He went slowly over to the door, and out. There were a million stars. The night was clear and sweet with stars.

His car was in the drive. He climbed in, quietly, but Rusty heard the motor start and came out, trying to be casual.

"Tank's nearly empty, Mistah Greg; and ain't no stations open, less'n clear to town."

"All right," Greg told him. "I'm not going far."

He could see Delia at the kitchen door, and they were worried; and he'd let them fuss around him too long now to try to make them change. There'd been a death; there'd been unhappiness; and Lord knew what was in their minds about him.

Greg said: "I'm going over to Debrett's. I'll be back in an hour, Rusty, if—if Mrs. Adams comes or phones."

Greg turned down Indiana Street, a proud street once, with big, old houses of another generation, frame, with cupolas and ornamental bays. Debrett's alone was lighted, with a lighted sign, appropriate and final melancholy on this old and reminiscent street: "Funeral Director. Chapel."

Greg *stopped the car and sat there,* wondering if it would help if he went in. But no, Hugh wouldn't be there, anything of him that mattered. The chapel would be dim and hushed and heavy-sweet with flowers and that would be strange for Hugh, uncomfortable for Hugh, embarrassing to have you tiptoe in and look at him.

Greg put the car in gear. He drove home slowly. Passing by the old Carlisle house, on his own familiar block, he stopped. The old house had been closed for four years, now, and the big yard they had played in was neglected. Greg got out and started walking slowly up the drive. He thought: "Here is where you ought to think about him; not there." Here you could start thinking from the first things you remembered; from your first velocipede, first sled, first skates, first dog. And when you started thinking like that, not about Hugh specially, but simply times and things that you remembered, letting them come back just as they wanted to, not forcing them or keeping them in order, Hugh came clear again and real. The things that came into your mind were funny things, exciting things, events and milestones. Hugh had been in nearly all of them from rompers on; he'd been in them the way he was, charged full of laughs and life and fun. The thing to do was keep these memories exactly as they were, not color them or make them sad to think about or make Hugh sad to think about but keep them as they were.

GREG walked across the back yard toward the summerhouse that had been castle, cave and club. The vines had grown up in a tangle over it and it was dark inside, but, standing by the door, he heard the muffled sound of sobbing and saw June, her head on her arms, curled up on a bench.

Greg thought: "She kept her chin up all this time. And maybe this is good for her."

He stood there for a moment undecided; then he said: "June." He could see her get her chin up and her shoulders back. It was pitiful and brave and sweet; it made your heart turn over. She came slowly toward him and he put his arms around her and they stood there for a minute, close and quiet, in the dark.

She said, at last: "You came here, too, Greg?"

"Yes."

"I'm—I'm glad. I'm—all right, now."

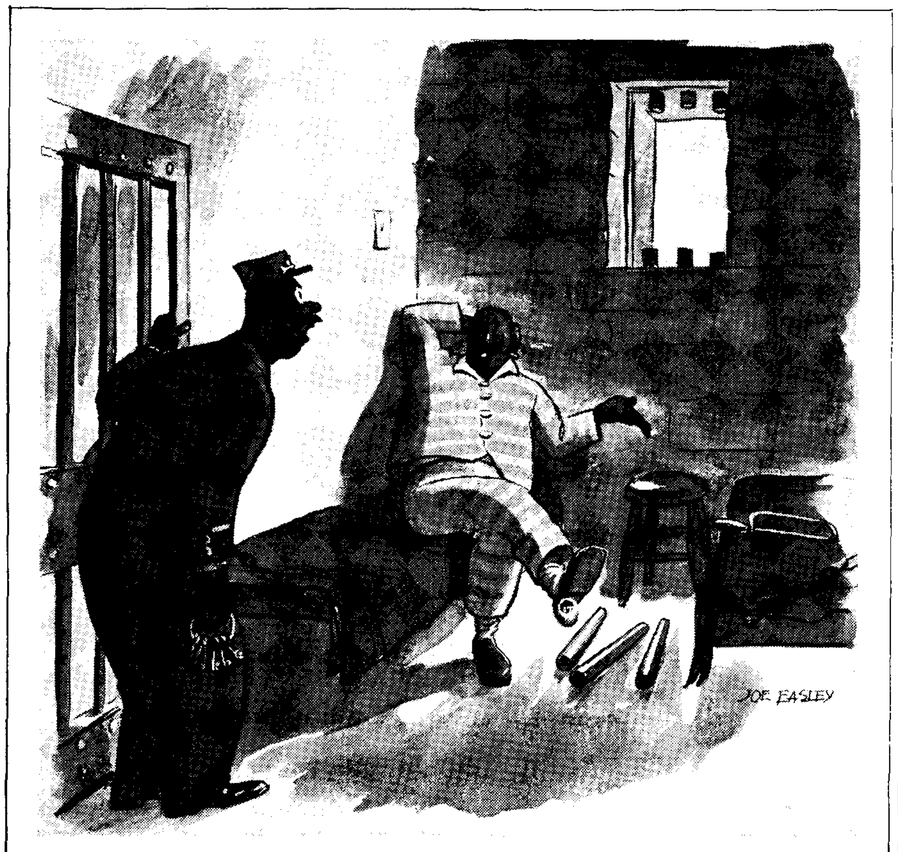
They walked across the yard and down the drive to where Greg's car was parked. He said: "Let's drive out to the lake, June."

They were silent till they turned into the boulevard, toward the lake, but he could feel her tense beside him.

Finally she said: "That couldn't be—be all. Just—just be everything. You couldn't just—just fall and have it be the end. Oh, Greg!"

He slowed the car and put his arm around her but he couldn't answer. All there was to say was words, the same old words, the same blind, pitiful assurances.

She said: "Not just—just fall. There



"Oh, we just couldn't get along"

JOE EASLEY

MOM WANTS THE BULBS THAT DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY
HERE YOU ARE SON. YOU WANT G-E MAZDA LAMPS

Don't risk losing 30% of the light you pay for

Why take chances with inferior light bulbs? Some of them waste so much electricity that they wouldn't be cheap if they were wrapped in dollar bills and given away free.

Why deprive your eyes and your family's eyes of light that they need, by using unknown, inferior bulbs which rapidly become dimmer and dimmer in use?

HOW TO AVOID THESE RISKS

Look for the mark GE when you buy lamp bulbs. Then you will be sure to get bulbs that do not waste electricity and that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER. Thanks to General Electric research, they are *now brighter than ever.* Day by day and month by month General Electric improves lamp quality to give you more light for your money.

15¢
60-WATTS AND SMALLER

MAZDA GE 60 WATTS

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

GE identifies the General Electric 10c lamp. If you want the best bulb for a dime, this is it. 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watt sizes. Try an assortment.

THESE OUTDOOR ASSIGNMENTS ARE NO JOKE WHEN YOUR FACE IS SORE FROM SHAVING
YOU'RE NOT USING THE BLADES THAT WERE MADE FOR YOUR RAZOR. TRY GILLETTE AND SEE THE DIFFERENCE

A FEW DAYS LATER

THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA, JOE—SWITCHING ME BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES. MY FACE FEELS LIKE A MILLION TODAY
NOW HE KNOWS YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

For Grand Shaves Day After Day

—use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor

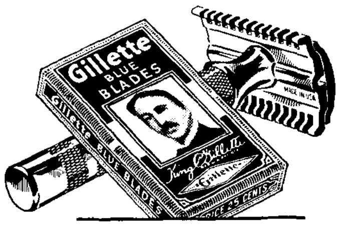
WHETHER you spend most of your time outdoors or in, you'll welcome the genuine shaving comfort you get with a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor.

The Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade are made for each other. Designed by the same engineers and produced in the same factory, they work perfectly together in giving you grand shaves day after day.

If you have strayed away from using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor, make this interesting test. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and use one in your Gillette Razor tomorrow. See if it doesn't give you the finest shave you ever had.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

—there would have to be a part of us that simply falling wouldn't hurt, Greg. Wouldn't there?"

Her voice would make your heart turn over.

"Not—not just electrons, Greg. Not just—just something horrible and cold and scientific. I mean Hugh; Hugh. Don't you b-believe there must be, Greg?"

He kept his arm around her shoulder tightly. That was all that you could do; for anyone.

They reached the lake and Greg stopped. It was calm, but with the motor shut off, you could hear the water breathing on the sand. There were a million stars and they were steady and controlled, and all of them were moving to a plan, and it was reassuring.

Greg said: "You can't say much, June. But look at them."

THEY sat there for a long time. It was very still, with just the whisper of the water on the sand, and up above you the immense, calm sky, the reassuring, ordered stars. And as you sat there, you could feel it more and more, that you were part of it and that there wasn't anything so small it didn't matter; even you. That everything was part of it and steady and controlled and planned. And you felt small and good and peaceful.

Greg felt her relax at last. He took his arm away and got out cigarettes. He looked down at her when the match flared, and her eyes were strange and dark and starry and June said: "I love you, Greg."

It was a word they didn't use, like that; that none of them had ever used, and it was queerly disconcerting hearing it from June. You thought of June as gay and independent and unsentimental, always. And you found—and it was sudden and surprising—she could look like that; her eyes could look like that and she could say: "I love you." It was as if you'd never really known her, never really seen her, until now. Greg thought, and hated it: "She will be saying that to someone else, sometime, and meaning it. Not as she's saying it to me, because Hugh's gone, because I'm here instead of Hugh. She'll be in someone's arms, and some man's arms will make her tremble, and her eyes will go all soft and starry and she'll say, 'I love you.' Meaning it. With all of her. With everything it means." He hated it! He hated everything about that picture in his mind. It made him feel no good, and low, and at the same time it aroused a fierce resentment, and he felt like grabbing her and yelling: "Don't you ever say that! Don't you ever look at anyone like that! You hear me? No one! Ever!" Hurting her until she promised.

He was crazy. He was keyed up, that was all. Of course she'd love someone like that sometime. You thought of June as just June, but she was a woman and her eyes—

He snapped out of it. She had said she loved him—like she did—and now he ought to kiss her, as they did sometimes, when one of them had been away or something, and he ought to say: "I love you, too, June." If he didn't, if he couldn't, it would mean that he was some kind of a louse.

He put his arm around her and looked down. Her eyes were June's again and she was smiling. He could kiss her, now, and say it.

Greg thought, with a strange, deep feeling: "I will never see her look like that again."

They drove home slowly. It was ten of two, the dash clock said, and neither of them felt like talking.

At Fourteenth Street, coming to the boulevard, another car was close behind them. Suddenly it speeded up and passed, then cut in sharply, without warning, forcing Greg to brake. It turned right, going fast, and suddenly Greg realized that it had been a Trenton roadster; that his mind, while he'd been slamming on the brakes, was registering: Trenton roadster; top down; red. If it had been a hit-and-run, he could have sworn to it.

"You state that this car was a roadster?"

"Yes, Judge."

"And you're certain of the color?"

"Yes, Judge. Red. You see I had my bright lights on and when it cut in front of us—"

"I see. You're also positive it was a Trenton?"

"Positive. I own one just exactly like it, Judge." Exactly like it, just exactly like it. She'd had Rusty put the top down just this morning, just exactly like it—

Greg thought, slower: "Pull yourself together, damn it. There are Trenton roadsters by the hundreds. Yes, and red, too. Yes, and with their tops down, too; all over town."

Besides, a man was driving. He could swear to that, too, nearly. Yes, his mind had registered two people in the car, a man and woman, and a man was at the wheel.

He thought: "And let that settle it. She's with her father, if she isn't home, and Rita's father doesn't drive. And if you think your wife is whooping up and down the streets with someone else at two o'clock, you're lousy."

He took June back to Tremple's. Mrs. Tremple and the judge were still up, waiting for her, and there had to be a lot of conversation and he wanted to get home. It must have been half an hour till he finally got away. He drove back down the block and turned into his drive. There was another car there and he thought: "You see!" But it was Bill's. He went in and heard laughter from the kitchen, but he went first to the phone. There was no answer, but he thought: "She's there all right. She's plugged the phone, that's all, to keep me scared." He'd drive around again, but it would do no good. There wasn't any doorman, after twelve, at Rita's father's building and you couldn't get inside the front door, even, if you didn't have a key. He'd have to wait till morning and she meant him to. He said, "Damn," grinning; but he felt uneasy just the same.

BILL was in the kitchen eating scrambled eggs and toast.

Bill said: "Hi, Greg. Come and join the party, you and Rita."

"I'll just have a drink," Greg said. He added: "Rita's staying at her father's. He—he isn't very well."

It sounded flat, and Bill said: "Oh," and started talking.

"Greg, you ought to put a stop to Delia. Man's not safe around this house. The minute you come in, she grabs you hand and foot, and starts in forcing victuals at you."

"Forcin'," Delia said. "You hear that? Forcin'. Mistah Bill been beggin' roun' my kitchen since he fo' years old."

"Don't force another piece of toast on me," Bill said, "unless it's got a lot of butter on it, Delia."

"See? Ain't had no peace since he been fo' years old. You want some mo' jam, Mistah Bill?"

"A slight touch, Delia," Bill said, "since you force me."

Delia cackled comfortably and Rusty grinned and, for a minute, in the bright old kitchen, it was old times. But it wasn't; it was now, and changed, and troubled, and Bill seemed to feel it, too. He finished and got up and they walked into the living room.

Bill stuffed his pipe and lighted it. He said: "Well, I'll be going, Greg."

Greg yawned at him and grinned and said: "No opposition here. I'm tired."

"Yeah," Bill said. He moved toward the door and stopped. He said, not turning: "Well, I just dropped in. I thought that you'd been out together somewhere, you and Rita."

"No," Greg said. You couldn't lie to Bill; he'd seen the row, seen Rita leave. Greg tried to keep it light and humorous. He said: "This sort of thing is half the fun of married life, Bill. Why, she's even got the phone plugged up so I can't reach her. In the morning I will have to tell her that I spent a sleepless night. You'll find out when the preacher gets you, Bill."

Bill didn't smile and Greg said: "Well, go on and get the hell home, clown."

"Yeah," Bill said. He added, talking to the door: "I thought perhaps you'd been to Perry's."

"Perry's?"

"Guess I must have been mistaken," Bill said. "Thought I saw the roadster parked there just a little while ago."

So that was it. So that was what the guy was driving at. Greg hoped his voice was all right. He said: "No. I had my car. And Rita's at her father's."

"Sure," Bill said. "Mistaken. Well, good night, guy."

"Well, good night," Greg said.

The door was open. Bill said slowly, halfway out: "If you weren't going right to bed or something, I would stick around."

"I'm going right to bed," Greg said.

GREG stood there in the hall. He felt sick. He remembered Bill's words, only yesterday: "Look here, Greg, suddenly there's all this Perry Crane. Too damn' much Perry. Everywhere." He thought that Bill was talking only about Castle Key; that he'd been too damn' trusting only about Castle Key. And Bill had meant to try to tell him something else.

He stood there, waiting till the sound of Bill's car died away—

Greg drove fast, trying not to think. He stopped the car in front of Perry Crane's apartment house. There was no roadster there. He thought: "Of course not; Bill's mistaken." And a mocking voice inside him answered: "But the car would not be there, in front. No matter what, it wouldn't be." He sat there doing all he could to rid his mind of all the crawly things that tried to creep into it. Too much Perry. Too much Perry everywhere. Too many times there'd been a damn' sight too much Perry. He tried to shake his mind loose, thinking: "She's your wife. You've got to have faith; if you don't, what have you?"

Greg leaned out, looking up. On Perry's fourth-floor corner there were lights, the only lighted windows in the building, glowing orange, and significant through drawn, secretive shades.

Greg thought: "It isn't me, alone; it's all of us. We grew up thinking it was smart to doubt and to be cynical and skeptical and hard. Doubt everything; doubt everything an inch high, damn it. Smart. And now you doubt your wife. And if you didn't, you would turn around and drive back home and you'd believe no matter what. By God, you'll do it, too. You'll learn some faith."

The mocking voice said: "Brother, it's a damn' poor age for it."

He got out of the car.

The night man looked up sleepily and Greg walked by him to the automatic elevator and got in. He signaled the fourth floor and it moved slowly, slowly, while he stood there thinking: "This is me, Greg Adams; doing this." He knocked on Perry's door. He thought: "If no one answers, in a minute I'll be kicking it to pieces; me, Greg Adams, kicking down this door."

The last thing he expected was a stranger, with a pistol, in a purple dressing gown.

(To be continued next week)

Right at the start . . .

hit that COLD two ways:

1.
CLEANSE THE INTESTINAL TRACT
2.
HELP NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

Don't take chances. "Just sniffles" may turn out to be a long siege. It all depends on your body's resistance. That's why today's physicians believe in helping the body's natural defense, when a cold comes. They recommend two important steps:

1. **Cleanse the intestinal tract.**
2. **Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.**

You can do both those things at once by taking Sal Hepatica. For here's what this bubbling mineral salt laxative does. First, it flushes out wastes in the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly. (You know that's a good thing without being told.) Second, it brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system swing back toward the alkaline reserve so necessary to germ-resistant health and well-being.

Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress the importance of both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

Be modern—fight a cold the modern way

So whenever a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get some Sal Hepatica today.

• • •

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama, fun. Every Wednesday night—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent
Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT HELPS NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

As winter hazards
grow more severe
each month—your
need for *general*
resistance increases

Earlier in the season, you probably had some stored-up reserve to help protect you against common discomforts. But since then you've no doubt been through a strenuous winter with too little rest and sunshine. Your general *resistance* may be low.

Low general resistance helps to explain why many people are affected by common winter discomforts right now. It's also the reason they have more trouble "throwing off" these conditions at the end of the season than at the beginning.

The wisest course, by far, is to take precautions *before* you're uncomfortable. This can be done by using some resistance-building measure *as a daily routine.*

Begin now with *Adex!* With Adex, you get the protective benefits of Vitamin A. This factor specifically helps to increase your general resistance. Adex also provides "sunshine" Vitamin D which you should get from a *special* source now.

In both Adex tablets and capsules, only *natural* sources of the vitamins are used, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

Take Adex *every day.* That's how to benefit most. Have it on the breakfast table every morning to be sure of remembering. Now at any reliable drug store in two pleasant forms—tablets and capsules. Made only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Alma Mater Song

Continued from page 10

trouble with Prexy would make it a short shrift for Lisha and me. . . .

"Big coward!"

"All right, all right, I'm a coward. But *you* behave."

Lisha faced me, her brown eyes alight with that fierce heedlessness of consequences which had always worried me, ever since the day I dropped off the hind end of a freight truck from Memphis to make my way at this poor man's college.

"Doc's worth fighting for, Petey."

"Who said he wasn't?"

"The quiver in your eyelids."

"Don't you conjur' me!"

Lisha boyishly picked up a fistful of gravel and shoved it against my sweater.

"There! Sand for your craw!"

The others laughed and Lisha, although the laugh was on me, stuck her pert chin in the air and marched off.

"Lisha's sweet on Doc," Johnny said.

"You're a liar," I said.

"Nope. Johnny told it," Mary Sue said.

The workshop bell ended the argument.

THAT afternoon, Lisha and I had a quarrel down by the river. Strange blackbirds flocking on their way south were taking baths along the bank, I remember, and yellow maple leaves floated by—blurred in my angry tears.

"Any fool should know that Doc came down here to forget something," I said. "Probably a woman—"

"Stupid."

"Why did he bury himself in these hills, then?"

"He came here to find some bright, unspoiled students who know what it is to work hard."

"So he can go back and brag about 'em at Harvard or someplace, hunh?"

"Thickhead! Doc's got work to be done in this world. He wants some of us to help him, if we're smart enough. A research group—"

"How do you know so much?"

"I asked him and he told me!"

My growing jealousy was blustery in my throat and I said: "You keep away from Doc. Asking him personal questions! You—you'll get expelled—"

"Oh, Petey, don't't!"

"Don't what?"

Lisha glanced up and down the river to make sure no one was looking. Then, she squeezed my arms and put her mouth against my cheek.

"He wouldn't look twice at you!"

I was sorry I said it, because Lisha's face showed her honest astonishment.

"I wanted you to have courage," she said. "You and I have to help Doc."

"Help him with what?"

"The trouble that's a-coming."

I was afraid to look in her eyes.

"All right. I'm Doc's friend," I said.

"I'll steal some chocolate for you," said Lisha.

"I'd rather have cheese," I said.

"All right," Lisha said.

We were friends again.

THE trouble began in Joan Temson's senior English class, three weeks later. None of the students but a few toadies liked Joan. She was a smug, broad-shouldered and thin-hipped ash blond; she wore her hair in snaky braids pulled back across her ears. We suspected her of being Prexy's chief spy.

I forget what started it, but in a class discussion of Shelley's "Adonais"—Joan being a great one to rank poems—Lisha spoke up, saying: "Doc thinks Milton's 'Lycidas' a heap sight better."

Joan gave her an odd look.

"Doc?"

"I mean Professor Rand," said Lisha.

"Are you in the habit of calling professors by nicknames, Miss Moseby?"

"Doc doesn't seem to mind and—"

"I'm sure Doctor Rand *does* mind. You may not be aware that he is a distinguished man—or is it just—cheekiness?"

I kicked Lisha's leg; but she would not knuckle under.

"I'll ask Doc, Miss Temson," she said, "and if he says he minds I won't call him Doc any more."

"You're rather impertinent, I think," said Joan, flushing.

After class, Joan kept Lisha for a lecture. The rest of us put our heads together in the hall.

"Joan's sweet on Doc, too," Johnny Praskins said. "She helps him in the lab."

"He eats at Prexy's house every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday night," said Cleta Gollomb.

This was most welcome news to me.

Presently, Lisha came storming into the hall.

"*She's* in love with Doc!" Lisha announced, loudly. "I'm a-going straight over and warn him!"

"Oh, no, you're not!" I said.

We all ganged on Lisha and dragged her outside before there was a scene. Lisha was shivering with anger.

"*You* go tell Doc, Petey!"

"It's none of my business and none of yours."

"She'll want him to marry her and go away—"

"Shhhh—what is that to you?"

"Doc was sent here a-purpose—"

Exasperated, I shook her roughly.

"You keep out of it," I said. "Joan'll have you expelled."

"She's welcome!"

I played my only card.

"Then I'll have to tell Prexy where he gets off and I'll be expelled too."

That worked. Quickly, Lisha was imploring me not to get into trouble. Her earnestness evaporated my jealousy. Indeed, I vaguely realized that Lisha's interest in Doc was not what the other students believed at all. Her feeling was utterly selfless; she seemed unconscious of any romantic interpretation. Looking back on it all now, I see that I missed the significance of Lisha's intuitive protectiveness, her fear of some disaster to Doc and the vestige of hill-country superstition which must have moved her when she said, "Doc was sent here a-purpose—"

AND with that queer distortion of youth's seeing, all my emotional focus was on Lisha and myself. Doc seemed to be entirely removed from the situation which involved Lisha, Joan and me. I think this was partly due to the fact that, in class, Doc regarded Lisha as merely a bright child. I remember many of her questions and his answers, during those first two months or so, and I am sure he showed her no particular attention. In fact, it was I and not Lisha whom Doc singled out for special interest.

One day, he stopped me, leaving class, and said: "Sit down a minute, will you, Garner?"

I felt very proud.

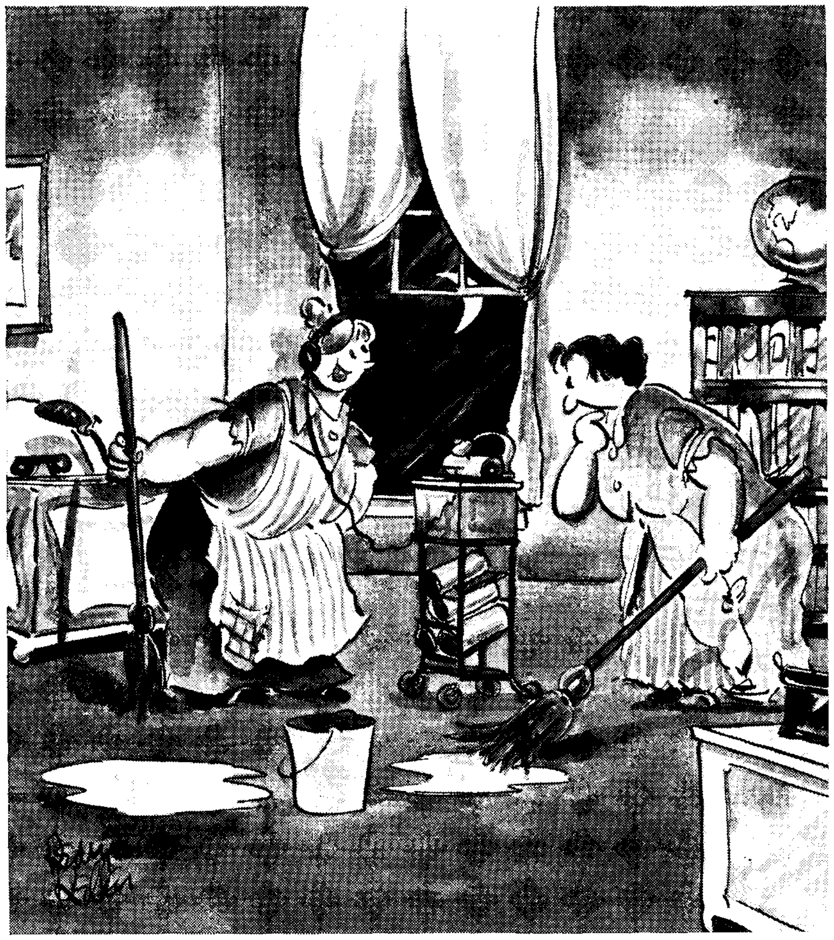
Doc offered me a cigarette, strictly forbidden, and, after staring through a window to where old Sis Callie Hudlip was pasturing her blind white mule on the campus, he gave a happy sigh.

"I imagine," he said, "that this might be called the last American frontier. I like it."

"I'll take the city," I said.

Doc shook his head.

"I tried that. Practice in the river wards. Lost five children the first month—from starvation. We called it measles,

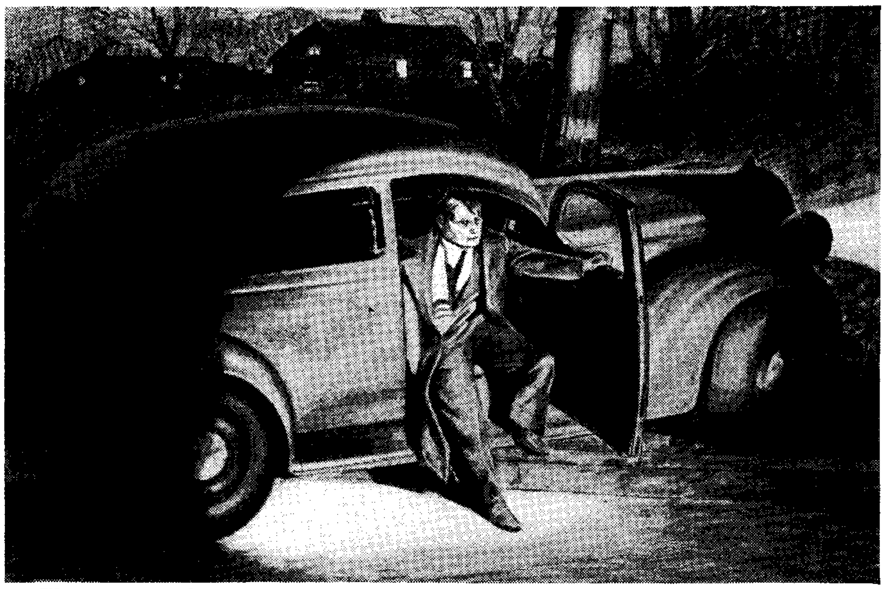


"They must have quarreled again; he's calling her Miss Schmaltz now"

REAMER KELLER

HIS WIFE WAS ILL. HE WAS RUSHING TO HER...WHEN BANG! ...A BLOW-OUT!

REX BEACH
well-known author



"The car leaped out of control like a wildcat—just missed a telephone pole."

Read REX BEACH'S thrilling True Story of the man who is living on "Borrowed Time"

"HURRY! Your wife is ill!" Constable Stilling leaped into his car—'20—25—30—35—40' read the speedometer. It was nine-thirty at night. There was no time to spare. 'Faster! Faster!' And then—without warning—BANG! A blow-out! The car leaped out of control like a wildcat—swerved to the left—just missed crashing headlong into a telephone pole!

Yes, Constable Stilling, of Philadelphia, came within an inch of never reaching his home. But Lady Luck smiled that night—and the extent of his injury was a wrenched shoulder. Some miracle had saved him. As he, himself, says: "I feel now that I am living on 'borrowed time.' There was every reason why I should have been among the missing."

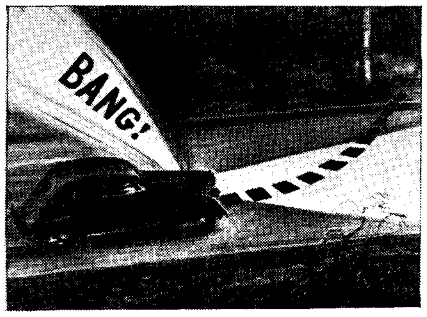
Many "Blind" To Blow-out Dangers

Altogether too often, screaming headlines carry tales of disaster wrought by blow-outs. From reliable sources I have been told that thousands are killed or injured when blow-outs throw cars out of control. And small wonder.

Just stop to consider what happens to your tires when you're driving at top speed. Think of the rate that they're spinning around—skimming over the pavements at 50, 60 miles an hour. Naturally the heat generated is terrific, and you're totally unaware of it because the trouble begins *inside* the tire. A tiny invisible blister may form between the rubber and the fabric. Just a little thing to begin with, this blister keeps getting bigger and BIGGER and the worst of it is that you don't even know it's there until suddenly, BANG! And then it may be too late.

Goodrich A Leader In Safety

It's a fact that engineers are doing everything in their power to make driving safe. But it seems to me that as far as tires are concerned, the greatest single contribution has been from Goodrich engineers. They have developed a real blow-out protection called the Golden Ply. It is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. You can easily see what this means. Blisters don't get a chance to form between the rubber and fabric inside your tires . . . and that means blow-outs due to this heat don't get started. That's certainly one protection everyone should invest in—especially when Silvertowns, I am told, are priced lower than many other super-quality tires.

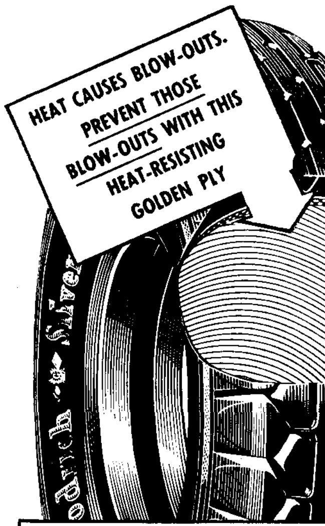


Here's what happened when a blow-out threw Constable Stilling's car out of control.

It Pays To Play Safe

You can be sure that Constable Stilling doesn't take any chances with his tires these days. He's ready for any emergency and so are his tires. Here is another enrollment in the ranks of safe drivers who feel that tires which protect people from the dangers of high speed blow-outs are a sound investment . . . a vital form of life insurance. Remember, you can buy these life-saving Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

Rex Beach



FREE! Millions of motorists have joined the Silvertown Safety League—pledged themselves to drive safely. If you're not a member, see your Goodrich dealer and join up now. There's nothing to buy. He'll get for you FREE a handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

WRENCHED BACK WHILE BOWLING

Good, dependable Absorbine Jr. brings quick and welcome relief

WRITES MR. O. H.,* of Columbus, Ohio: "The boys at the office coaxed me to bowl on the team. As I had never bowled much before, the expected happened when my thumb stuck in the hole of the ball, threw me off balance and I went sprawling and wrenched my back. The pain was severe that night until my wife rubbed me good with Absorbine Jr., which eased the aching. She repeated the application in the morning and I went to work feeling much better. If you wish to, you can tell others about how good I think Absorbine Jr. is as a liniment."

Muscle soreness, aches and sprains find quick relief when there's a bottle of good old dependable Absorbine Jr. in the medicine cabinet. Many doctors, nurses and hospitals recommend it. Don't be without it. Absorbine Jr. is also a famous relief for Athlete's Foot. And you'll find it thrifty to use because a little goes so far. At all druggists', $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains and Athlete's Foot

flu, pneumonia—but it was starvation."

Embarrassed by his sudden shift to a confidential tone, I tried a very mature frown.

"A doctor has to toughen up, doesn't he, sir?"

"I told myself that. Tried to let go their thin little hands after the blood count and pulse rate told me it wasn't any use. But we'd got to be friends—and you have to stay with a friend." Then, with an abrupt shift in tone and manner: "What are you planning to make of yourself, Garner?"

My answer must have seemed to him damnably callow.

"Anything that's a good job, I reckon, with a chance to make some money—uh—so I can get married."

He nodded gravely.

"Yes—you've never had much money. So you overrate it." He sat on the corner of his battered old desk, swinging a leg. "I always had plenty, up to a few years ago. Best thing that ever happened to me—handling it and losing it." He shook his finger at me, which was a naïve gesture but charming: "I wish I had some to give you to fool around with for a time. Then you'd be cured."

I grinned at him.

"I sure wish you did, too, Doc!" I said. "That's just the kind of cure I'd like!"

He chuckled and added: "Seriously, Garner, I think you have the equipment to make a start in research. I wish you'd think it over."

I was pleased and flattered, but too young and forthright to keep from blurting out, "How much would they pay me?"

Doc looked at me with what could have been only compassion.

"Very little," he said. "Unless you went into the commercial end." He dismissed such doings with an impatient little grimace. Then, his voice richened and deepened; he leaned forward and began to talk.

I DO not recall much of it now, and that is odd because Doc's voice was changing the course of my life. Lisha had told the truth; Doc had come to Ozarkian to make converts, to recruit assistants for an ambitious program of research in biochemistry. His perhaps hypersensitive revulsion against active medical practice and his scorn of the money urge were only contributing elements in the decision which had brought him to us. He was a man on fire, a zealot of science. One of his dreams, I remember, was a solution of the effect which cosmic rays have in their bombardment of hydrogen atoms. He believed that they change the atomic structure of the water in the human body, thus causing degenerative effects. His eyes, his voice, the ruddy glow of his face—I remember how he looked when he said: "Science might make man immortal some day—right on this earth. My boy, I give you the centuries!"

It excited and confused me, but when Doc had finished I knew that I was his follower.

"I'd like to give it a whirl, Doc," I said with boyish crassness. "I sure would!"

Doc held out his hand.

"Good!"

And that is how things were between Doc and me and between Lisha and me on the eve of catastrophe.

We will walk the paths of knowledge;
Hist'ry, science, Sacred Lore,
Strive with honor till our college
Sends us forth to Youth's bright shore.

We were singing that verse in raucous mockery—Johnny and Willie and Doc and I—in the living room of Doc's quarters one evening after chapel. Doc had told Prexy Temson our biweekly meetings were sessions of a senior seminar.

I recall the scene as if it were yesterday: the smell of hickory smoke from the fireplace; the shadows flung upon the dusty walls of that old, high-ceilinged room by a single garish electric-light bulb, hanging over Doc's study table with the shade tipped askew; the books, the old chairs and leather divan. In the intervals between our mirth, the sounds of the hills came faintly. Oscar, the college owl, was trying to frighten the world with his deliberate understatement of doom to come; the witless yelping of coon-running dogs behind the Ridge bespoke a wild heart in terror; and, once, Doc heard a galloped horse splash through the river crossing down the hill.

DOC'S city-man start of surprise amused Johnny, who hailed from Jimpson Slough and had no nerves. Johnny kidded him, saying: "That's old Milk-Eye Bogardus a-coming to throw his head at you, Doc!"

There was a sudden slipslap of feet on the wooden porch of the dormitory, a pounding on the door. It opened and Molly Hendricks, prominent matron of Salt Crick community, rushed in.

I saw blood on her frilled white shirtwaist.

"You the college doc?"

"Why, yes—"

"Oh, come quick! It's our little girl—she got hit by a truck—"

"Where is she?"

"In ol' Doc Miller's office. We taken her there from in front of the filling station. Quick, Doc—"

Doc was on his feet, moving toward her.

"Is Dr. Miller away?"

Molly burst into tears.

"No, he ain't—" Then, fiercely, "The ol' fool says Mary Belle is kilt!"

"Oh, I'm sorry—"

"She ain't dead. I know she ain't. She's still breathing."

"Dr. Miller wouldn't make a mistake—"

Molly clawed at Doc with her bony, brown hands, gasping: "It's only acrost the college yard. I run all the way. She ain't dead—you jest got to believe me and come. She's my onlyest one, Doc!"

Doc put his arm about her shoulders. His voice was husky.

"I know how you feel, but—"

More running feet, a heavy stamping on the porch this time and Sam, the husband, shuffled in with desperate haste, carrying Mary Belle in his arms.

We boys looked with sudden anguish at the child. She lay limp in Sam's arms, legs and one arm dangling. A hasty gauze bandage partly confined her corn-tassel yellow hair and trailed down at a loose end.

"Oh, thank God, Sam!"

Doc's voice was low, quick, incisive.

"Put her on the couch," he said.

Sam, panting out his breath, laid the child down. A town youngster who had followed him in said importantly, "Doc Miller pronounced her dead!"

"Shet up! 'Tain't true!" Sam snarled at him. The boy backed away. Then, as Rand picked up Mary Belle's right hand, he said: "If you want God to love yer, *do* something, Doc!"

"He's the smart college Doc, Sam!" said Molly.

Doc turned to Johnny, who was stouter-stomached than Willie or me, and said something. Johnny hurried off.

"How long ago did this happen?"

"Twenty minutes, I reckon," Sam said.

"Ain't been ten minutes," Molly said. "We run to Doc Miller's an' we run here—ain't been five minutes."

Johnny returned with a medicine kit. Doc's fingers rummaged expertly. He filled a syringe which had a long, stout needle. Molly was bending over her child. Her tear-wet cheek brooded from pale lips to still nostrils.

"She's a-breathing—I can tell," said Molly.

SAM, a tall, gaunt hillman in patched overalls and denim shirt, looked from his wife to Doc's hands, which were gently pushing the mother aside. Then, slowly, Sam's eyes searched our faces.

"'Tain't no use, Molly," he said abruptly. "She's gone to Jesus."

"Shet up!" snapped Molly.

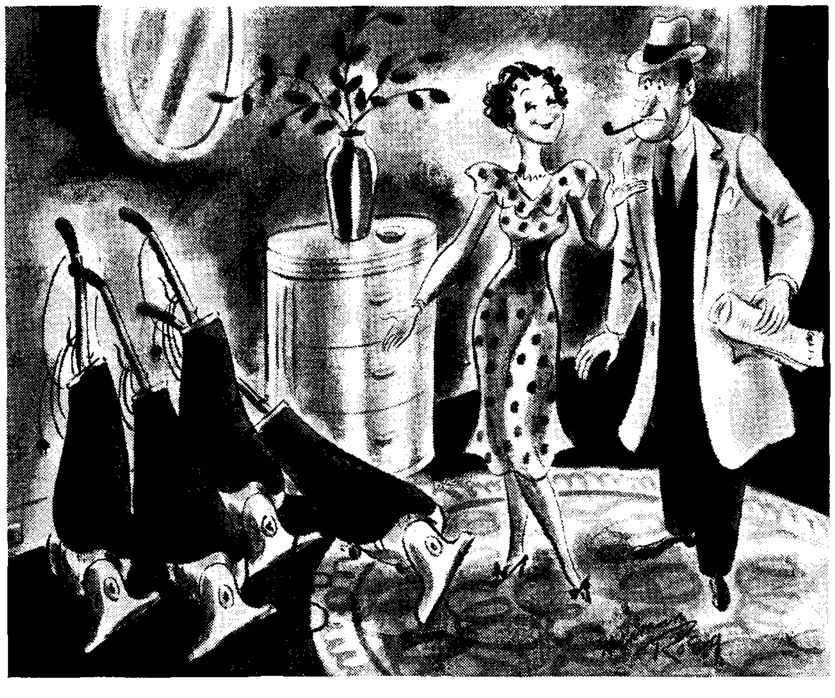
Turning, she slapped Sam across the mouth.

"Don't take on so, Molly," Sam said.

"God won't let her die, He won't!" Molly said. Her hands clawed at Doc again, who was on his knees opening the child's dress. "She's still breathing, ain't she, Doc?"

Johnny and Willie and I waited in a pause that was real pain for Doc to answer. He said nothing. He had a stethoscope in his ears and his hands were busy making preparations.

What followed happened in a twinkling, a tick of the clock. It is blurred in my memory by Sam's heavy, wheezy sobbing and by the picture of Molly, who was on her knees holding Mary Belle's two dusty-shoed feet in her



"When the agent told me of the wear and tear on the sockets, I got one for each room"

HERMAN ROEG

SERGEANT C. B. McKINSTRY, U. S. MARINES, SAYS:

"When Ingram's has landed on your chin—the shaving situation is well in hand."

and who the — is Sgt. C. B. McKinstry?

SGT. C. B. McKINSTRY *was a youngster of twelve when the World War ended—but today stands six-foot-three in his stocking feet and packs 220 pounds of gristle and Marine-made muscle.*

He's shaved with Ingram's Shaving Cream in the steaming jungles of Nicaragua when the rebel Sandino was on the rampage—he carried it in China and the Philippines. All 'round the world—ashore and afloat—he's faced the gimlet-eyed inspection of admirals and generals, and Ingram's luxury lather has always brought him through—with flying colors.

LISTEN TO WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT INGRAM'S: "I first started to use Ingram's because the husky little jar went into my pack without breaking and spoiling my clothes.

"But after ten days of Ingram's I knew it was the shaving cream for me—even if they sold it on a pie plate. For in fair weather or foul . . . whether it's a hundred and two down at the equator or three below in Norfolk . . . Ingram's always gives me the coolest, most comfortable shave *I ever had!*

"As sergeant I have to set an example of a clean and orderly front and Ingram's never fails me—it gives my face the really *clean* shave that the Marine Corps demands. Ingram's was as good when we had to break a pail of ice in Shanghai and shave with Chinese ice water . . . as it was in the swamp grass jungles of Nicaragua.

"On the word of a Marine, I'm for Ingram's and wouldn't be without it—on shore or afloat!"

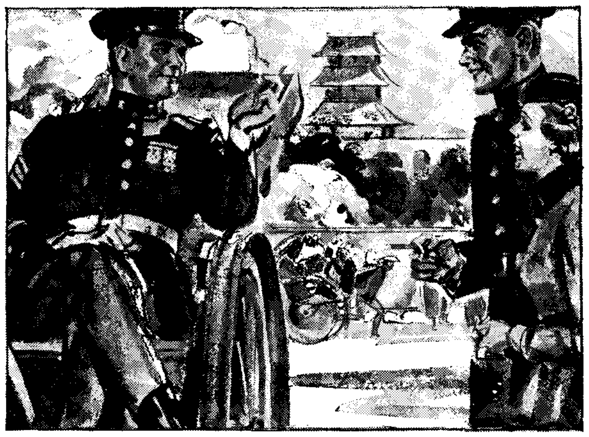
There are two very good reasons why Ingram's Shaving Cream is the shaving cream for you:

1st: IT'S COOL! 2nd: IT'S CONCENTRATED: Just take a little bit of Ingram's, hardly as big as a raisin, and put it on the working end of your Rubberset brush. In a couple of split-seconds flat it billows up into a cloud-bank of the *coolest,* most *soothing* lather that ever wilted wiry whiskers and let your razor whisk 'em away without pull or tug.

Ingram's
Shaving Cream

Ingram's Shaving Cream
SHAVING CR
Ingram's
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM

COOL AND CONCENTRATED



Your skin takes on a new smoothness, a new suppleness—and the reason is Ingram's secret formula—it's a shaving cream, a face tonic, and a skin lotion all rolled into one!

You'll like Ingram's! Fill out the coupon below and get your free sample. Once you know Ingram's—you'll be an Ingram customer for life!

FREE! 7,000,000 Ingram Shaves

Ingram's plans to introduce itself to 1,000,000 new men in 1937. Be one of them—use the special coupon good for a 7-day tube of Ingram's—for a real test of the smoothest, coolest shaving cream that ever blessed the cheeks of men. Mail to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. B-37, 636 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City or Town ______________ *State* __________

"And it'll stay new, too ...it's Simonized!"

Never Lets Cars Get Old-Looking

You'll never need to apologize for your car if you Simoniz it. The finish will always be immaculately clean and beautiful. Simoniz guards the finish... protects it against weather, dirt and ultra-violet rays, which otherwise dull and eventually destroy the lacquer or enamel. So, the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. It's easy to do yourself. Just clean the finish with Simoniz Kleener and apply Simoniz. The Kleener quickly restores the lustre to dull cars. Simoniz gives weather-proof protection to the finish and makes it last longer. But remember, always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car.

Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

If you want your car Simonized for you, take it to any of the many Authorized or Certified Simoniz Stations everywhere.

Why ALL CARS SHOULD HAVE SIMONIZ

Unless protected with Simoniz, the lacquer or enamel disintegrates, leaving a dull residue of decomposed paint.

Simoniz keeps destructive elements from coming in contact with the finish. As a result, the beauty is permanently preserved.

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hands. I was not looking at Doc. I was looking at the worn places in the soles of those shoes.

But Doc did something with that needle. Suddenly the child gasped, gave a little whimper.

Doc sprang into action, barking words at all of us. He wanted blankets, hot water bottles, another medicine kit.

And it was Molly who ran to fetch things. She did not speak a word, only looked at Mary Belle's face, slowly flushing, and gave a little nod and a smile.

The rest of us were finally jolted into activity and when the bustle subsided a little I was startled to see Lisha coming through the door.

Lisha did not notice me. She walked slowly over to the divan, where Sam and Molly and Doc were standing.

"They—they told me she was dead," Lisha said.

Doc mopped his face with a towel.

"Great stuff—adrenalin," he said.

He should have said a great deal more, then and there. His explanation was cryptic even to me, although I had read of cases where adrenalin injected into the heart muscle had "brought people back from the dead," and, afterward, I knew that Doc had done just what he said he had done. But in the emotional tide of that moment, Doc's casual comment was swept aside.

"Doc done a miracle," Sam said.

"You brung my baby back from the dead, praise God!" said Molly.

Doc did not hear this talk. He had turned away and was measuring out medicines under the table lamp. I saw Lisha follow him with her eyes; then, she dropped to her knees beside Mary Belle and said: "Oh, thank God, honey!"

There was wonder in all our eyes.

"It sure was a miracle," Johnny said.

"Doc Miller pronounced her dead," Willie said.

The child stirred and whimpered.

"It's all right now, honey lamb," Lisha said. "Doc'll take care of you!"

The pent-up emotionalism of Sam and Molly broke loose.

"'Course, he will!" Molly cried, "Doc's got the power! Praise God!"

"*Powered,* praise God!" said Sam.

"The Lord God teched his hand an' saved my baby!" sobbed Molly. "Hallelujah!"

Lisha, who had run after Mary Belle many a long day, was deeply affected.

Jumping up, she faced Doc as he returned with medicine and a tray of instruments.

"Oh, Doc!" she said. "I didn't know you could do anything like this!"

BEFORE Doc, astonished by Lisha's intensity, could speak, Molly seized upon the clinching testimony.

"Yes, praise God!" said Molly. "It's plain to even a heathen like you, Lisha Moseby!"

"What's all this?" Doc asked.

Sam took his solemn gaze from Mary Belle's face and said: "The miracle's plain, Doc."

"Oh, it wasn't a miracle," Doc said, turning to feel Mary Belle's pulse, even as he spoke words which should have been thundered angrily at Molly and Sam. "I gave her a shot of adrenalin in the heart muscle and it happened to work, that's all."

The arrival of Sis Callie Hudlip and Mary Martha Turner muffled Lisha's question: "What's adrenalin, Doc?"

Sis Callie and Mary Martha, twin shouting stars of every Milledgeville revival, busted in, took one look at Mary Belle, living, and burst into hallelujahs. They heard the story from Molly and Sam; and the rest was hullabaloo.

"Yer name will be a-ringin' through the hills afore sun-up!". . . "*Powered,* praise the Lord!". . . . "Yea, *powered!* Hallelujah!". . . . "Doc's give us a sign! Hallelujah!". . . . Joan Temson arrived with Miss Henshaw, the nurse from the infirmary.

Joan showed no indications that the scene had any other significance for her than that it had interrupted our study hour. She peremptorily ordered all us students back to quarters. Lisha and I were obliged to leave Rand in the midst of all that caterwauling.

I was red-faced with shame.

"Doc will be so disgusted he'll quit!"

"Disgusted? How come?"

Lisha's feet halted in the rustling black oak leaves. Her face was shining.

"How come?" I said. "Huh! All that stupid miracle talk and hallelujah shouting—"

"Why, Petey, it *was* a miracle!"

I stared at her.

"Didn't you hear what Doc said? Mary Belle's heart stopped from shock and he injected some adrenalin—!"

"Adrenalin?"

"That's a medicine they use. It stings the heart muscles into action and—"

"Oh, heck!" said Lisha, her shoulders drooping. "I thought it was a sure enough Jesus miracle. Now, I'm just plumb disappointed." Then, angrily, "It should have been—oh, it should have been!"

I COULD not believe her words, her tone of profound regretfulness.

"What's got into you?" I blurted. "You don't hold with that hallelujah foolishness—"

Lisha nodded emphatically.

"Yes, I do. I do! I didn't until this happened. But I saw her *breathing.* I saw Molly's face. I heard Sam's voice. Oh, Petey, are you *sure* Doc went and used some medicine?"

I grabbed her by the arms and shook her.

"You—you snap out of it," I said. "You're a senior in this college. You know better. Don't you go backsliding into that dumb old superstition—"

Lisha wrenched herself loose.

"You're a big smart aleck; and I don't like you!"

"Lisha!"

She started across the lawn to the girls' dormitory. I hurried after her.

"What's the matter with you? What you all worked up about? What *is* this—"

"I don't like you—"

"Huh! Just because I told you the truth—"

"I *hate* you!"

She dodged my fumbling grasp at her sweater and ran into a crowd of girls on the dormitory steps.

Angry and miserable, I went back across the campus to the men's dormitory.

Willie and Johnny were in our room excitedly describing the incident to half a dozen others. I listened with exasperation mounting to panic. Willie and Johnny half-believed it *was* a miracle. And of the rest of them only Jackson Hibben and Carl Lassiter were openly skeptical. Lassiter was a sophomore from Rolla and young Hibben had wandered through a number of cities before coming to Ozarkian.

"That's just conjur' talk," he said. "The papers are full of cases of operation table collapse brought back the same way."

Johnny, a squat, freckled hill boy, scowled stubbornly. His voice dropped into the old cabin drawl.

"*Power* had a peck t' do with it, I reckon."

I raged at them.

"You know what you're doing?" I said. "You're driving the best prof we ever had right out of this school! If Doc Rand finds out that he's trying to teach science to a passel of revival-shouters who believe in mumbo-jumbo, he'll resign. And he *ought* to!"

"You told it!" Carl said.

But Willie shook his head.

"The kid was deader'n a sheep when Sam brought her in," he said. "And y'all can't tell *me* a few drops of medicine is a-going to fix *that!*"

I remember that I didn't get much sleep that night. I worried about the quarrel with Lisha and this sudden welling up of superstition in her and in my schoolmates. I knew I was going to be in an agony of shame over them before Doc Rand.

Prexy's five-o'clock bell found me rationalizing the situation. I resolved to think that last night's uproar had been a mere incident; that the excitement would fade in the light of day and soon be forgotten.

IN CHAPEL that morning I realized that I had been too optimistic.

Prexy Temson, his round, bland face greasy with unction, saw fit to call immediate blessings upon the head of Dr. Paul Rand.

"I am sure you have all heard," he said, "of the very great service which a member of our faculty was called upon to render a child of this community. I refer, of course, to Dr. Rand, who restored little Mary Belle Hendricks to life after—ahem—Dr. Miller, a very able physician and surgeon of Milledgeville, pronounced her dead. Let us all give thanks for this—ahem—miraculous intervention. . . ."

I looked anxiously at Doc, who was standing between Joan Temson and Professor Dinwiddie at Prexy's left. Doc apparently had got no sleep at all. His eyes were tired and he needed a shave. Doc frowned a little while Prexy was talking; he looked at his feet, evidently considering the proper course of rebuttal, while Prexy gave thanks.

Lisha had been excused from chapel for some reason.

When Prexy finished his prayer, we saw Doc touch his arm and whisper something. Prexy looked dubious and then reluctantly nodded.

Doc stepped forward a pace and said:

"I hope the students will explain to all the folks that there was nothing miraculous about the case. In my medical experience I have been present on four occasions when deep coma resembling death threatened a patient. In each case radical restorative measures supervened and respiration was re-established. I know you students will do all you can to prevent any wrong impressions from getting out to the general public. Thank you."

Doc had sloughed his opportunity, again. He had been professional and vague in presenting a scientific truth which should have been pounded in with blunt, heavy words. Prexy sucked in his cheeks; a gentle, malicious glee twinkled in his mild blue eyes.

Prexy spoke:

"I—ah—am sure we are grateful to Dr. Rand for his—um—ah—scientific elucidation of the matter. But let us continue to give thanks for what must appear to most of us—I am sure—as a happy intervention of that great Providence without whose aid little can ever be accomplished."

Words, definitions, polite jousting on a platform in which Doc, I realized, had acquitted himself little better than Prexy. The atmosphere was still murky; and it needed fat Mrs. Luddington, the girls' rugshop superintendent, to crash through with the wrong but common-sense question:

"How *is* Mary Belle this morning, Doctor?"

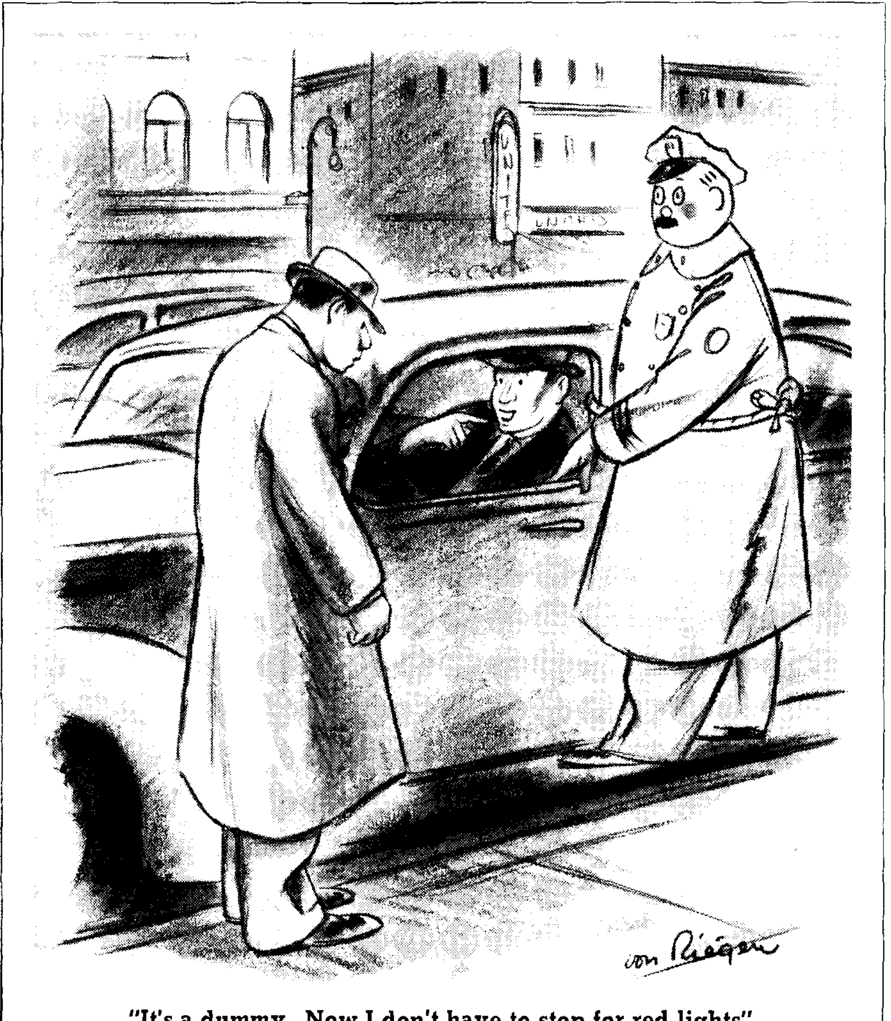
Doc smiled.

"Oh, very much better!" he said.

The student body applauded.

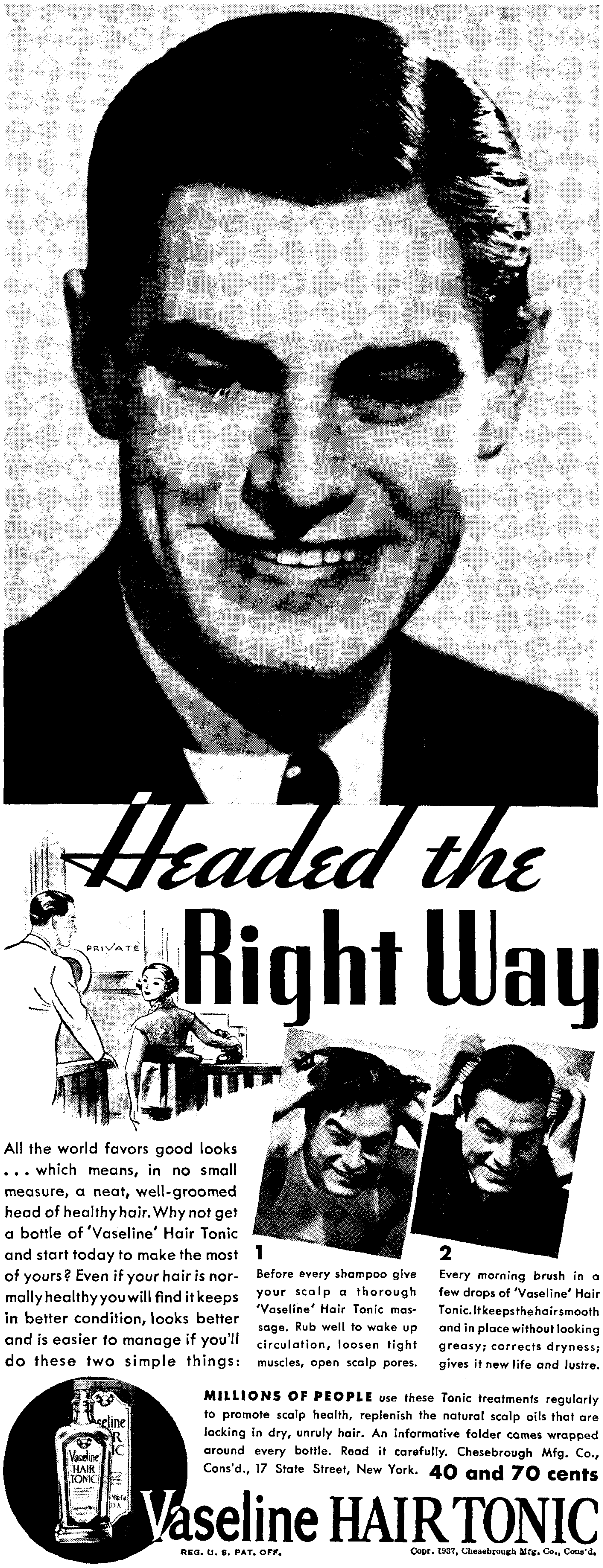
When we filed out of the chapel, a startling sight confronted us. The hills were coming to our campus.

On horseback and muleback, in Model T flivvers and in pole wagons, the Hendricks clan and their neighbors were moving up the rocky road from Milledgeville. Two score or more of these invaders had assembled on the porch of the pre-Civil War brick house which



"It's a dummy. Now I don't have to stop for red lights"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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Division of Chrysler Corporation

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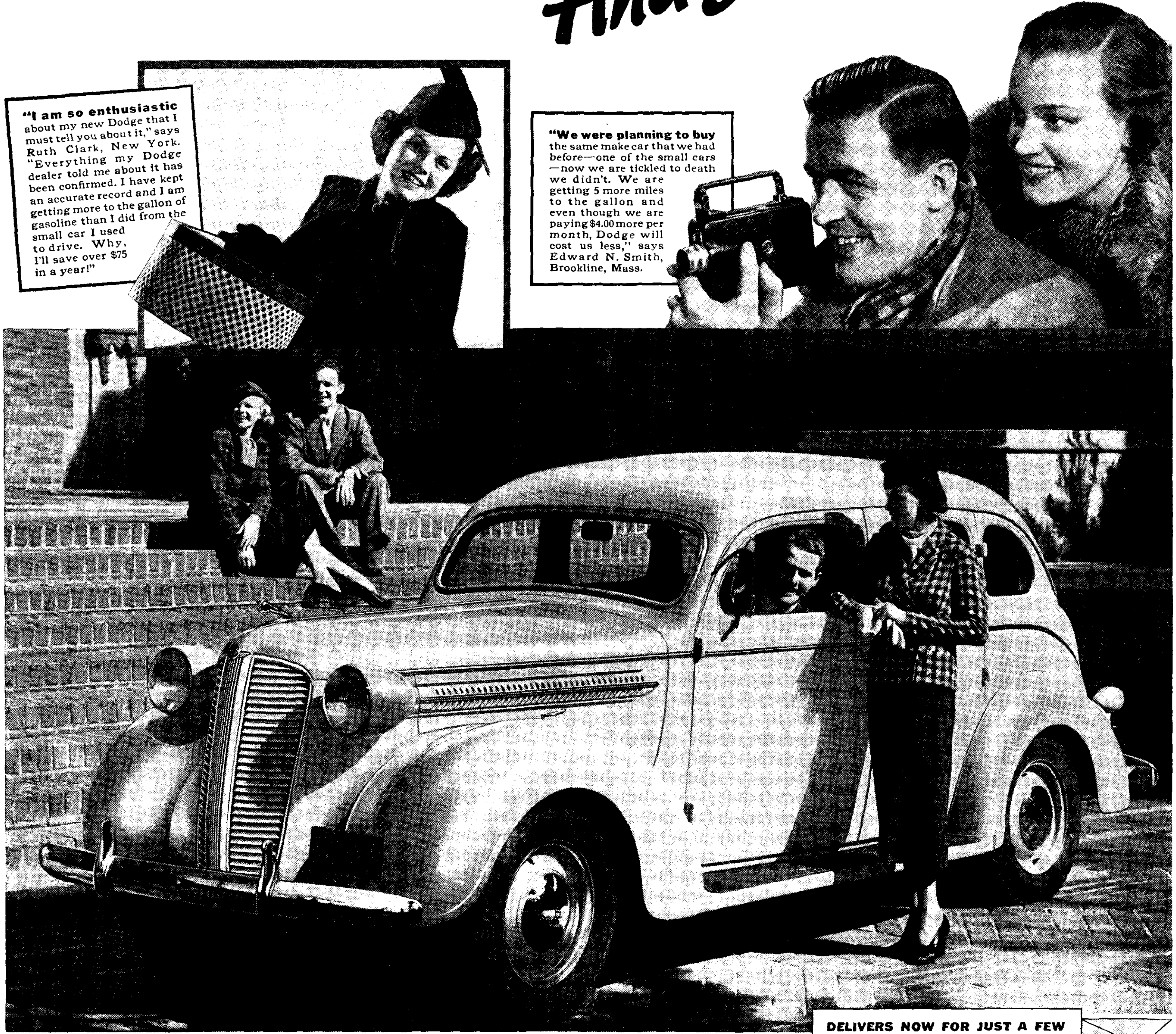
OF THE THOUSANDS TO DODGE *And Saved Money!*



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did duty as the college infirmary. Women in sunbonnets and black straw hats, gingham dresses and cast-off men's coats were chattering in a hush-buzz together. The menfolk, less bold, squatted in groups on the porch steps and under the black oak trees by the red gravel path.

I recall that a group of us students halted and stared in an uneasy silence at the scene. We had had no truck with Milledgeville and the mountain community thereabout; and the country folk had no truck with us. Now, our hilltop seclusion, our superior aloofness in a little world of books, had been challenged. And challenged by people who had always regarded the college and its doings with stubborn, grim-faced distrust. Some of us were their sons and daughters, strange children already alienated by the break-away from cabin homes. We had gone to stay with relatives in Rolla, in Cape Girardeau, in Springfield and Joplin; and then, sophisticated by careers in town high schools, we had drifted back to Ozarkian.

Why were the old folks here and what did they want? I thought I knew and wasted no time in questioning. I hurried off to find Doc Rand.

DOC was sitting alone at his desk in the chemistry classroom, eating a belated breakfast.

"Well, Garner," he greeted me, "there seems to be quite a lot of excitement this morning."

"It's disgusting," I said angrily. "You ought to tell them all to go jump in the river."

Doc shook his head.

"I've already said too much."

"Not half enough, sir. They think you're a miracle man."

A quizzical grin.

"What do you think, Garner?"

I poured out my hot-blooded thoughts. I wanted Doc to call them all damn' fools and send them packing. I wanted Doc to stamp hard on this fire before it spread. Doc heard me through, nodding at intervals; but his eyes, shadowed with fatigue, were befuddled and the set of his mouth was too ruefully tender to reassure me.

"Faith is a pathetic thing," he said, after a pause. "You see that in the dissecting room. The bare human heart and brain—red meat and a gray mess and a dream of eternity. I—I've always tried not to hurt any belief, Garner."

"Huh! You know what they'll be wanting next?"

"Next?"

"Yes. They'll want a laying-on of hands, Doc!"

Doc stiffened.

"Oh, no!"

"I *know* Sam and Molly and Mary Martha and Sis Callie, Doc. I've seen them in revival meeting—"

"Nonsense, Garner. It will pass—"

"Take a look out that window, Doc!"

He looked, getting to his feet.

"Why—why there must be a hundred of them—"

"*The grapevine telegraph*, sir."

His broad shoulders made a little shrugging motion.

"Oh, I suppose they want to see Mary Belle. Relatives and friends—I must warn Miss Henshaw to keep them out of her room—"

"You still don't get it, Doc. They've come to see *you*."

I realized that I had failed. Such an idea was incomprehensible to Rand. It bemused him as an oddity, a new aberration of human behavior; but it did not alarm him or put him on his guard.

"I've read of such things, Garner," he said carelessly, "but I'm still dubious. St. Louis is only a hundred and fifty miles from here—"

There was a swift tapping on the door and, at Doc's "Come in," in walked Lisha.

She saw me, colored, and deliberately avoided my glance.

"Good morning, Miss Moseby."

"Morning, Doc. I—I've come to ask a mighty big favor—"

"That big?"

"Will you take a look at Jimmy Lorme's leg? Please, Doc, will you?"

"Jimmy Lorme? Is he a student?"

"Oh, no—he's just a little boy. His ma brought him all the way from Jimpson Slough—"

Doc frowned.

"I'm not practicing, you know—just the students—"

Lisha had been working in the kitchen. Her face was red, her hair a little stringy from steam and the sleeves of her blue denim work dress were rolled untidily. Yet her prettiness made me swallow hard. And the worship in her throaty voice, the confidence it gave her eyes, played on me like the fingers of genius on a fiddle string.

"Oh, Doc," she said boldly, "you *should* practice. Doc Miller's an old ninny. He's been out of medical school forty years. And there isn't anyone else—"

Doc looked at her, his smile compassionate.

"I'm sorry," he said; "I didn't come here to practice."

"I'll get Jimmy—he's in the hall—"

She returned, while Doc was steeling himself against this demand, leading Jimmy Lorme by the shoulder strap of his overalls. Jimmy's mother came in, too.

"Howdy, Dr. Rand," said Jimmy.

"H-hello," said Doc.

Mrs. Lorme, a jenny wren with life-beaten feathers, looked timidly and imploringly at Doc.

"H'ist up yer pants leg, sonny," she said, "an' show Doc. It's his right leg, Doc. Been thisaway ever sence he had the infant paralytics when he was three year old."

"I kinda hafta drag it, Doc," said Jimmy.

Jimmy showed the leg. Doc, without a word, led him hobbling into better light.

LISHA drew in her breath triumphantly.

"Dr. Rand could fix it!" Lisha said.

"If'n he could it'd be a bigger murrical than Mary Belle Hendricks'. But maybe I ain't good enough. Maybe I don't deserve to have it happen. Jesus knows I allus tried to do right—"

"Does that hurt, Jimmy?"

"Naw—not much."

I remember standing there and seeing Doc's big frame no longer stalwart, his ruddy face with its bristles like a smear of wet sand on chin and cheeks no longer stern, his eyes wincing a little as he tapped and probed. And I raged at Lisha in my heart for having known Doc better than I. She had not wasted many words in argument; she had brought in Jimmy Lorme.

"Oh, dear Jesus, he's a-going to cure my boy!"

" 'Course he is, Mrs. Lorme!"

I left them in a fit of sulkiness and went outside, pushing my way through a crowd of country folk. I saw Grandma Spees, who had cataracts, and Silly Susie McGee, who needed thyroid extract, and Tom Ned Corsine, who had the beginnings of elephantiasis. Too poor and proud and ignorant to go to hospitals in Rolla or St. Louis and untouched by old Doc Miller's feeble skill, they had hurried in from the hills to see Doc Rand.

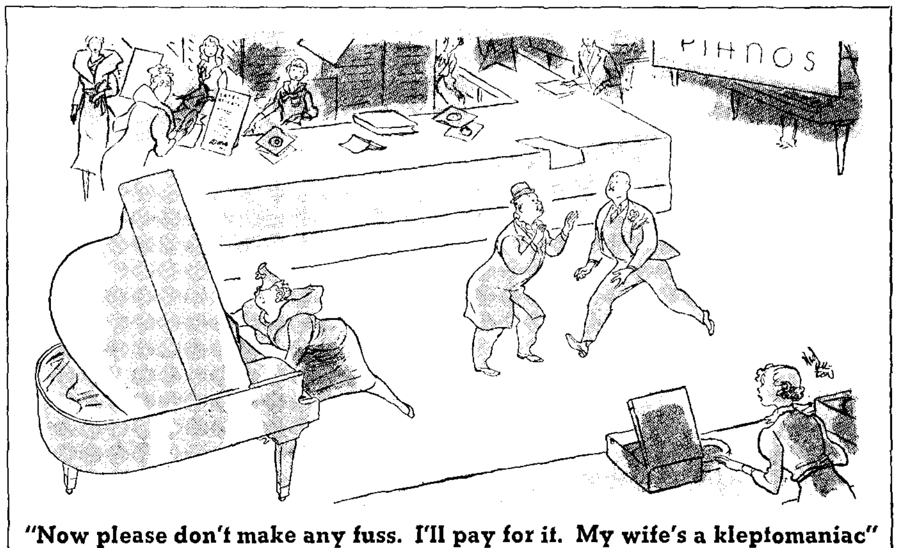
AS IN a bad dream, I watched the events of the next few weeks unfold; they had an inevitability which overwhelmed all logic and all intelligence.

Mrs. Lorme took Jimmy to a prayer meeting which started up in Milledgeville. Jimmy got shouting happy and threw away his crutch. Miracle No. 2 for Dr. Rand. I was told by Johnny that Doc promptly scolded Mrs. Lorme and put Jimmy's leg back into a cast; but there was a startling improvement in function. Silly Susie got her shots of thyroid and perked up amazingly. "Went right over to the post office and asked fer her mail like a sensible body." There were no letters; but that was Miracle No. 3. Tom Ned Corsine's pituitary and adrenal glands received attention and he, too, was a walking, shouting object lesson.

Presently I heard that Sis Callie Hudlip had "the voices" in a prayer meeting at the Knob. Sis Callie dreamed out loud that she met Jesus walking in the corner of her sorghum patch; and that this apparition turned into Dr. Paul Rand.

Dear Ozarkian, our mother—
Who didst teach us to be free;
We will reverence as no other,
Hear, O hear our pledge to thee!

I was quoting this verse, with a deal of collegiate irony, to Carl Lassiter at the woodworking bench one afternoon, when a freshman brought word that Miss Joan Temson wanted to see me in her office. This summons startled me out of a fog of brooding, in which Doc and Lisha and Joan and Prexy had been lost for days. I saw Lisha all the time in class, but we did not speak; I saw Doc, too, but he ignored my sullen glances. He had been neglecting his lectures for the rush of work at our new "clinic." Lisha, I knew, had been transferred from K. P. duty to help Miss Henshaw in the clinic. She, therefore, was working side by side with Doc. But



"Now please don't make any fuss. I'll pay for it. My wife's a kleptomaniac"

NED HILTON

THREE GREAT *THRILLS* IN A MAN'S LIFE

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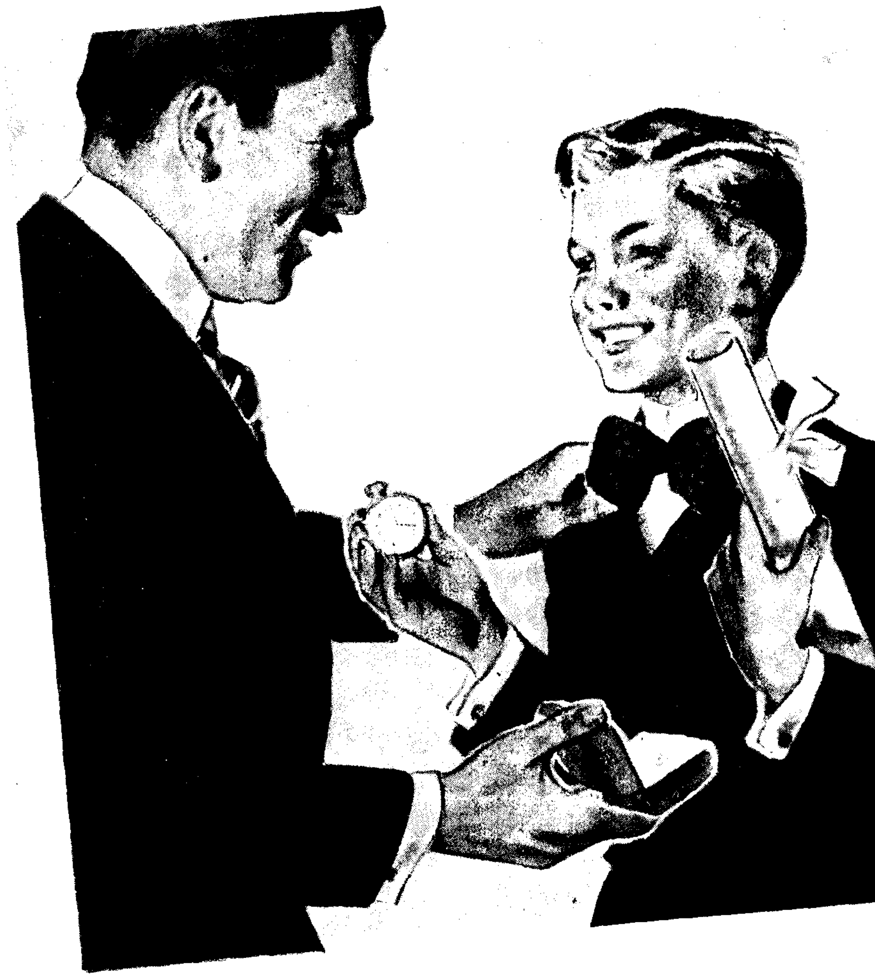

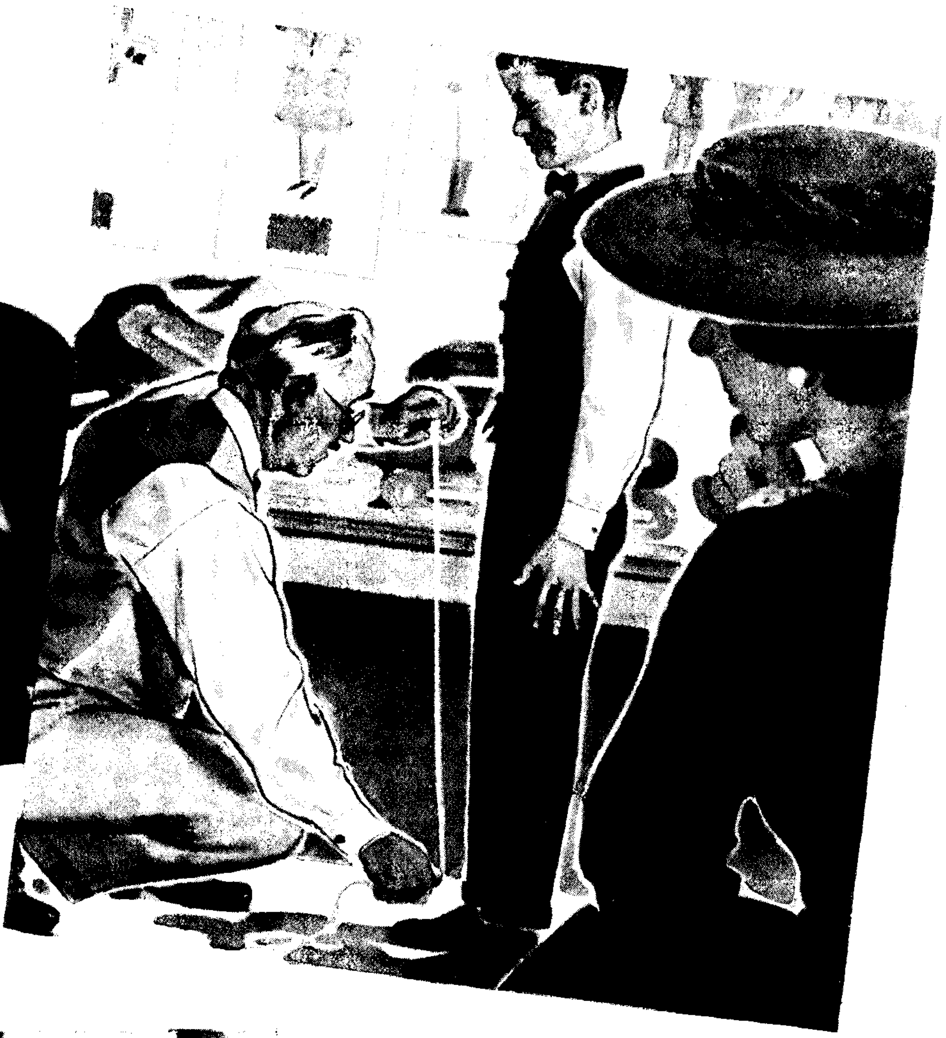

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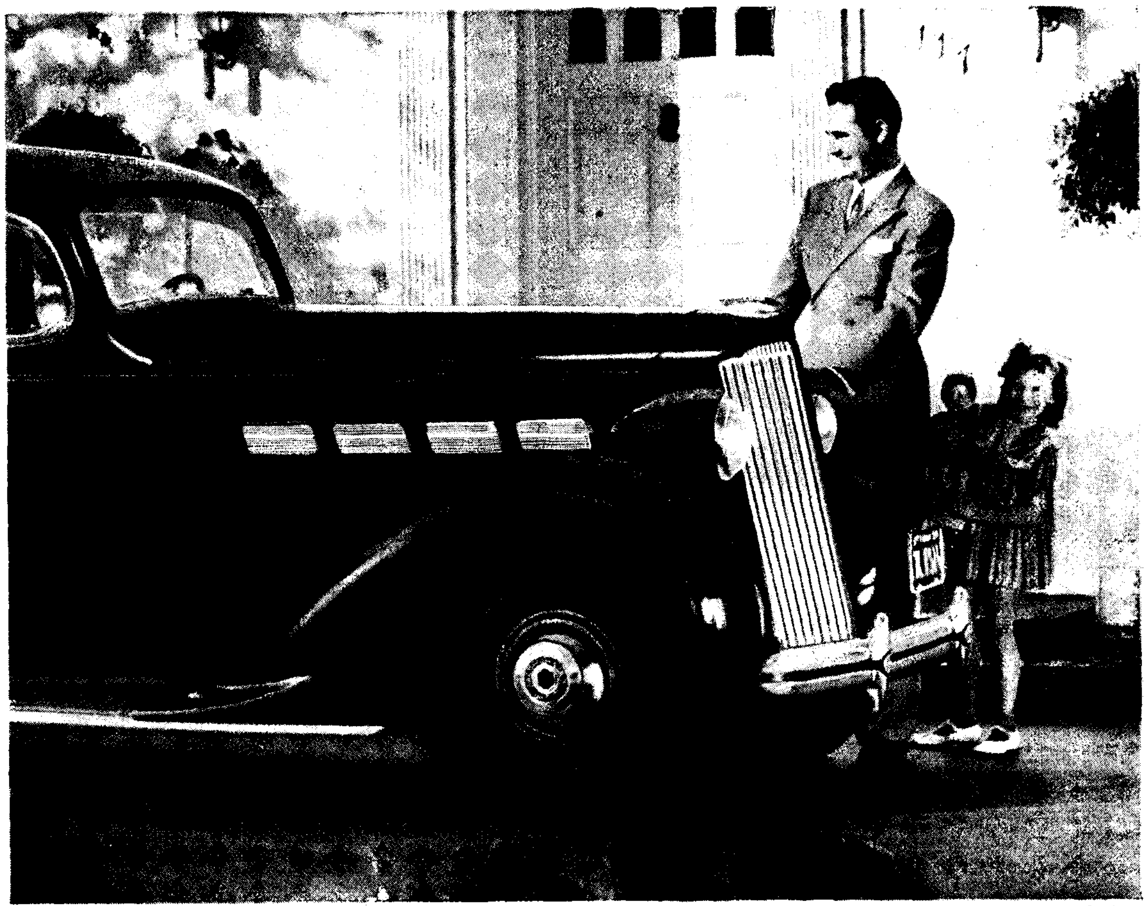

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I had not thought clearly enough to focus on this situation.

Joan Temson had, however.

She greeted me with a nervous smile when I stamped in, expecting only some criticism of an English theme, and her first words were to the point.

"Peter, what's happened between you and Lisha Moseby?"

"Aw, we had a fight."

"Don't you think it's about time someone had a good, heart-to-heart talk with Lisha?"

I stalled.

"What about?"

"She's been behaving very badly, Peter. I'm sure she wouldn't want talk to start."

"What talk?"

"Well, if I must be frank, about the way in which she is making a fool of herself over Dr. Rand!"

"Aw, Doc thinks she's just a silly kid."

Joan flushed and her eyelids drooped.

"Oh, of *course*. Dr. Rand is quite unconscious. The poor man has been so busy with—his new work—"

I felt a sudden impulse to gain an ally.

"Do *you* think he ought to be doing it?" I blurted.

BUT Miss Joan had no intention of trusting me with the delicate, oblique campaign she had decided on to capture Doc.

"It is very beautiful work," she said, her wide, full mouth careful with the words, "and that is all the more reason why gossip must be stopped."

"Lisha's sore at me. She wouldn't—"

"I think she'll listen to you. You're her own age. She used to be—very fond of you, didn't she?"

"I'm going to marry her," I said.

This pleased Joan. She almost beamed.

"Well, Peter, faint heart ne'er won fair lady. I hope you will talk to her."

"All right," I said.

I didn't have to find Lisha and break the ice. She found me.

"Petey!" Her hand reached out and pulled my sleeve as I turned the corner of the furniture workshop.

"Hello."

"I'm sorry, Petey. I don't hate you. Why have you been so mean to Doc?"

"I haven't been mean."

"Is it because he's neglected the lab?"

We wandered down to the huge piles of wood shavings, a stone's throw from the river bank. To this day, pine shavings are a sad pleasure in scent and sight.

"Tell me we're friends again, Petey!"

Lisha's hair, parted in the middle, was a reckless, tumbled mass. She had thrown an old gray coat over her work dress. Her clean poverty has always seemed to me one of the splendid graces; and I have wondered why brilliant women do not affect the style occasionally.

"Well—you put Doc up to this!"

"His own heart did that."

"No. You dragged Jimmy Lorme in on him that first time."

"But, Petey, Jimmy's leg is almost well. You should see the joyful little quiver in his poor, skinny ankle when he walks!"

"Huh! I suppose you go around with Mrs. Lorme calling it a miracle?"

She nodded. "It is. Not the exact sort of miracle Mrs. Lorme and Molly and Sam think—"

"Hooey. It's all *hooey*—"

"No! They think God reached down His hand and touched Doc; and they've got a right to think that! They *need* to think it. Oh, Petey, they have such poor scraggy little countries in their heads. If it makes them happier to believe that May apples grow on juniper bushes there, what's the harm? Don't you see what Doc means to them?"

I shook my head doggedly.

"Doc's got no business messing around with hillbilly hymn-shouters. He's a scientist. He doesn't believe in miracles—"

"He believes in love; and that's a heap sight more than you do!"

"I believe in love."

"You don't. If you did, you'd be glad Doc is helping these poor folks."

"He's got something more important to do. Doc should be working to help the whole human race."

Lisha sniffed scornfully.

"I know what you mean—snooping around in a laboratory so maybe folks three hundred years from now can live five or six years longer." She snapped her fingers in my face. "I wouldn't trade one of Molly Hendricks' tears for the whole damn' human race!"

This was heresy and Lisha knew it. I was a devout Communist in those days.

"You're still an ignorant little hillbilly yourself!" I barked at her. "All the dumb, stupid louts in these hills put together aren't worth *one* of Doc's experiments." And I proceeded to recite the litany of mass progress and the totalitarian state—

"Now I *do* hate you!" Lisha cried. "There's nothing in your head but shiny steel and glass and it smells like rotten eggs!"

I FALTERED before the loathing in her eyes.

"You—you mustn't talk like that, Lisha," I said, huskily. "I love you. I want to marry you—" I made a great concession: "Yes, even before a preacher, if you insist!"

"No, Petey—"

Frightened, now, I grabbed her and pressed her head against my mouth and said: "Oh, Lisha, honey—let's run away from here! Let's go to St. Louis. I can find a job. I'll work day and night for you—but let's leave this place. Now—*tonight!*"

The dinner gong sounded and saved me from Lisha's answer. She said, hastily, and in a remote small voice: "I've got to go and fix Mary Belle's supper."

I turned to Doc as a last resort. He was still my hero; I trusted in his kindliness and understanding. I'll go to Doc, I thought, and tell him that Lisha has turned against me and why. When he sees how much I love her, he'll make her behave.

SO THAT night, after chores, I went to Doc's quarters. Some country folks I did not know were hanging around the porch, waiting to see him. Sam and Molly Hendricks were in the living room when I opened the door. The three of them did not at once notice me.

"Why do you keep denying us?" Molly was saying, emotionally. "The preachers only talk, but you've give us the sign! Why don't you *speak* to us folks like you *do* to us, Doc?"

Doc cleared his throat embarrassedly.

"I'm a very ordinary fellow—"

"Thet's blasphemy, Doc! Why, Sam here thinks you must be Jesus' brother, he does!"

"I shore love you like Jesus hisself," said Sam.

"Thank you, Sam, but—" Doc looked up and saw me. He was very much relieved. "Oh, good evening, Garner! Come right in." Then, to Sam and Molly, "Garner had an appointment to see me about some school work."

Sam and Molly, gaunt and grim in the lamplight, ducked their heads humbly and obediently.

"We'll go 'long," said Molly, "only—they was one tother matter we come to speak to you about, Doc. You tell him, Sam!"

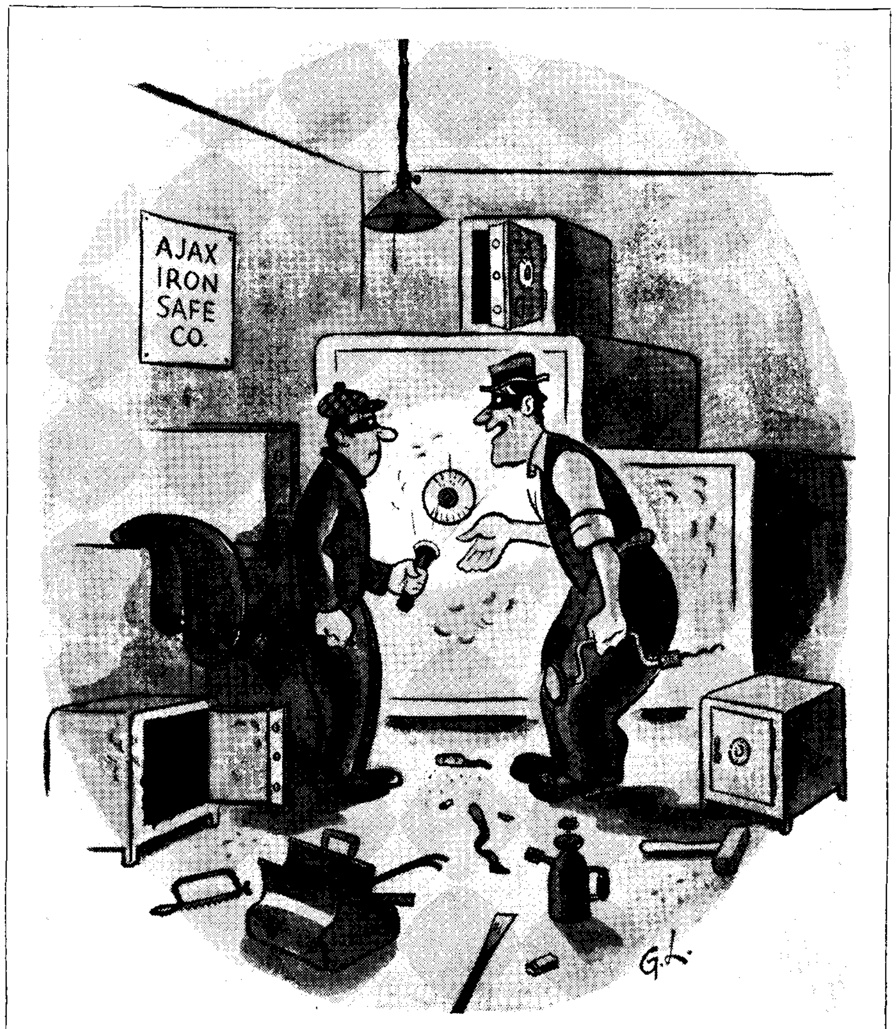
"You better say it, I reckon."

"Yes, Molly?"

Molly darted a glance at me; and I pretended to be looking at a book on the table.

"It's Lisha Moseby, Doc!" Molly said abruptly. "Me an' Sam don't want her to take keer of Mary Belle no more."

(*To be concluded next week*)



"See what I mean? Yuh gotta practice"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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DU PONT PAINTS for EVERY PURPOSE in Home and Industry

● Yes, du Pont chemists do the equivalent of painting your house hundreds of times. They paint thousands of panels and expose them to the weather for months and years on Paint Farms in different parts of the country. They make sure that Du Pont House Paint resists weather and retains its color before it goes on your house. They pre-test its durability, economy and beauty in order to protect you.

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Cuts Current Cost Amazingly!

Proves THRILLING ADVANCE IN ***ALL 5 BASIC***
FOR COMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION

PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all ice trays—*and all cubes from every tray,* with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE!★ Also freezes more *pounds* of ice—faster ... and stores 100% more ice-cubes ready for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ever known.

PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up in front.* And Full-width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

★ *See the New* INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE *in Action!*

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT! Instantly releases ice-cubes from tray, two or a dozen, as you need them. Yields 20% more ice by ending meltage waste under faucet. Greatest advance in Ice Convenience since the *first* Frigidaire! Every tray, in every "Super-Duty" Frigidaire, has it. See PROOF of its quick, easy action at your Frigidaire dealer's.

THRILLING —this thing Frigidaire has done for 1937! Thrilling for the new completeness it brings in ALL 5 BASIC REFRIGERATION SERVICES every woman wants and needs in her home!

Now you can see PROOF that the beautiful new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser is the most complete ice-provider, food-storer and food-preserver ever known in home refrigeration. PROOF of Service-Ability undreamed-of in your older refrigerator!

For example, Frigidaire's complete Ice-Ability freezes more ice—faster . . . Stores 100% more ice-cubes in reserve . . . Instantly releases all ice trays, *and all cubes from every tray!* You can easily prepare and store a huge ice-supply hours ahead. No more running short just when ice is needed most. No more "Cube-Struggle." No more messing under the faucet, wasting ice, "freezing" your fingers.

Similarly, Frigidaire brings new completeness in every department of home refrigeration . . . Greater Storage-Ability with a marvelous new adjustable interior that solves "space problems" so vexing in old-fashioned, cramped refrigerators . . . Greater Protect-Ability to keep every kind of food fresher, more healthful . . . Greater Depend-Ability and Save-Ability that bring amazing economies in lower operating cost and prevention of food spoilage.

This year, make sure the refrigerator *you* buy performs all 5 of these BASIC SERVICES. Buy on PROOF of Super-Duty!

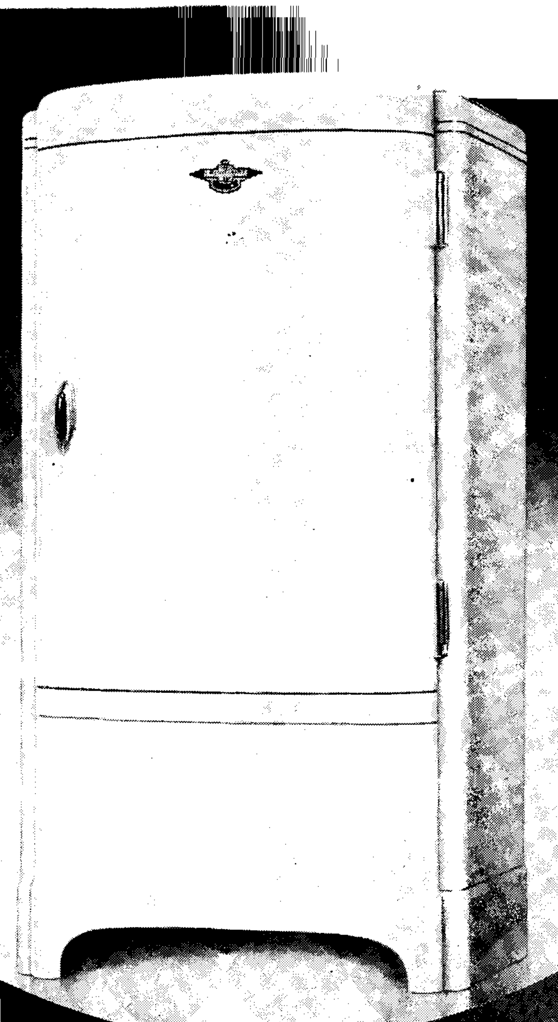
FRIGIDAIRE . . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL

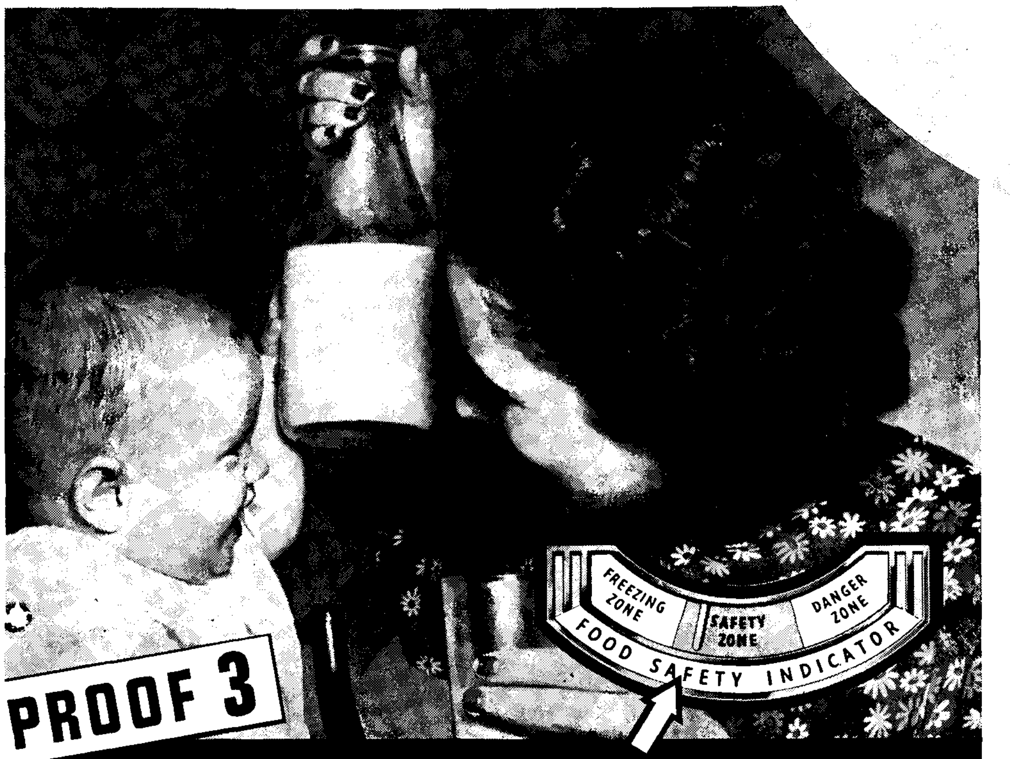
FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Buy only on Proof

WITH THE
METER-MISER

SERVICES





PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! 4-Way Protection in the same cabinet! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment at all times—*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables, EXTRA Cold for meats, FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

FRIGIDAIRE
5-Year Protection Plan
FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan! So DEPEND-ABLE is Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit that it comes to you with a Five-Year Protection Plan backed by General Motors. This, with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation, and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.

Visit the thrilling PROOF-DEMONSTRATION in your nearest Authorized Frigidaire Dealer's store. It shows you what to look for in 1937 refrigeration—how to buy. One by one, you will see each BASIC SERVICE *proved* before your eyes! And remember—the new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser costs no more than an ordinary refrigerator!

Only Frigidaire Gives You All These Advantages

The Meter-Miser ... Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on Door ... Instant Cube-Release ... Automatic Ice Tray Release ... 9-Way Adjustable Interior ... Automatic Reset Defroster ... Super-Duty Freezer ... 2-Way Cold Storage Tray ... Double-Range Cold Control ... New Super-Duty Hydrators ... and dozens of other money-and-work-saving features!

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation · Dayton, Ohio

MOTORS

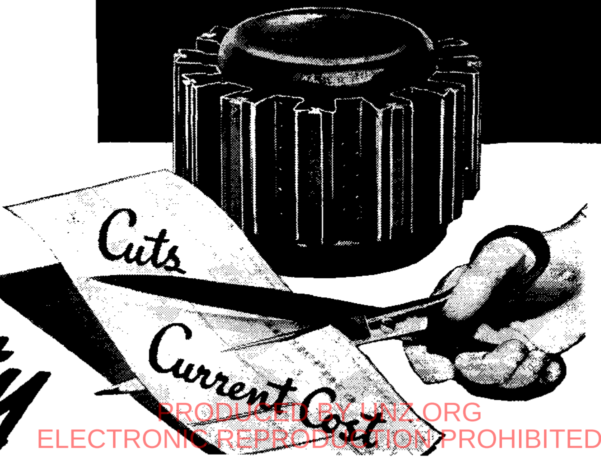
of Super-Duty

PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE *Meter-Miser*

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE



MEET THE METER-MISER! See its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!* The Meter-Miser does Super-Duty at an amazing saving because it's the *simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built.* Only 3 moving parts, *including* the motor ... permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt ... hidden away where you never see it or bother with it! Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

your 1937 pipe

CARBURETOR
(Patent Pending)
KAYWOODIE

an entirely
NEW
PRINCIPLE
in pipe smoking

UPDRAFT
Fresh air goes in here

THE new Carburetor Kaywoodie has the following advantages:

a. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) improves the flavor, taste, and aroma—because the tobacco burns better.

b. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) keeps your bowl dry even with constant smoking.

c. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) keeps your smoke cool. Will not burn your tongue no matter how fast you smoke.

d. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) takes the rawness out of any tobacco.

This new pipe looks just the same as the regular Kaywoodie, except that it has a "carburetor" hidden in the bottom of the bowl—it breathes at the bottom! It's mild enough for cigarette smokers! No other pipe ever won pipe-smokers' acclaim so fast! Of course it has the famous **Drinkless Attachment** in the stem.

Kaywoodie Company
New York and London.

$4

No. 09B

NOW
GRADUATE
TO
KAYWOODIE

Girl Adrift

Continued from page 17

She said meekly: "I see. I suppose that's true. It was pretty bad, toward the last."

"Must've been," he assented gently. "But I'll get you back to 'em soon as I can. Hulled my dory on a half-tide ledge, and it's being mended, so this is all the boat I've got; but I'll get the engine started, fetch you back to the yacht by noon."

"Are you sure you can start it?"

"Feed pipe's clogged, that's all. I ain't got the lung power to blow it clean, but there's a long wire over't the shanty that'll do the trick. I'll swim ashore and fetch it. You stay here. Nothing to hurt you; I won't be more'n half an hour."

HE STEPPED up on deck, but she followed him. "Do you really live all alone?"

"Certain!"

"But—lots of visitors?"

"Nought but sea gulls and the like. Nothing to fetch 'em, and the nearest island's eight miles. I won't be long."

She watched him dive and swim away. She watched him almost wistfully. It must be a peaceful, happy thing to live thus on an island all alone, with none to come near, with fog sometimes to shut out even the sight of the rest of the world. The world that was too much with us. But he would take her back to dear Thomas, and she would marry dear Thomas, Thursday; and this Jack Bard, who ate bacon and eggs with neatness and dispatch, and told amusing tales that had a vaguely familiar ring, and spoke sometimes in cultivated ways and sometimes like the lobster fisherman he seemed to be, would stay on here, happy and alone.

She wanted a cigarette; found a carton of them among the packages and bundles in the cabin. Save for the faint regular drip of the gasoline from that coupling under the tank forward, and the slosh of small ripples against the sides of the motorboat, there was no sound.

She smoked the cigarette half down, stubbed it out against the soapbox that had served as their breakfast table. The live ember of tobacco on the end of it fell off and rolled into a crack in the floor boards. Something like a snake's red tongue licked up at her from the crack with a little puffing explosive sound.

THE boatman swam from the anchored boat to the rocky shore, climbed the bluff through cat spruce and ground pine, and jog-trotted across the island to his small cabin. This was one room, containing stove, shelves to serve as pantry, a bunk against the wall, a table, a sink and washstand combined. There was a well with sweep and bucket close outside the door, a lean-to shed against the landward side.

He changed wet clothes for dry. Then he collected certain things from shelves and table and put them in an old sea chest against the wall. He locked the chest, dropped the key into a baking-powder tin that served as a catchall. If he could get the engine running readily, she need not come into the cabin; but—if she did, these were things she had better not see. She was pretty; and she had not whined. But—he wanted no admiring ohs and ahs; no pilgrims to his shrine.

Then, with the wire he had come for, he started back across the island. From the height of land he heard a crackling; and caught the smell of smoke, and a red glare lit the fog. He raced down to water level and saw his boat, a bucket of blossoming flames.

He started into the water, but the girl called, from one side: "Here I am! You surely didn't think I'd stay aboard!"

He whirled in deep relief. "All right, are you?"

"Perfectly! But I'm so sorry about your boat."

He nodded, looked toward the burning craft. "What happened?"

To confess her carelessness with the cigarette would put her in the wrong. She said, by instinct:

"I started to heat some water to wash the dishes, so I lighted the little stove, and—there was a sort of puff and everything was on fire!"

He stood a moment very stiff and still, then sat down on a boulder with his back to her, to consider this statement. The tank that fed the little stove with gasoline had run dry this morning. He had not refilled it. So she was lying. Unless she herself had filled the tank. Better be sure.

"Quite a trick to light them stoves," he remarked, his tone disarming. "Old Gramp Prescott, up 't Stonington, had one, and she went off in his face and burned his whiskers off right down t' the quick. He'd been after Marm Fry to marry him for fifteen years, but she never would. He come around with his chin clean, looking for sympathy, and asked her again and she says: 'Well, I dunno who you are from Adam, but I'll try you oncet. I've said for ten years I'd marry the first man that ast me, long as it wa'n't that old billy goat, Gramp Prescott.' "

He chuckled, and concluded: "Gramp didn't dast own up who he was till they got to the minister and it was too late for her to back down." And he asked: "Give you any trouble, did it? The stove? To light it?"

"Oh, no. I just turned the little jigger and held a match to it." And she said, teeth faintly chattering: "I'm all wet again. Can't we go somewhere and get dry and warm?"

He spoke without turning. "Sure," he said. "Go along the shore, that way, till you come to my wharf. You'll see the cabin up above it on the knoll. Light a fire in the stove and dry yourself out. I'll give you time." He was almost relenting; she was so small and brave and cold.

"I really am awfully sorry about your boat."

He remembered his wrongs. "Yeah," he said in a dry tone. "I jedge ye be!"

When she was gone he watched the burning boat while it sank lower and lower; and his opinion of Miss Peters sank with it. A selfish, spoiled young woman; a sensation seeker, willing for some incredible reason to burn his boat and thus maroon herself here with a lobster fisherman! He stayed an hour or so alone, stalked back across the island, grim and angry. She met him at the cabin door.

"Well, she's gone," he reported briefly.

SHE had had time to dry his overalls and sweater which she wore. She laughed at his word.

"It's like a desert island, isn't it? But of course somebody will come along."

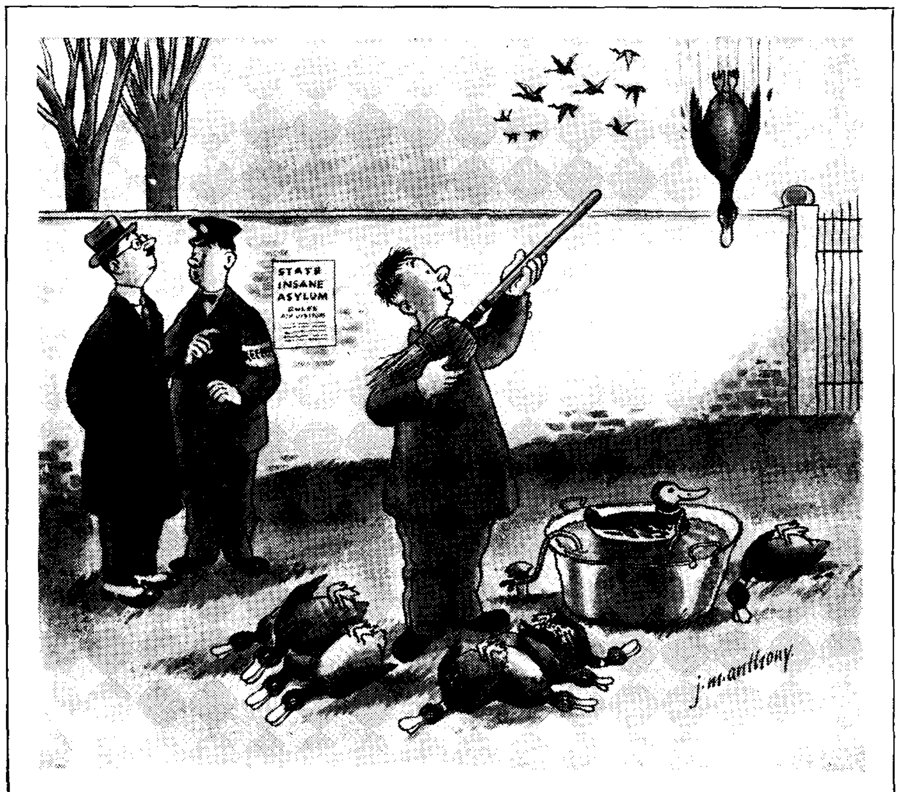
"Might not," he warned her. The game was of her choosing; he would play it to the hilt. "When th' fog lifts we can signal somehow; but I've seen it so thick for a week at a time that you couldn't even see Isle au Haut. Job Ingram used to live in Rockland, got married one June and him and Mrs. Ingram went camping out on their honeymoon in Hen Clam Island. They stove their boat and it come on foggy, and stayed so. Time they was took off, the year after, Job Junior was three weeks old. So you might be here quite a spell."

"I'd like that," she declared. "It's so—restful; no sound but the surf breaking on the ledges, and the gulls crying."

He suggested in an expressionless tone: "It don't seem to fret you a mite that the folks on the yacht are—thinking you're drowned!"

"I know it," she admitted. "It's rotten of me, isn't it?" She added, half to herself: "I'm supposed to marry Mr. Mayden at Blue Hill, Thursday, too."

He watched her turn away, move across the cabin. Her shoulders drooped



"It's remarkable! He just says, 'Bang! Bang!' and down they come!"

J. M. ANTHONY

Quicker than his bullet strikes...

Lightning-Action

gasoline delivers full power!

In the time a high powered rifle bullet takes to hit a 100 yard target, Fire-Chief delivers *full power* from a dozen successive charges in your engine.

Free from the slow-burning elements that handicap gasoline action, Fire-Chief delivers its full power in 1/100th of a second ... *without waste.*

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Try Fire-Chief, it costs no more than the gasoline you are using now. At Texaco Dealers everywhere.

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Hear EDDIE CANTOR
Every SUNDAY NIGHT
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" LONG DISTANCE may be all right for BIG businesses – but not for ME "

but

● A manufacturer and distributor of eye-glass lenses, disturbed by slow, costly collections, tried Long Distance calls to overdue customers. Tactful telephone discussions with persons in authority brought prompt payment from seven of the first ten customers called. Toll charges were less than 2% of the $2500 collected.

and

● A Missouri plumbing supply house reports that a large part of its business develops from "collect" Long Distance telephone calls made by customers and lists these figures for six successive months:

Business	*Telephone Cost*
$ 711.48	$37.30
1456.03	36.48
1649.09	35.58
1529.09	37.70
3137.76	58.80
2619.09	54.61

again

● The division sales manager of an electro-plating equipment company spends much of his time in the field answering inquiries. By telephoning his division office daily, he learns of new leads, follows them faster, often avoids expensive "back-tracking." Savings much more than cover telephone costs.

also

● A chemical manufacturer insures full truck loads and speeds deliveries by systematic telephone calls. When orders are received for less than a full load, the sales department telephones the ordering concerns and other customers along the route for orders enough to fill the truck. Sales are increased and costs cut.

another

● The partners in an advertising film firm have eliminated hit-or-miss sales trips by telephoning ahead for appointments. This secures more and better interviews, allows better planning of trips, reduces waiting time, avoids useless visits. On a typical one-week trip, 1½ days were saved at a telephone cost of $5.45.

Maybe we've talked too much about how large companies use Long Distance telephone service. Some people may have the idea that small businesses don't need it or can't employ it economically.... *Actually,* businesses of all sizes have pretty much the same basic problems. And Long Distance is so fast, so *convenient* that it saves just as many days and dollars in proportion for small businesses as it does for big businesses. . . . A few actual instances are given above. You can probably apply Long Distance to your own business just as *profitably.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

somehow wearily; but he put aside compassion. After all, she had deliberately set his boat on fire.

"What do you mean, you're supposed to?"

"It's Mother's idea." She turned, by the window, her hands on the sill behind her.

"Well, you're the one's marrying him, ain't you?"

She nodded. "It's easier than arguing," she said, in a lower tone. "Mother wears me down." She added: "And—he's all right. He's the sort of man no one ever calls Tom or Tommy, that's all."

He drawled: "I dunno as I ever heard a young woman talk the way you do about her ma, and about the man she's aiming to marry."

Her cheeks burned. "I'm sorry if I'm annoying you."

"You ain't sorry a mite. I know your kind." His tone was dry. "Fussing because you don't want to do a thing, and not having the insides to do different. You'll marry this Thomas and lie on a silk cushion and lap cream like a fat tabby cat rest of your life!"

She wanted to cry. She wanted sympathy because she had almost drowned in the lonely sea. She wanted to be praised because she had been brave. Her lips trembled—but her chin was high.

"You don't like me very much, do you?"

"Dunno's it matters. But no'm, dunno's I do."

She said, laughing in hurt defiance: "Well, I rather enjoy being disliked for a change! Dear Thomas loves me, and Mother loves me, and they keep telling me so. It's like eating too much candy. I'm sick of it." Defiance changed to defensive mockery. "If you keep on being cross to me, I may like it so much I'll stay on here and marry you, Mr. Bard."

"It'd serve you right, but it don't fit my plans."

"It would be such a joke on Thomas, too! He'd never get over it if I ran away and married a—clam digger."

He stood up, his eyes upon her. "You ain't likely to," he said evenly. "I hate a liar!" He colored in slow anger at remembrance. "There wasn't any gasoline left in that stove. You couldn't have lit it like you said. You set my boat afire a-purpose!"

Quick to deny, about to confess the cigarette, she caught herself in time, realized that she had now the advantage. By accusing her of a sin she had not committed, he had put himself at fault. Here was a weapon she could use whenever she chose. Eyes twinkling, she decided to hold it in reserve. She said cheerfully:

"Oh, I'll pay for your old boat."

"Like as not you got lost from the yacht a-purpose, too! Too lazy to fight, so you run away."

Let him think so. The greater his error now, the greater his subsequent confusion. "I was bored with—being loved so much," she declared, as though in confession.

"You won't be bothered that way here."

She smiled teasingly. "Don't you like me at all?"

"The way you are, I wouldn't give a nickel a dozen for you!" She tried to laugh; but to do so, suddenly was hard. He added curtly: "I'll get you back to your silk cushions and your saucer of cream soon as I can."

And he went out, shutting the door behind him.

ALL that day and the next, fog wrapped the island soddenly. The stove kept the shanty warm and dry; but to step out of doors was to feel dampness penetrate your bones.

Indoors, their quarters were confined; but he was not much indoors. At low tide that first morning he left her and went across the island to dive down to the burned boat and salvage what he could; returned in time to cook a late lunch. Afterward, curtly rejecting her offer to help, he washed the dishes, then went out again.

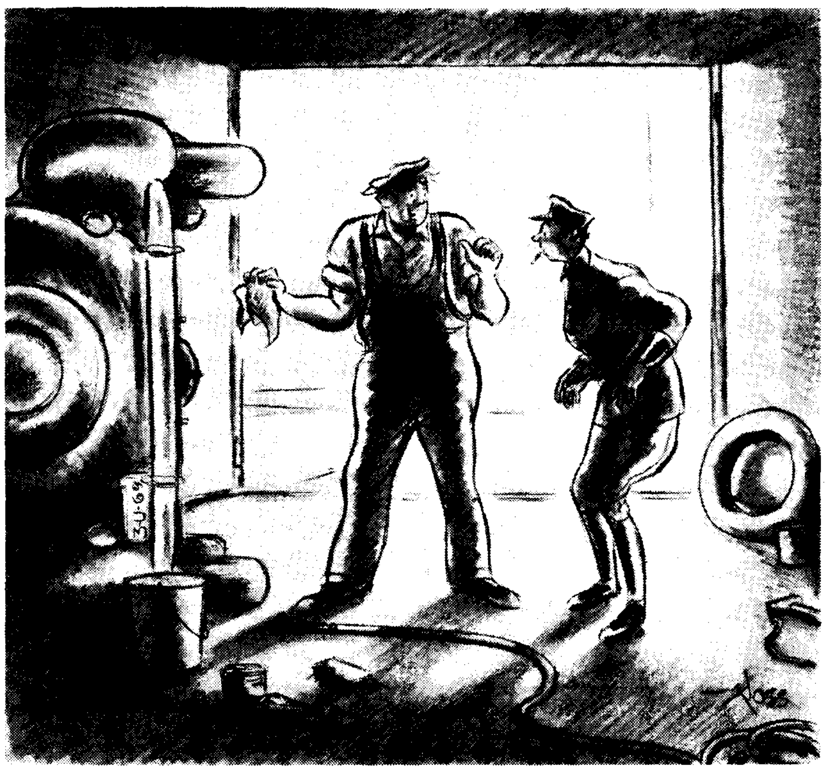
Later she heard him in the lean-to shed at the rear of the cabin, and found him building a bed of hemlock boughs. She protested generously:

"It won't make things a bit better, your coming out here, as far as what people will say. You might quite as well sleep indoors where it's warm."

He spoke curtly: "You're almighty sure I'll give up my bed. How do you know this ain't for you?"

She laughed. "Wonderful! I believe you mean it!"

He had not meant anything of the kind; but he said stubbornly: "You'll find I do!"



"When I clean a car, I clean it!"

A. ROSS

Wonder what a wastebasket thinks about paper
An old friend! Letters from that outfit never stay on the boss's desk.
He didn't even read this letter. Don't blame him. Pretty punk stationery, I'll say
Just look at that messy erasing. Why don't business men give their typists decent paper?
That one got him sore! Cheap concern, I guess. Paper looks it, anyway.
Only an envelope this time . . . Ah, a Hammermill Bond envelope! Come to think of it, letters on Hammermill Bond don't often get to me!
HAMMERMILL BOND
THE WORKING KIT OF HAMMERMILL BOND

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FROM top to bottom the new Hotpoint Refrigerator topples old traditions—creates an entirely new standard of refrigerator values!

America demanded faster freezing, greater economy. Hotpoint answers with the Speed-Freezer powered by the Vacuum-Sealed Thriftmaster. These two amazing advancements give you ice and frozen desserts at thrilling speed.

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Hotpoint's sensational performance and economy are matched by the enduring beauty of its lifetime all-steel cabinets. Touch a finger to the chromium door latch and behold the spacious flood-lighted interior. Adjustable gliding shelves bring all food within reach instantly. Corners of the stain-resisting porcelain liner are rounded for easy cleaning.

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● Hotpoint's Thriftmaster (at right) is permanently vacuum sealed, for longer life. This trouble-free cold-making mechanism is highly efficient—converts a mere "trickle" of electricity into abundant freezing power. Actually five cent's worth of current now makes twice as much cold as ever before. The Thriftmaster carries five years' performance protection.

Above: The De-luxe line includes 5 models. Baked Glyptal enamel exteriors. Porcelain interiors. All popular features.

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TIES

TRADE MARK
BOTANY TIES WRINKLE PROOF
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THE BOTANY TIE Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics
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She stood looking down at him, ready to laugh if he turned; but he did not look up. And suddenly her eyes filled; and she went striding off along the fog-bound shore, scrambling over boulders, barking her shins, the wetness of the fog in her face. Now and then a patrolling sea gull passed silent in the thick above her head; but that was all. She went on and on, sorry for herself; till she had rounded the little island, and came back to his landing again.

He was gone, and she wondered in a sort of terror where he was; but presently he returned, and came in and said with an obvious relief:

"There ye be, eh?"

"Were you worried? I believe you were—in spite of your bad temper."

"My temper suits me."

He started to prepare supper, and she seemed to smile. Afterward he washed the dishes; then took blankets from a shelf above the sea chest and went out to the shed.

The chest attracted her attention. She crossed to try to lift the lid, to inspect the lock; and when he returned, she asked: "Why do you keep the chest locked, Mr. Bard? Surely you don't have—marauders here."

"Didn't, till you come." He went to the corner closet for his pajamas. She asked demurely:

"Is my bed ready?"

He turned, red and angry, the pajamas on his arm, staring at her. He said harshly: "Guess 'tis."

"Then good night," she said pleasantly. "And—sleep tight, Mr. Bard."

He watched her go; he took one step to recall her, then stubbornly held his ground. Regrets kept him long awake, but when, waking in the morning, he saw her snug in blankets on the floor by the stove, with a rolled oilskin coat for pillow, his anger returned. She met his eyes and smiled, and he demanded with severity:

"When did you come indoors?"

"Last night, as soon as you were asleep. Did you think I'd be silly enough to stay out in the fog? I'm not half so afraid of you as you are of me!" And she shut her eyes excessively tight and said maliciously: "You'd better get up first. I promise not to peek."

The door slammed behind him.

THAT morning, while the tide ran, he caught cunners and a flounder or two, where a rocky point gave deep water close to shore; and she sat on the ledges behind him and tried to make him talk—without success. After lunch he went to cut dead spruce for firewood. While he was gone, she inspected the sea chest again. The lock was primitive. She wished she had a hairpin; but her hair was too short to need pins. She searched, systematically, here and there, for something that might serve.

When he returned, she was for some reason in high good humor. Also, she had dragged the sea chest out from the wall and with those hemlock boughs from the shed had built a comfortable bed in the space behind it. Something in her bearing made him uneasy; so he did not oppose her plan to sleep there that night, while he occupied the bunk. And after the lamp was out, with only the flicker of flames through the grated front of the stove to light the room, she spoke to him:

"Mr. Bard, are you still mad at me?"

He did not answer. She said:

"I think you really like me, or you wouldn't be so mad." He snorted his dissent; and she smiled in the darkness. "Oh, don't be so stern." No word from the couch. "Mister Bard, do you believe that there are many people like you in the world?"

"Meaning what?"

"Satisfied with so little. Don't you want lots of things you haven't got?"

"Whatever I want, I can get."

"A wife?"

He said, after a moment, in a different tone: "I had one, once; but she and the baby died."

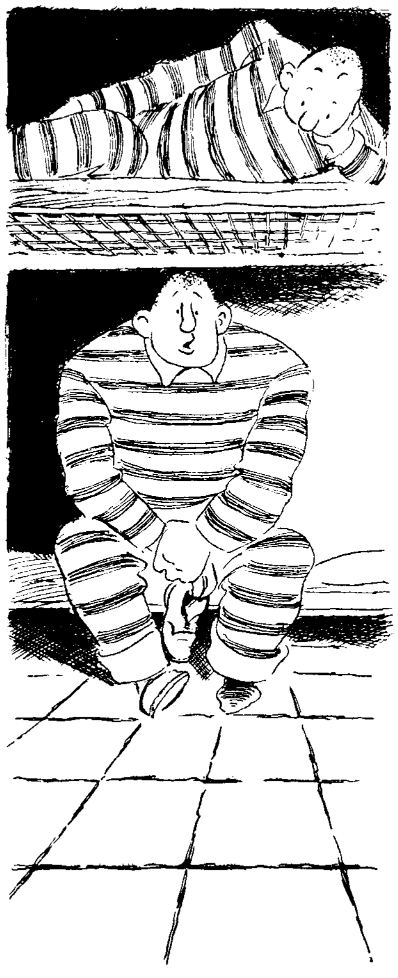
"Oh!" She spoke, after a moment, gently. "I really am sorry about that, Mr. Bard. Did she live out here?"

"No. No, that's why I came here."

"But—isn't it awful to be here alone?"

"Alone?" His words, suddenly, sang. "When I've got the bay for company, and the sky full of clouds in the daytime, full of stars at night; and the whispering of the little still tides stealing in across the flats—" He checked himself suddenly; and the little room was very still. She felt her heart pound hard. He must know that she knew no lobster fisherman would speak so. . . .

Then he spoke hurriedly, as though in haste to repair defenses somehow breached. "Besides, things happen to me, here or wherever I be. Like once when I was a railroad brakeman, I was swinging off the caboose one day and lightning hit her. Killed two men inside and burned the glove off my hand where I had hold of the rail and never even jolted me."



"And then one day I found out the government was making the same kinda money I was"

GEORGE SHANKS

"Mercy! How remarkable!"

"Say, I could tell you some things that'd surprise ye! Ever hear tell of a man that fell sixty-two feet three inches into a granite quarry and walked out?"

"No. Who did that?"

"Me. Went right home and got a cod line and went back and measured it."

"It doesn't seem possible."

"I can show you the quarry. Over 't Vinal Haven."

"What an interesting life you must have led!"

"Anyone 't knows me'll tell you so. Oncet I was pitching hay on a cart and lightning hit my fork. Split her clear up the handle, set the hay on fire, killed both horses. All the hurt it did me was a splinter in my hand."

"But—lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Didn't strike. Missed me both times!"

"What's the next most exciting thing ever happened to you? I mean—narrow escapes, things like that?"

After a moment he chuckled in the darkness. "Well," he drawled, "ef I get shet of you and don't take no harm, I sh'd say you be."

She smiled to herself. "Do you think you will?"

"Wind changed tonight," he told her. "Be clear in the morning. I'll find some way to ship ye then."

"Suppose I don't want to go?"

"You've had your d'ruthers all your life, till you've got so you want anything you haven't got. You don't know what you do want. Yo're going back where you come from, quick as I can manage."

"To marry Thomas?"

"Nothing to me what you do, once I'm shet of ye."

Her voice was low. "Are you dead sure, Mr. Bard?"

The fire in the stove flickered bright and then died down, and the cabin was very still before he spoke. "Go to sleep," he said then. "Yes, I be."

WHEN she woke, his bunk was empty; but sun was in the windows. From the doorway she saw him busy with clam hoe and roller on the flat; saw the bright panorama of the bay, and the islands dark green with spruces, blue-tinted by distance, gleaming sleekly in the sun. She set the fire, put water to boil. He saw smoke from the chimney and presently was there; and while they ate, he told her:

"Mr. Mayden's yacht's off t' the east-'ard. I saw her send a boat ashore over t' the Thimble. Looks like they're sort of asking around to see if they can locate you."

"Do you think they'll come here?"

"Looked to be working this way."

After a moment she met his eyes. "I suppose you wouldn't—let me hide, tell them I'm not here, send them away?"

"You s'pose right."

"They couldn't blame you. I'm twenty-two."

"Then you're old enough to act your age."

"If I go back, Mr. Bard, I might—never get away again. I'm afraid."

"Dodging won't make you any braver. You've got to face things. Quit whining. Set your course, and steer by it."

"Didn't you dodge when—your wife and baby died?" He did not answer; and after a moment she confessed: "I'm sorry I said that, Mr. Bard. But—don't you care at all what happens to me?"

He rose, strode without answer toward the door; but from the doorway he reported: "Here they be!"

She came to his shoulder; saw the white yacht just rounding the eastern point. He watched the yacht; but she watched the strong line of his cheek in silhouette against the sky. She saw the muscle on his jaw tighten in a knot, and hoped for—something; but as though he felt that her nearness crowded him, he moved a step away. The yacht slowed and was still, and a boat took the water.

She said in a low tone: "So I'm to go back and marry Thomas, after all?"

"Figured to, up till now, didn't you?"

"I did, yes. But—I've grown up, Jack Bard, in these two days." And she said, almost pleading: "I'd have drowned in the fog but for you. If I go back into the fog of—money and yachts and things—I'll drown in them, worse than the other way. Must I?"

Two men dropped into the boat yonder. An outboard motor began to buzz. The boat approached the wharf.

"Coming?" said Jack Bard. He did not turn his head.

She had trouble in speaking: "In a minute."

"I'll tell 'em yo're here." He walked inflexibly toward the pier. The boat came alongside. A sailor handled the motor; but the man in the bow was Thomas, whom no one would ever call Tommy or Tom.

"I say!" called Thomas curtly, as the engine died. "Have you seen a girl in a bathing suit down here?"

"Nice yacht you got," Jack remarked in a dry tone.

Thomas said sharply: "I asked you a question!"

Jack perversely wished to annoy this man. He wished to hit Thomas. He wondered why, was puzzled by his own blind rage. Thomas was nothing to him, nor he to Thomas. Just now Thomas deserved sympathy; but Jack Bard did not sympathize with Thomas at all. He hoped Thomas would choke!

He asked, drawling: "Kind of pretty, was she? 'Bout five feet three? Weigh mebbe a hundred and twenty? Put together as slick as a mackerel?"

Thomas Mayden became purple. He scrambled up on the wharf. He said:

"See here! I'm in no mood for nonsense."

"Why, that's bad," Jack Bard deplored. "Because I am. You so serious and me so cheerful, what are we going to do?" Without moving, he nevertheless contrived to block the other's way. He asked politely: "Spoiled pretty bad, was she? This gal yo're after? Used to having her own way?"

"Step aside," said Thomas Mayden. "If you've harmed her, you'll regret it!"

He tried to brush past Jack; but the wharf was narrow.

"Because if that's the one," Jack explained, "I've had her here a couple of days." He looked toward the shanty. "Here she comes now," he said. "Been real good company for me."

THOMAS saw Terry Peters, in flannel shirt and overalls, strolling toward them in no hurry. He looked sharply down at the grinning sailor in the boat and the sailor suddenly was grave. Then Terry came along the wharf.

"Hello, Thomas," she said over Jack's shoulder. "Mother well? I do hope you haven't worried."

"Did this man keep you prisoner here?"

"Oh, no," she assured him. "Of course he's been a little stern. You see, I burned up his boat. It was an accident, but he thought I did it on purpose." Her eyes touched Jack, mockingly. "So he was mad for a while. But he's been quite nice to me lately. No, I was glad to stay."

Thomas cried: "Haven't you any decency?" Then he toppled backward and sat down in four feet of water below the wharf-side, and scrambled to his feet and rubbed his bruised jaw and shouted at Jack Bard: "You blasted ruffian! What's that for?"

"Just for luck!" said Jack Bard. His knuckles hurt, but otherwise he felt fine.

The sailor carefully adjusted the carburetor on the little engine, his face concealed; but Terry Peters laughed aloud, like a proud discoverer. She called to the man in the water:

"Thomas, don't stand there shivering. You're sure to catch cold." And then to Jack again, politely, her eyes dancing: "Thank you for a very pleasant week end, Mr. Bard." She stepped down into the dinghy. Thomas scrambled wetly in. "But that was no way to treat Thomas," she told Jack reproachfully. "To hit him so hard! Why did you?"

"Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time."

"You can't fool me," she said happily. "I know!"

He said reluctantly: "Guess I made a mistake about the boat. Sorry."

She laughed softly. "You made another mistake," she assured him. "People who keep secrets locked in a sea chest should be more careful where they hide the key!"

He stared, brick-red, and Thomas spoke sharply to the sailor. The engine sputtered, and the dinghy slid away.

Jack Bard—since they could still see him—strolled very casually back to the cabin; but, once inside, he leaped to open the sea chest, caught up the scrawled note laid atop his manuscripts there. "I liked Sightly Casuals, Mr. Braden," Terry had written. "But some of these are even better. Thanks for everything. *Au revoir.*"

No signature; but he did not miss it. He read again those two words, "*Au revoir.*"

THE old man on the wharf stringer spat into the tide. "I see you got a new boat, Jack," he said inquiringly, and waited for information.

Jack Bard, about to descend into the neat cabin to stow his final purchases, looked up in surprise. Then he looked fore and aft. Elaborately he went aft and knelt to read the boat's name across the stern.

"By Godfrey, I believe you're right!" he said.

The old man gulped; then he got up and stumped indignantly away.

Jack loosed the mooring lines, brought the engine to life with a touch upon the starter button, eased in the clutch and drew away from the wharf. He did not look back. This was a fine, clear day. The blue reaches of the bay lay wide before him. At the Light he set his homeward course; then turned back for a farewell glimpse of the shore behind.

So he saw Terry Peters sitting meekly by the afterrail. She met his eyes and smiled, a little doubtfully, as though uncertain of her welcome here.

He stared at her for a moment; then he spun the wheel, turned back toward the harbor.

Terry said apologetically at his elbow: "I hid on the wharf and stepped aboard just as you got under way." He did not speak, and she explained: "You see, Mr. Braden, even before I found the key to the sea chest, I sort of knew about you and me. No matter who you were. I didn't burn your boat, honestly; but even at first I was sort of glad it caught fire. But of course I wouldn't have dared come back now if you hadn't knocked poor Thomas off the wharf that day, to tell me you wanted me!"

"Was that why I did it?"

She chuckled. "Of course! Didn't you know?" And when he did not speak, she said in a deep amusement: "Heavens, I don't believe the man realizes he loves me, even now!"

But his face was set; he did not smile. She still spoke as though to a third person.

"If he did realize it, he wouldn't be taking me back to the wharf this way!" And then she spoke to him, directly, gently: "You see, Mr. Braden, the first time I came to you, it just happened. I was—drifting. But now I've taken time to—figure out exactly where I am, and to decide where I want to be, and I've charted my course. I'm not drifting now. This is no accident. I came on purpose, this time."

He turned his head at last, and her eyes met his. She told him proudly:

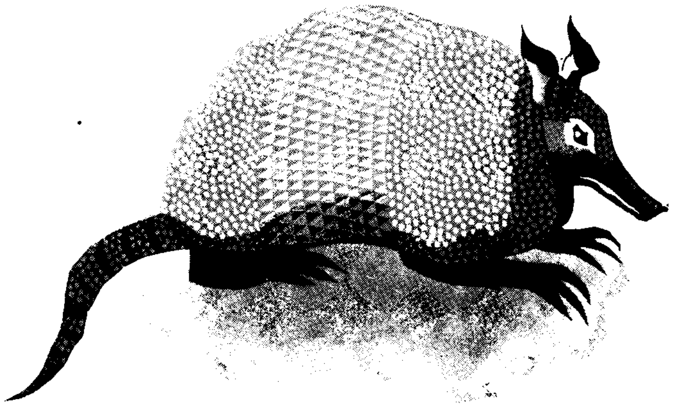
"I'm ready to take a true departure now."

He waited so long that at last she was forced to speak. "Is that all right with you?" she asked. She was trembling a little, for the wharf was close ahead.

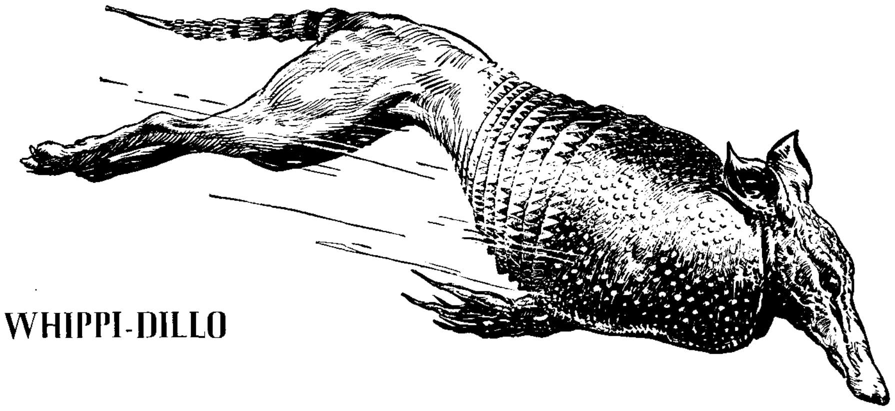
And his mouth after a moment twitched faintly at the corners as though he wished to smile. "Well," he drawled, "I dunno as it'll work out; but we can give it a try and see."

The Whippet is a
streamlined chap,
Which makes him very **Fast,**
And though he owns
no running pants,
He seldom comes in last!

The Armadillo's hard and **Tough,** he sports a turret top,
But when he tries to get up speed, he's somewhat of a flop!



Now mix them both up and mix them up well,
And there, sir, you have the **New Golden Shell.**



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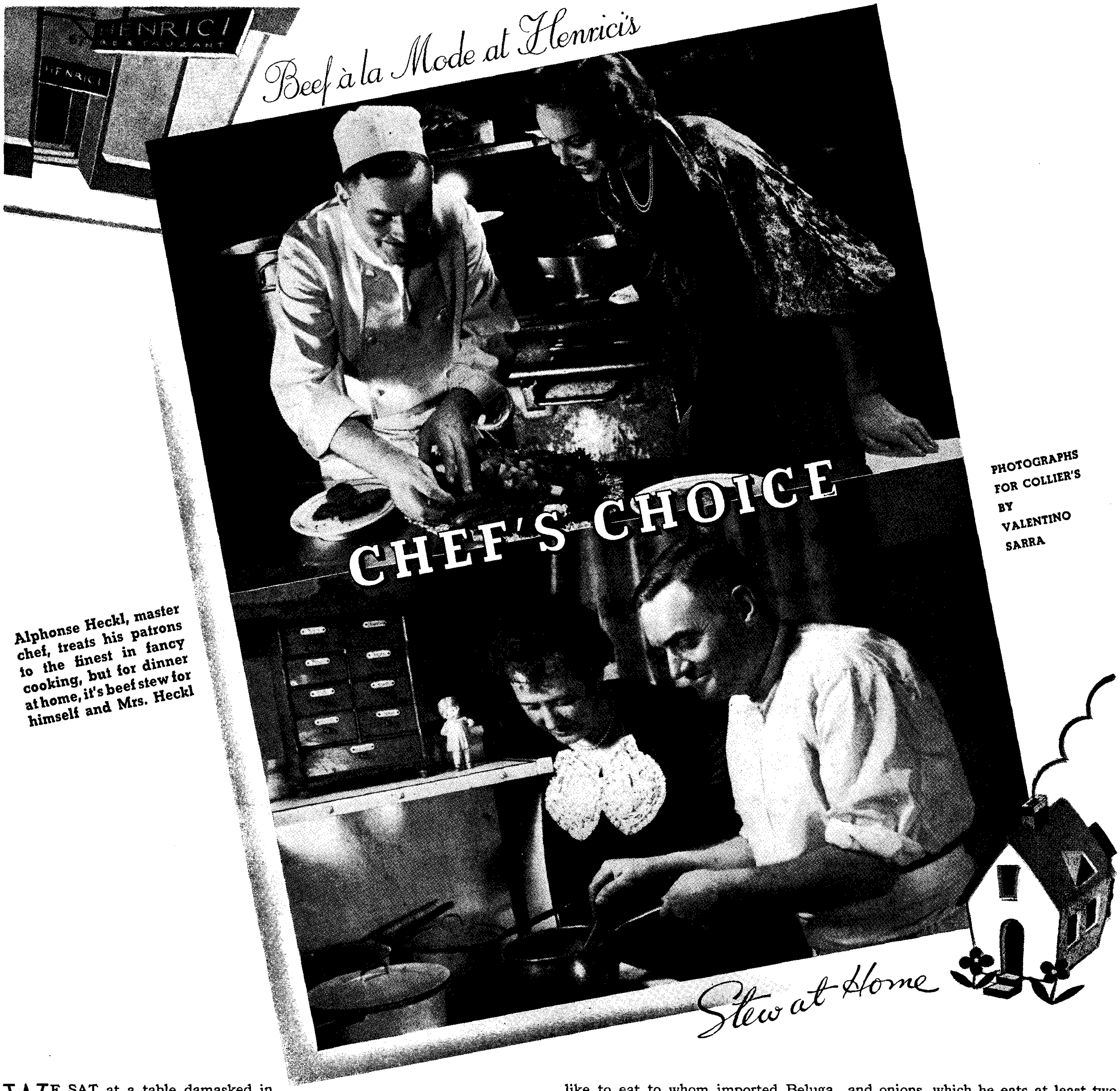
CHEF'S CHOICE



Alphonse Heckl, master chef, treats his patrons to the finest in fancy cooking, but for dinner at home, it's beef stew for himself and Mrs. Heckl

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

From New Orleans, from Louisville, from Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, rise the voices of the best chefs in the land, singing the praise of the best dinner in the land. Stew! Here it is, with variations

By Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown

WE SAT at a table damasked in white, gazing reverently at the menu card. Muted music drifted from a dais across the sea of little tables, each with its polished goblets like tulips made of glass. The waiters moved among the tables, stepping softly. In one corner hissed the lemon flame of a chafing dish.

Under our dazzled eyes an army of words paraded down the crested menu: "Tournedos Sauté Massena with new Peas." "Galantine of Truffled Capon." "Aiguilette of Duckling with Cherries." "Le Faisan Dore à la Casserole au Beurre."

Dish upon dish of luscious sound, promising equally luscious flavor. How difficult to make a choice! A lucky mortal, the chef, whose skill entitles his palate to such delicious sampling.

And then it occurred to us for the first time in our lives—what *does* the cook prefer, who creates such fare every day, every week, every year? What does he like to eat to whom imported Beluga caviar is as familiar as eggs, fried sunnyside up? With the culinary lore of the world to choose from, what does the czar of the kitchen usually pick for his own dinner?

We went to the best chefs of the land to find out. The answer is—stew. From Louis Diat at the Ritz-Carlton in New York to Camille Averne at Antoine's in New Orleans, from Billy the Oysterman's in Manhattan to the Kentucky Hotel in Louisville, from the exotic Caviar off Broadway to Henrici's on Chicago's Randolph Street, when a chef doffs his balloon-shaped white hat and goes home, he starts combining meats and vegetables in a pot and brings forth a homely, soul-satisfying concoction: some variety of stew.

You justly pay tribute to his Creme Vichyssoise or Chicken Marengo. He wants you to, although his own reverence is for the masterpiece of lamb or beef or chicken with carrots and turnips and onions, which he eats at least two or three times a week.

But, as you may have guessed, it is stew with a difference. No potpourri of leftovers served apologetically, no blending of meat and vegetable juices to disguise the flavor of each. Chef's choice is a mélange of good cuts of meat with fresh, crisp vegetables, a stew which, in the words of Camille Averne, "resolves all of the various flavors into one of great goodness, as one would blend words to produce a harmonious ensemble."

In the cook's creed sophisticated dishes are for sampling, not for sustenance. Chefs seldom dine elaborately, although as regularly as a buck private at mess call. Breakfast—six-thirty. Luncheon—eleven. Dinner at five. And, for dinner, spare the Hollandaise and ladle out the stew!

Why not join the company of this band of epicures? Stop envying Aunt Sue her Chicken à la King. Take a leaf

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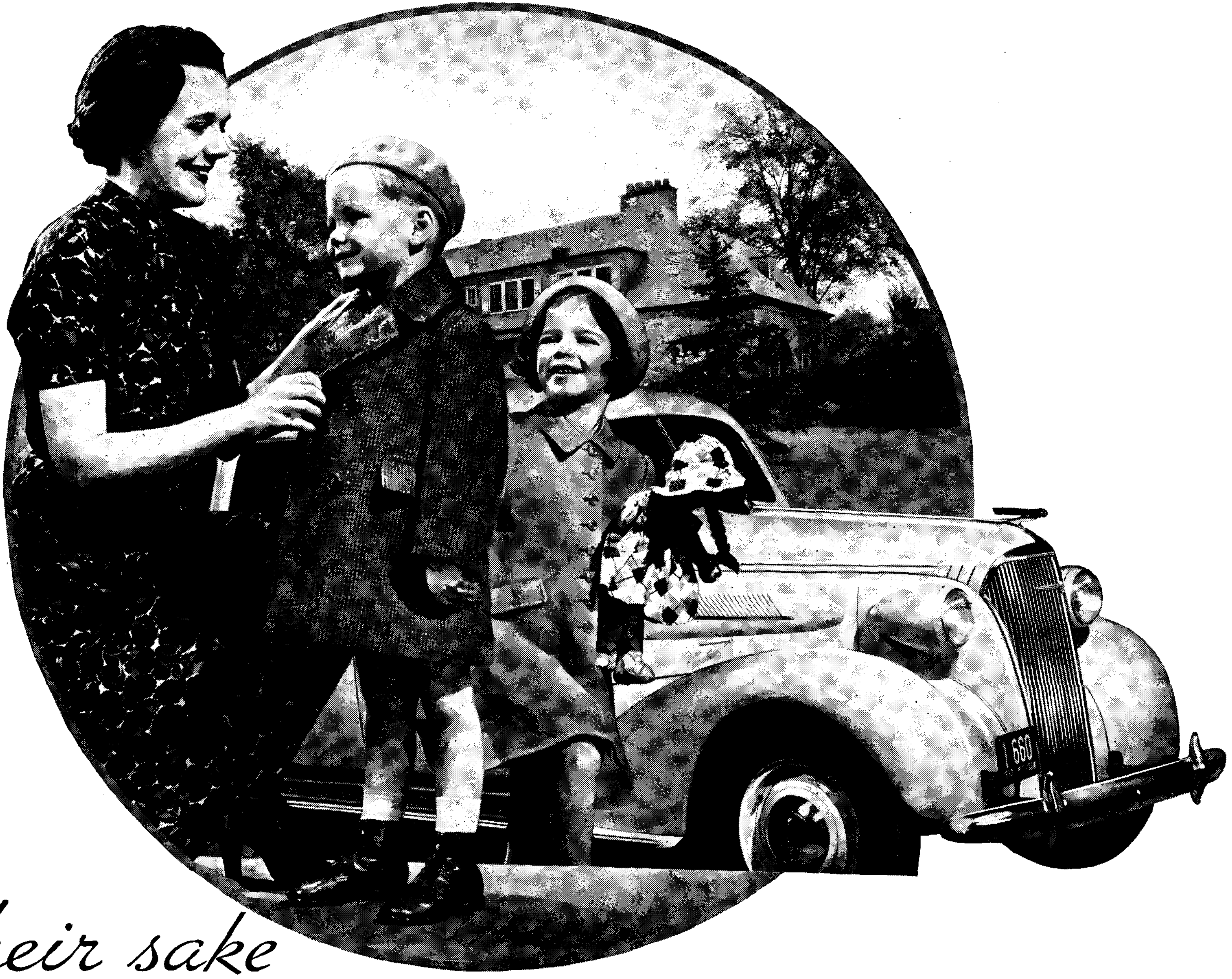

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**Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse.*

from the chef's personal cookbook and stake your reputation as a wife and hostess on stew à la Ritz.

If Adolphe Menjou were to play the king of chefs in a romance of the kitchen, we imagine he would look like Chef Louis Diat of the Ritz. And Diat of the waxed mustache, the twinkling eye, the gallant bow, is just as proud of his lamb stew as of his Lobster Graziella, a delicacy of cream and lobster meat, dedicated to Grace Moore.

"I am one of her admirers and she is one of mine," he explained, with dignity.

Dignity is the condiment that flavors Diat's stew. Every step of its preparation is a ritual performed with delight.

"Choose," he says, impressively, "the exactly right cut of lamb—from the breast, the fourth rib or possibly the shoulder. It must be absolutely fresh, and cut in pieces three or three and one-half inches long. Season with salt and pepper, and fry not in butter but in hot meat fat until it is golden. Remove the fat. Then, in another saucepan, place twelve tiny whole onions, two bunches of small scraped carrots cut in one-inch pieces, and four turnips cut as small. Sauté them in butter till they, too, are golden, add a little salt, one or two teaspoons of sugar, and let them brown. Now return to the lamb. Add two finely chopped shallots, one crushed clove of garlic, and two tablespoons of flour. Mix them well with the lamb, and put the mixture in the oven for five minutes for better color.

"Now pour one pint of water over the lamb, add two or three fresh whole tomatoes and two or three tablespoons of canned tomato sauce. Add some *bouquet garni* (a sprig of parsley, two leaves of laurel, a little thyme, one or two stalks of diced celery) and let simmer for about an hour. Then remove the grease from the top of the gravy—this is important! Add two dozen tiny whole potatoes or six large potatoes, quartered; one cup of green peas; one cup of string beans; a little chopped parsley, and finally the onions, carrots and turnips which have been sautéed. Add seasoning to taste, and cook together with the lamb for another three quarters of an hour."

A Chef's Best Audience

Chef Diat always insists on cooking lamb stew himself, at home; and Madame Diat is his most appreciative audience when he does.

There are two schools of thought about the gravy—one says thicken with flour to hold the shape of the vegetables; the other holds back the green vegetables till the last moment necessary for cooking. Both agree the results should be as follows:

The gravy should be golden brown.

The potatoes should be firm, not flaky.

The onions' skins should remain whole.

A fork should do the service of a knife on the meat.

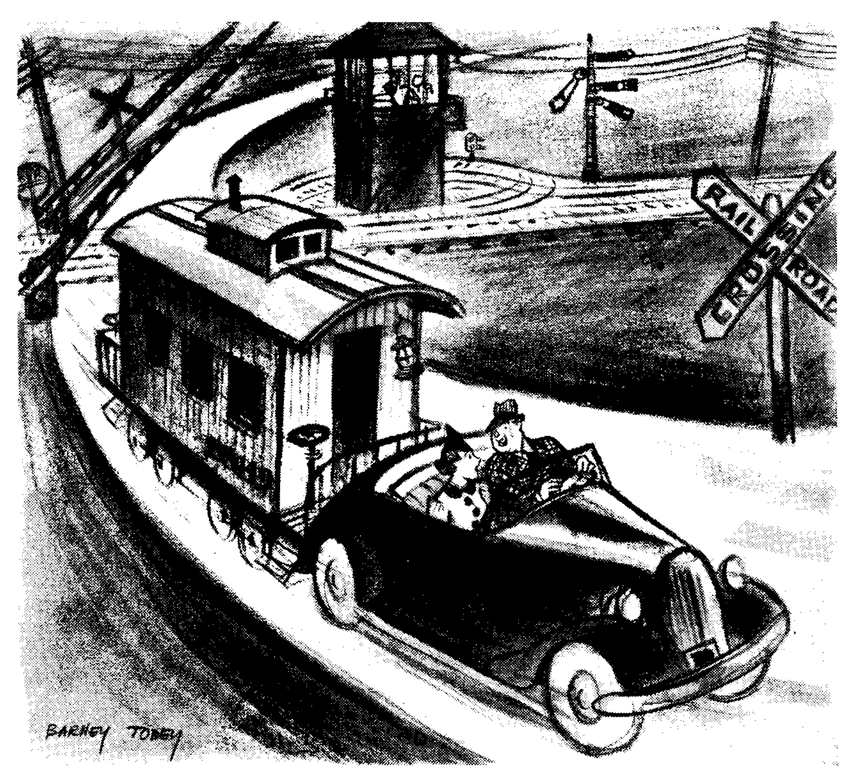
Green vegetables should be clearly green.

It is a gifted wife who can cook stew to a chef's taste, probably the most highly developed taste in the world, but it is worth trying. When the man of the household asks: "What's for dinner?" there is good psychology in the Mona Lisa smile instead of the apologetic: "Well, we'll have steak tomorrow night, darling." Mrs. Camille Averne can make the maestro of Antoine's smack his lips in anticipation of her stew, even after his day of preparing the fragrant Pompano Papilotte and Oysters Rockefeller, for which Antoine's is noted. While pilgrims from all parts of the country gather in the fifteen dining rooms of the famous New Orleans restaurant to sample the delights of boned pompano baked in a paper bag with shallots, white wine and butter, or to dine on piping-hot oysters baked in the half shell, Chef Averne sighs appreciatively over homemade Pot-au-Feu.

Pot-au-Feu is made of rump beef, cooked with celery, carrots, turnips, onions, potatoes, and seasoned with salt, pepper, bayleaf and thyme. You guessed it—stew. But you might not have recognized it on the Averne table. Chef Averne chooses to sip the steaming vegetable soup as a first course, then tenderly slices the meat and eats it as the *pièce de résistance,* attended by a dash of French mustard.

Kitchen Communism

Two separate dishes may be enhanced by the subtle interchange of flavor which is the essence of fine stew. Broiling keeps in natural meat juices; baking preserves the juices in the baking dish for use as sauce; but only the culinary communism which is stewing can take the essence of all ingredients, stir them together and produce an exciting flavor combining the best features of each.



"They'll never miss it. They've got lots of 'em" BARNEY TOBEY

Take a chicken stew, for instance—Poule au Pot to Antoine Dadone, proprietor-chef of the intimate Caviar Restaurant, which specializes in the salty sturgeon roe and Breast of Guinea Hen with Wild Rice. H. G. Wells ate a last guinea hen there before sailing home for England, and George S. Kaufman drops in regularly to pay court to Broiled Sweetbreads with Zuccini. Dadone beams upon patrons who show proper appreciation for his *chefs d'oeuvre.* But he mourns the widespread lack of respect there is for stew. Stew ranks with guinea hen, with duckling, yea, verily, with the all-popular "bifstek americain" as a dish worthy of cultivation by discriminating palates, he believes.

Chef Dadone, a gray-haired Italian who has stolen a Russian's glory in becoming America's "caviar king," goes Averne one better by extracting not two but three courses from his earthen pot of chicken stew. To do this, his first injunction is—buy a venerable fowl.

"Age adds flavor," declared Chef Dadone, with a sly tug at his operatic mustaches. "It's cheaper, too, so in this case economy jibes with value. A three-to-four-pound chicken will serve six. You cook it whole, all of it, except the beak and the claws. Singe the fowl, leaving the legs over the fire longer than the rest so the outer skin (the horny substance) may be peeled off with a cloth.

"Cover the fowl with water, and add one whole tomato; two small whole turnips; three one-inch carrots or one big carrot, quartered; four pieces of celery; one large onion, or three or four small ones. Insert two cloves in the onion; only be careful to remove them before you bring the stew to the table. Then the inevitable *bouquet garni* of celery leaves, parsley and two stalks of leeks, tied together with a cord. Season the water lightly to give the food flavors a chance. Let it boil slowly. Be careful to remove the scum as it rises to the surface, before it permeates the consommé and spots the chicken."

Not even a kitchen magician can predict the length of time it will take to cook authentic Poule au Pot, but Dadone revealed an infallible sign of when it is done. Pull its leg. If it stretches in an easy motion, the bird is ready to eat.

"Never," said Chef Dadone, "oh, never, desecrate the fowl by sticking in a fork!"

Glorifying the Guinea Hen

Surprises are the spice of cookery. No one was more surprised than Dadone, for instance, when an economy measure resulted in the Caviar's most famous entrée. About five years ago, in an optimistic mood, he overbought wild rice. He then had to create a demand to justify his purchase, so he poured all his art and ardor into the exaltation of guinea hen, which is twinned today with wild rice as turkey is with cranberry sauce. Its recipe is no more complicated than stew. Here it is:

Two guinea-hen breasts
Two ounces of butter
Two yolks of eggs
Two cups of meat stock
One cup of sour cream (or sweet cream with a dash of lemon)
One cup of wild rice
One soupspoon of flour
One soupspoon of dry currants (boiled a few minutes before using)
One soupspoon of cooking sherry

Boil the rice in the stock for twenty-five minutes. Cut the raw breast of a guinea hen, sprinkle with salt, and brown on both sides in butter. Place the rice in a dish with the breast on top of it. Add the flour to the pan in the same butter used to brown the breast and brown the flour; then add the sherry, the currants, the cream and the eggs. Stir well, and cover the breast and the rice with the mixture. Bake under the flame until brown.

"And very good it is, too," assures Dadone, condescendingly.

First cousin to the stew is hash, but the last place we expected to encounter a devotee of hash was at Billy the Oysterman's. New York's famous sea food and chop house. There Chef Dominickio Taranto admitted to a holy passion for Roast Beef Hash, Japanese. It's truly Oriental, in spite of the Yankee twang to its translated name.

Roast Beef Hash, Japanese, blends sweet potatoes, onions and beef to bring out a new flavor in hash.

Boil three sweet potatoes, says Taranto, and chop them fine. Mince three onions and fry. Combine potatoes and onions and add two pounds of diced roast beef. Mix with one quart of chicken or meat stock and let simmer for half an hour. Brown in the oven, and serve piping hot. Believe him, the Japanese know their roast beef and sweet potatoes!

Hamburg Balls to Your Taste

The same eager light comes into the eye of Chef Chandler Davis of Philadelphia's Bookbinders, famous for shore dinners, when he gets a chance to tackle Hamburg Balls with Onions and Tomatoes. This is a kind of hash, only after the meat balls have been made of ground beef, egg, onion, and bread soaked in milk, they are browned and cooked down slowly in a potful of stewed tomatoes and sliced onions. Whatever the ingredients, the blend's the thing.

Special dishes, depending for success upon the involved flavor of their sauces, seem to be done to demonstrate chefs' artistry on duty rather than their appetite on holidays. Chefs eat the swanky dishes, too, when they dine at their own restaurants, but they are not impressed with the names of the dishes on the menu, as we are. They give exactly the same reverence to the complicated French-named dishes as they do to lamb stew—no more, no less. Occasionally they delight in slipping among them a stew disguised as something or other "en casserole." It makes the epicures chortle as they might not dare to, over plain "lamb stew." You may be sure the presiding genius of the kitchen ranks some kind of stew right with the specialty of the house, whatever that specialty may be.

Chef W. E. Sacks at the Kentucky Hotel in Louisville, known for his knack with German pancakes and sliced apples, raisins and almonds, has a deep-rooted affection, off duty, for ordinary beef stew, "with all the vegetables piled together," says he. Alphonse Heckl of Henrici's, who for twenty years has concocted Beef à la Mode and Boiled Brisket Beef with Horse-radish Sauce for the finest palates in the Windy City, fancies good beef goulash, Hungarian for stew, when on his own.

And so it goes.

We found only one cook who, in the privacy of his own ménage, yearns for something matching a French name on the menu. Tom Reilly, guiding genius of Tom's Hamburger Stand on West Fourth Street, New York City, is a Lobster à la Newburg addict, every Sunday at 6 P.M.

"Now that," said Chef Reilly, slapping mustard on a frankfurter, "is my idea of a really high-toned dish!"

Evening of a Gobble-Piper

Continued from page 18

chorus—you, me, Art and Monty—okay?"

Cannon said it was okay because when Bounce said he had something it meant that he really had something. He wondered what Bounce was up to, this time. And he wondered more, in the middle of the second chorus, when he saw Bounce winding a wide piece of red cloth, turban-wise, around his head. Cannon picked up his piano-accordion and began the third chorus with the accompaniment of just the drums and the bass viol. Then Bounce took a ten-cent toy flageolet out of his breast pocket and began interpolating. He went over to the piano and got upon it, sat down, legs crossed, and faced Bill. He pointed the flageolet at Bill as though he were a snake charmer and Bill the snake. The people on the dance floor and at the tables had noticed by now that something unusual was going on and were watching and laughing, expectantly. Many of them had seen Bounce in action before.

The tin whistle had a mournful, dry sort of tone. It was the least bit out of pitch on certain notes and the hot phrases Bounce got out of it sounded very weird. He slid off the piano and started charming Art, the drummer. Art acted peculiarly. He seemed to think something was wrong with the drums and didn't know whether to look at them or at Bounce.

Onion juice is a chemically subtle substance. It gets very strong in a short while in a warm, close atmosphere like that of a night club.

Art wrinkled his nose. Bounce wrinkled his nose too, gave Art a strange look, moved away and pointed his whistle at Monty, the bass player. Monty was giggling nervously, and sniffing the air. Bounce blew a shrieky note of distress, screwed up his face very sourly and, still playing the whistle, tiptoed back to his seat.

"Sumpm die around here?" Cannon asked, at the end of the selection.

"Seems like it," Monty said, staring hard at Art.

Art at last traced the nasal irritant to its source. He got up, holding the drumsticks as if they were dead mice, and, swearing, hurriedly left the bandstand. He came back, shortly, his hands scrubbed and with a fresh pair of sticks.

"Better bury the other ones," Bounce said.

"I betchoo know sumpm about this," Art said. "I can see you're in a kinda cute mood."

"Who, *me?*" Bounce said, in a perish-the-thought tone.

"Better watch the rat," Art warned the band.

ORDINARILY, he and the other men would gladly have accepted Bounce's challenge to a session of horseplay, but they were tired and sleepy. They just hoped Bounce would behave.

There still seemed to be something dead near Monty. The other musicians were looking at him as if they wished he were far away. But he couldn't go out and get a fresh fiddle. All he could do was swear.

"Don't worry," Bounce consoled him. "It'll wear off after a while."

"Take it home and wash it," someone advised.

"Better pack it up," said Cannon, "and finish out the night on the grunt iron."

So Monty carried out the fiddle. He still had his tuba to play.

During the next intermission, Bounce was considering the form his next practical joke was to take, when there was a clink of glass from a table near the bandstand.

"D," said Bounce. He had absolute pitch, a rare gift.

Cannon struck a high D on the piano. It was the same note that had come from the glass. Bounce turned in his seat and thumbed his nose. The others laughed. Bill was always trying to catch Bounce calling a wrong one, but he never succeeded. Bounce always called them right. You could wake him out of a sound sleep, tap a chandelier, or any other object which emitted a reasonably definite tone, and Bounce would name it, correctly, unerringly. He could even tell you what note your shoe squeaked.

Bounce let an hour go by so as to allay suspicion, and then, at the first opportunity, switched two of the valves of Whitey's instrument. Whitey played first trumpet. The next dance was to begin with a flare of brass. Whitey put his trumpet to his lips and got all set for a high double-forte note. With the downbeat of the leader's arm, he blew into it with plenty of "that." But not a sound came out of the trumpet, and the gust of air he had attempted to send through its blocked tubing bounced back, strained his eardrums and made him gasp. Cannon, noticing the absence of the solo note, looked questioningly at his first trumpeter. From his purple face and the way he was glaring at his trumpet it seemed that Whitey had gone quite out of his head. He explained to the leader with gestures of anger and disgust what was wrong, unscrewed the valves and replaced them in their proper positions.

A LITTLE later in the evening there came from Bounce's saxophone an unbelievably rancid note. Bounce went almost hysterical with laughter. It was apparent that he enjoyed having pranks played on him as well as perpetrating them on others. The smugness on Whitey's face made it clear to the others that it was he who had "fixed" Bounce's saxophone. Bounce picked up one of his other instruments and used it for the rest of the dance number. At the end of it he examined his saxophone and found that a bit of cardboard had been wedged into the mechanism of one of the keys.

"Good job, Whitey," he said. "But whadda nole gag! Corny as hell. Y'oughta be ashamed of yuhself."

"What job? Whatta you talkin' about?" Whitey said, in a tone of outraged innocence. "But talkin' of corny gags, d'you think you're the foist one that ever switched valves on a guy's plumbing?"

"What plumbing?" Bounce said, naïvely.

Cannon thought it was time to interfere. "Stop bein' cute, Bounce. This ain't no party. We're supposed to be workin' here."

All the men watched their instruments carefully and there was no more monkeying with them. But in other ways, Bounce got cuter and cuter as the evening progressed. During the floor show, in a single chorus of an accompaniment to a pair of tap dancers, he managed to play a short piece on each of his many instruments, quickly picking them up and dropping them, one by one, ending with a froglike statement on the baritone sax just as the performers took their bows. They were very much upset; the audience had paid much more attention to the first saxophonist than to them. In the middle of a dance number after the show, he removed the bottom section of his clarinet and held it to his ear while continuing to play on the rest of it (the lower end of a clarinet looks very much

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like a telephone receiver), holding an imaginary telephone conversation with himself. Then he played parts of Strauss waltzes which harmonized with parts of the next foxtrot. The beats coincided with the beats of the music the band was playing, but the accents, of course, were in the wrong places. It made the dancers uncertain of their steps. Cannon didn't like it, but he couldn't do much about it. He knew that Bounce was uncontrollable when in one of his silly moods. Bounce played the tune to *Ach du lieber Augustin* a few times and then, having had enough of that, began to imitate a musician who couldn't play hot, trying to play hot.

"C'mon, Bounce, cut out the schmalz—stop runnin' noodles," the other two saxophonists begged, but Bounce ignored them.

Cannon decided to make it appear that the clowning was intentional. He motioned to the musicians to stop playing. They dropped out, one by one, and soon Bounce found himself playing a solo. Not in the least fazed, he got up and went to the front center of the platform, where he began, in a very amateurish manner, a medley of unrelated tunes, including Hearts and Flowers, Souvenir, Darktown Strutters' Ball, and Stars and Stripes Forever. The boys encouraged him. "Play it beautiful! Sock it, kid!" they said, clapping their hands and stamping their feet. He finished with the music from the mad scene from Lucia, playing the flute part on his saxophone and removing it from his mouth to whistle the answering flute parts.

Then, with elaborate bows to the people on the floor and to each of the band, he went to his chair, stretched out in it as though emotionally spent, threw back his head, closed his eyes and ran his fingers wearily through his hair. The delighted patrons applauded for more, but Bounce indicated with gestures of mock regret that the performance had taken so much out of him that an encore was impossible.

He had just as much pep, it seemed, at the end of the night as he had had at the beginning.

"How about a little private jam session, boys, after we're through?" he asked.

But the boys had had enough music and enough of Bounce for one day.

"Aw, please," Bounce insisted, getting down on his knees. "We'll go to my place and tear loose some jungle music for a coupla hours. I got some very good gin."

AT a signal from the drummer, all the others put cupped hands to their lips, faced Bounce, and let him have it. Bounce clapped both hands to his heart and slumped to the floor as if he had been shot. They had to go through the motions of rousing an unconscious man before they could get him to sit up and play the last dance.

Fortunately, this hokum was popular with the customers.

There was an unusual bit of excitement when the band had begun putting away their instruments. A big, florid-faced man, with too much liquor inside him, had started a row with a waiter. Suddenly a table was overturned and the man had his hands tightly around the waiter's throat. Just then, a neat, efficient-looking little fellow, retained by the management for just such an emergency, reached the scene. He couldn't pry the big, wild man loose, and it looked as if the waiter was going to be strangled, so he wasted no more energy, but whipped out a blackjack and, with an experienced hand, flicked it once at the man's skull. "Tunk," it went, like a cheap xylophone without resonators.

"G-sharp," said Bounce mechanically, with a shudder.

It all happened very quickly and the few other people still at the club paid little attention to the fuss. They had probably seen people carried out of places before.

Disappointed over the rejection of his invitation, Bounce put away his instruments, waved good night disgustedly, and went out of the club.

He was about to get into a waiting cab, from force of habit, but on impulse changed his mind and decided to walk home. He was lonesome, but there was something comforting in his loneliness. The comparative darkness of the street seemed to sharpen his naturally keen aural perceptions and he heard music all round him—in the accidental harmony of simultaneously sounded automobile horns, in the ominous foghorn blare, softened by distance, of boats on the river, in the muffled rumble of the subway beneath him. In a semi-hypnotic state, he walked east to lower Broadway and turned north, with lazy steps, vaguely aware of the double-time rhythm of his shoes, as each, in the midst of its forward swing, lightly scuffed the pavement.

The voice of a mouth organ, a short distance ahead of him, suddenly shut his ears to all other sounds. It was being played by a ragged little boy, leaning against a wall of the yawning mouth of a subway kiosk, with forgotten copies of early-morning newspapers at his feet. Bounce stepped eagerly into the yellow light of the kiosk and stood still, listening. The boy hastily finished the tune he had been playing, put his instrument into his pocket, and looked suspiciously at the stranger.

"That was swell, Bub," Bounce said, smiling encouragingly. "How 'bout another tune?"

The boy studied Bounce's face for a moment and decided he was a friend. He grinned shyly and took out his mouth organ, and played for Bounce a currently popular song. Bounce watched and listened, nostalgically. It had been a long time since he had played a mouth organ.

"That was a nice, doity liddle chorus, Bub," he said, "but lemme show you hodda get some real whackey in it."

The boy hesitated for only an instant before he wiped the instrument on his sleeve and handed it to Bounce. Bounce hungrily wrapped his hands about it, put it to his mouth, blew some practice runs, and then began to play. The boy's eyes opened wide in admiration. He began to hum, clapping his hands.

"Hey, mister, that was the nuts," he said at the end of the tune. "Play some more, huh?"

Bounce played several more tunes, to the boy's delight. Twice there were interruptions by people, entering the subway, who wanted a newspaper. As if fearful of missing a single note, the newsboy, each time, quickly, nervously, almost resentfully made the sale, hardly taking his eyes off Bounce. For both of them there were fifteen minutes of blissful unawareness of time and space.

"Thanks for the loan of the harmonica," Bounce said finally. "Ain't it about time you got to bed?" He tapped the instrument on his sleeve and returned it.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, guess it's pretty late," the boy said, regretfully picking up the remaining papers. "Well, s'long."

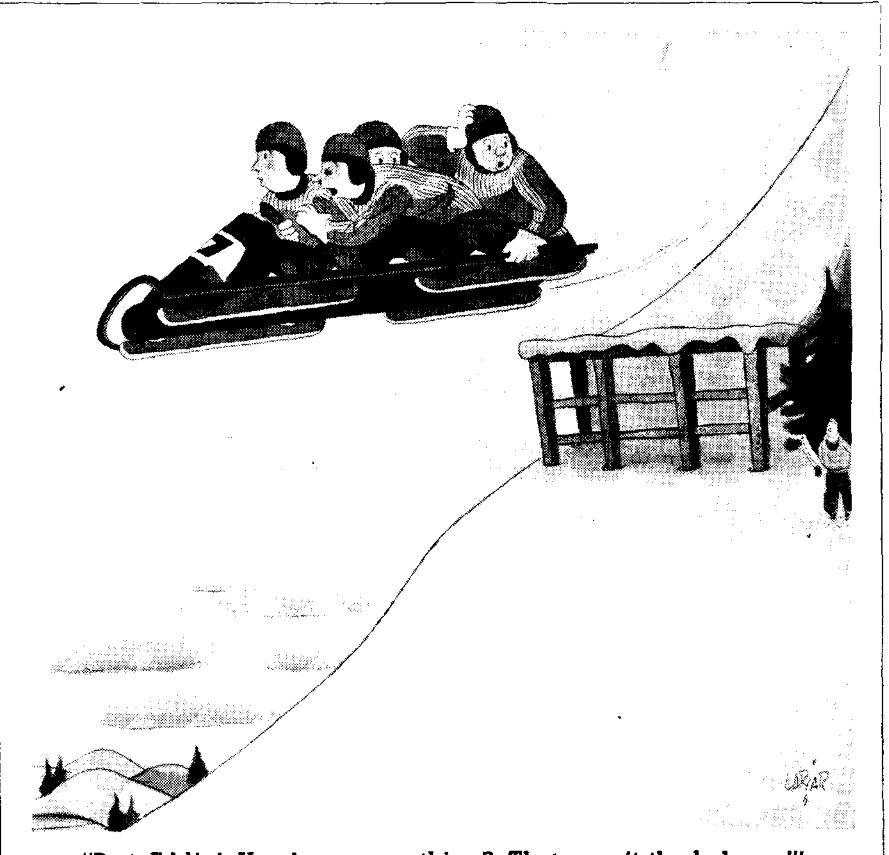
"Waid a minute," Bounce said. "You got talent, butcha oughta getchaself a better harmonica. You can't go very far on that one." He thrust a bill into the boy's hand, said "S'long," and hurried embarrassedly away.

BOUNCE walked the rest of the way home to his flat and went to bed.

But he still wanted to make music, and he couldn't fall asleep, thinking about the jam session which hadn't come off. Deciding he wasn't sleepy, anyway, he got out of bed and mixed himself a complicated gin drink. While consuming it, suddenly reminded of something, he snapped his fingers, went to a closet and took out an ocarina. He had picked it up the day before in a music shop and had not yet had time to try it out. It was new to him.

The potato whistle ought to go big, he thought. I'll pull it on the boys tomorrow night. He made himself comfortable in an armchair and began piping away contentedly. Hell with the jam session; this was better.

He heard the tinkle of milk bottles in the hallway before he fell asleep, with the ocarina in his lap. He had mastered it by then.



"Psst, Eddie! You know something? That wasn't the bob run!"

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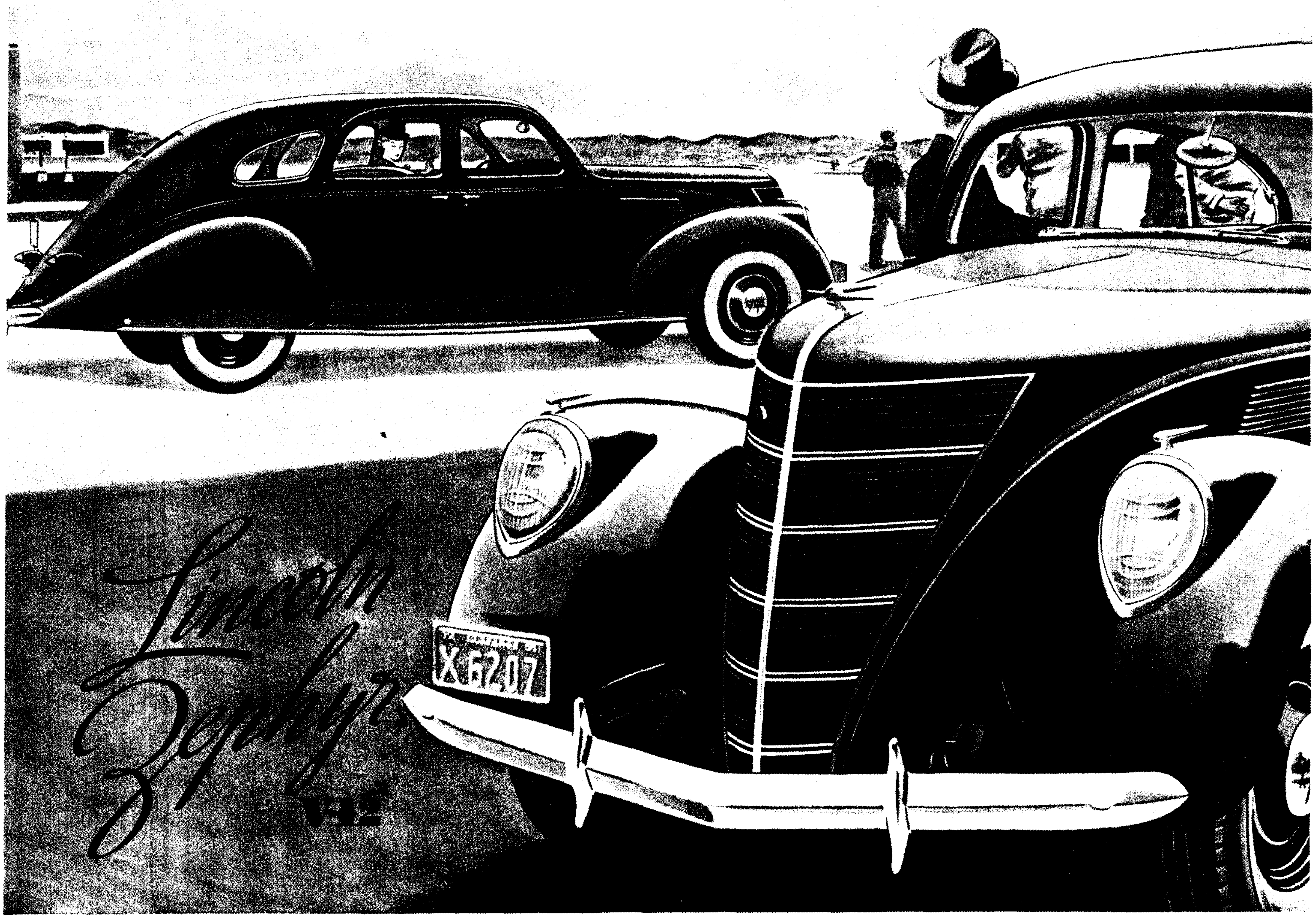

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Lincoln Zephyr V-12

Is It Safe to Fly?

Continued from page 14

about vertigo, and the airplane's paradoxical stock in trade—which is to defy the laws of gravity. Oxcarts, trains, steamers, automobiles—these were still on the ground. Ordinary travelers, therefore—not flying enthusiasts—demand, and naturally, more safety from aviation than from commonplace methods.

Compared with train and steamer travel, commercial air transportation is still a minor industry; although intrinsic possibilities have kept it from ever being a negligible one, even in its beginning. The decade in immediate prospect, computed by your mathematical reporter, shows that in 1947 more than 4,000,000 fellow citizens will use scheduled air transportation. This figure is based on the previous rate of increase, and is probably understatement, because experience would indicate a greatly accelerated rate of growth.

Casualty Statistics

In the first year, no passengers were killed; in the second (1927) 1—giving a rate of 8,679 passenger miles flown per fatality. In 1933, the best year, there were approximately 25 million passenger miles for each death. Last year there was a passenger death for each 10,400,000 passenger miles—a drop back almost to the level of the black cancellation year of 1934. Since air-line scheduled passenger transportation under regulation began in 1926, up to the end of 1936 there have been on the domestic and foreign air lines of the United States 199 passenger deaths out of a total of almost 5,000,000 carried. In 1935 there were on the Great Lakes and high seas 800 wrecks, taking 355 lives, to American merchant vessels, which carried 411,825 passengers. In the same year, American scheduled commercial airplanes carried more than twice as many passengers—860,761—and had 62 accidents, 9 of them fatal to a total of 15 passengers and 18 crew personnel.

You cannot blame the air-traffic men for pointing out that each year lately automobiles have been killing upwards of 35,000 and that you don't quit driving your car on that account. That casualties in connection with railroad operations, according to government figures, were nearly 5,000 killed and more than 16,000 injured in 1935 (of course only 18 of these dead were passengers, out of a total of nearly 500 million carried) and that you never think of these matters when you step to the window to buy a railroad ticket. That for every mysterious plane accident, such as the one in Arkansas a year ago and the one near Cheyenne just before that, you can read of ships that put to sea and are never heard of again; that the appalling toll of the Titanic, the Vestris, the Morro Castle, does not keep you from going to sea. That in the week of the Martin Johnson accident in California, railroads, streetcars, busses and steamships were taking a far greater toll the world around.

The more intelligent air-line executives—correctly appraising and tackling the difficulties of selling air travel—realize they cannot persuade you to buy a ticket and get into an airplane, that you will be safe, merely by pointing out that all other methods of transportation have elements of unsafeness. One such man told me:

"If you read the files of old American newspapers—say between 1850 and 1870—you will find the daily reports of railroad casualties as frequent and well-filled as war casualty lists. But what made headlines near the scene dwindled to back pages across the continent. It is part of commercial air-travel's handicap to have been launched in a period when the science of news dissemination—by radio and press—is greater and faster than at any time in history. Not the airplane alone has shrunk the world; instantaneous communications have, too, so that headlines in New York are headlines in Los Angeles or in Tokyo.

"Consider this. No other form of transportation has ever had so much government and private attention paid to its safeguards, so much brains, ingenuity, money and scientific research devising safety aids and methods for it. Because of all these factors you don't have to be a prophet—just a reasonable, progressive man—to know that air travel, inevitably, is going to be made by science the safest form of travel ever known. People list the negative side of aviation—gravity, fog and the like. They overlook the advantages—the illimitable traffic freedom of the air, the reliability of motors, the sturdiness of airplanes."

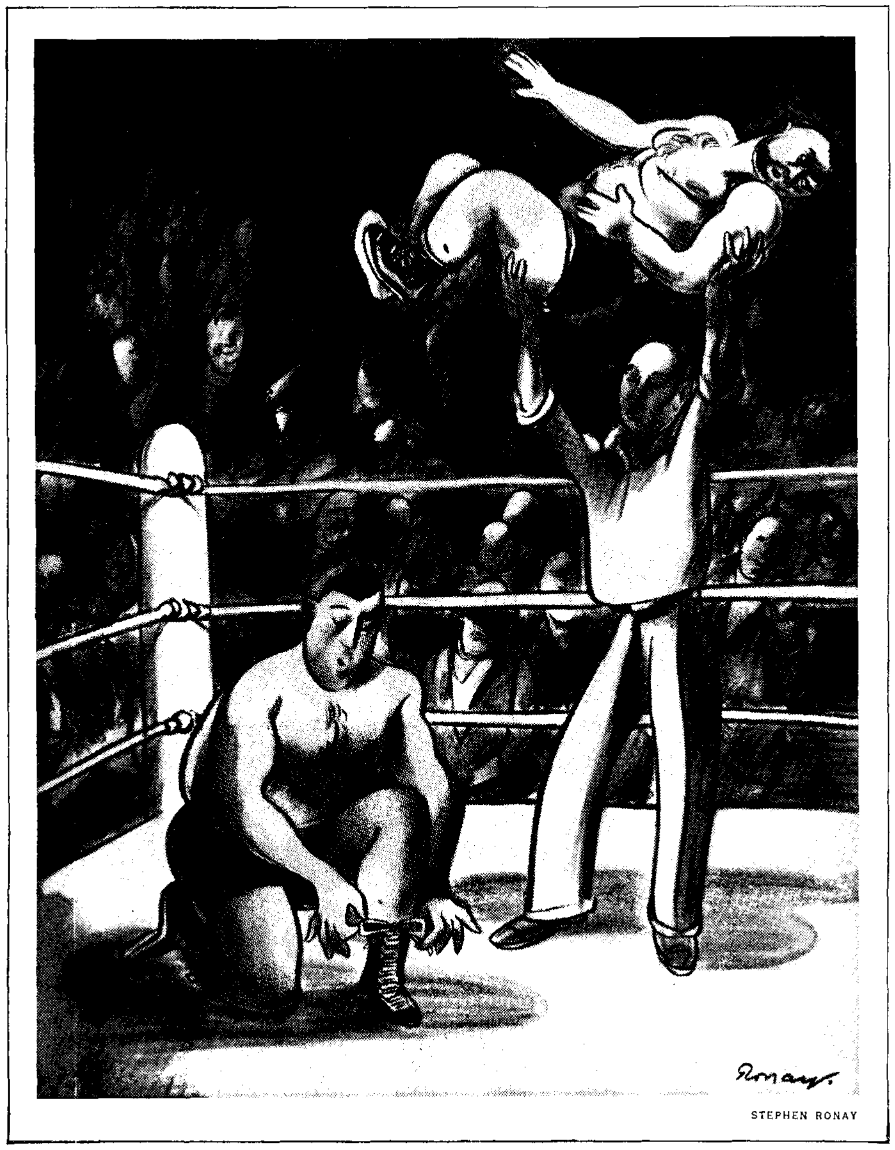
Safeguards of Air Travel

In order to judge for yourself whether it is safe to fly, you will first have to look at the fundamentals of commercial air-line operation.

When a pilot walks out to assume charge of the airplane in which he will fly you and other passengers, together with mail and express, to certain destinations, he enters upon a system that is quite as definite and tracked and constant as the highways, waterways or railways of the nation.

His journey, from point to point, will not be hit or miss, but subject to the discipline imposed by law upon all common carriers engaged in interstate commerce; he is not fancy-free; nor is there much room left for romance or heroics. Your life is not only in his keeping, but protected by the strict regulations of his own company, as well as by those of the government; safeguarded by elaborate facilities, aids, instruments, scientific research, inspections, medical examinations, licenses, rules, experience and vigilant watch. You have, in short, from the moment you bought your air ticket, come under the Federal Airways System, representing an outlay of millions of dollars of taxpayers' money.

Over the entire nation—its net spun thicker in the area of greatest social, industrial and commercial density—it spreads upwards of 22,000 miles. In the night hours our country is necklaced with revolving light beacons, spaced on the average fifteen miles apart; rivaling the older lights of the seacoast. Moreover, there is a landing field of one kind or another each fifty miles on the average along the airways—offering sanctuary if for any reason terminals cannot be reached. Also, weather collecting and reporting services that with radio, wire or teletypewriter announce data and forecasts throughout the system and, in addition, post information of the progress of aircraft in flight. There are radio stations for the broadcasting of weather information and other messages to pilots aloft; radio marker beacons, transmitting signals that help a pilot get his bearings when he cannot see the lights; and lastly, most useful and most important, the radio range beacons that fill



STEPHEN RONAY

A-A-H CHOO!
CATCHING COLD?

● When you feel a cold coming on, the wise thing to do is get to bed and rub "BEN-GAY" plentifully on chest and back and cover with an old gown or pajama top.

My, how "BEN-GAY" will break up that congestion and open the air passages—let you breathe more comfortably. Nobody knows the cure for a cold, but the simple treatment outlined above will greatly shorten its duration and keep you comfortable in the meantime.

This 40-year-old formula of Dr. Jules Bengué, of Paris, has worked wonders for millions. New thousands turn to it daily for quick relief. Be sure to ask for and get BAUME "BEN-GAY."

COLDS
LUMBAGO
RHEUMATIC PAINS
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"

SPECIAL
"Get Acquainted" Offer
on this

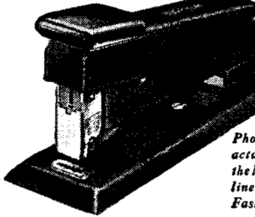


Photo (about ¼ actual size) of the New Streamlined Bostitch Fastener.

Latest Bostitch Fastener

Shake hands with the Modern Method Of Fastening! The new Bostitch B-5 gives you split-second staple-fastening of correspondence, memos, and countless office forms. Handsome and quiet enough for the most exacting office, yet strong enough for steady work in plant or shipping room. It will penetrate fabrics, wood, even light metal. Base swings back to convert it into a tacker. Mail coupon now for trial offer.

Bostitch Tacking
A Speedy One-Hand Job

with the Bostitch H-2 Hammer. No tacks to place or lose, no thumbs to hit. Penetrates tough materials, tacks as fast and easily as you can swing your arm. Holds 160 two-pointed staple tacks.

BOSTITCH
The Modern Method of Fastening

BOSTITCH, INC.
42 E. Division St., East Greenwich, R. I.
(In Canada, Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal)
.... Send me full information on special B-5 trial offer, including free staple remover. Quote trade-in allowance on .... fastener. .... Send facts on Hammer.
Name ....
Firm ....
Address ....

Don't "Toots" me!
that's the 6th one today

the

KLEENEX HABIT

reduces handkerchief washing during colds

● Every woman knows washing dozens of handkerchiefs during colds is no joking matter. All the more reason to adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start. It saves money; costs less than laundering. And of course it reduces handkerchief washing.

Here's a habit that's good for everyone! It saves noses, for Kleenex Tissues are so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money
To remove face creams and cosmetics...To apply powder, rouge...To dust and polish... For the baby...*And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

the air with invisible pathways along which pilots in thick weather may fly you to your destination.

That is the background of your air travels.

Specifically, your pilot—tempered by experience and discipline, proud, alert, skillful captain of your ship—when he is in uniform and ready to go, visits the dispatcher's office, from which he must have a clearance before he can take off. The dispatcher has the right to cancel flights and to order down ships actually in the air over his division, if weather or other conditions so dictate to his judgment. The pilot, on his part, has the full right to refuse or terminate flights under adverse conditions. Pilots and dispatchers cannot override each other's decisions. This is the strictest law of operations; inflexible as possible under the realistic give and take, the frailties and mistakes, of everyday human relationships.

The Weather Chart

The pilot now makes his preflight study of the weather.

There is a chart of his line's whole system, made up by the company's meteorologist. These weathermen, employees of the lines, are in addition to the government meteorologists; they are stationed at key points. The weather map available for your pilot is posted with last-moment conditions and trends; and when the pilot concludes his general study, the meteorologist gives him a special forecast covering the route and duration of his particular flight. Once in flight, the pilot will receive three government weather broadcasts per hour over his radio beacon; plus additional information, from the government or from his own line, any time he asks it over his two-way radio telephone. In turn, he is expected to report from the air inaccuracies in the forecast; or unusual conditions he may encounter.

In the ship itself, your captain and his mate—or pilot and copilot, to be less fancy—have instruments, varied but not involved. Each wears, constantly, a headphone set; and each can make use of different facilities. The type, make, even the placement, of the pilots' radio aids may vary from line to line, or perhaps from ship to ship; the general idea will be the same.

Each great air liner, engaged in the transportation of passengers and mail, carries at least:

1. A two-way radio telephone, on short wave, through which your pilot can both talk and listen to government points and his own company's stations along the Federal Airways beneath him. This is operated from the plane's storage batteries.

2. A long-wave set through which your pilot can receive the directional airways beacon, the periodic weather broadcast and miscellaneous information. This, also, operates from the plane's main storage batteries.

3. An auxiliary long-wave set, operated on dry cells, through which he can hear the beacon and weather in the event his other beacon receiver fails, or on which one pilot can obtain the airport localizer (or landing) beam while the other remains tuned in on the other set.

Within handy reach of both pilots, there is a switch box. One lever clicks on all the radios in the plane. A second covers transmission or reception on the two-way telephone. A third is for the airway beacon or the airport localizer.

Each company has a separate band for its two-way telephone set. Every airport localizer beam is on the same frequency—278; this is known as the Airport Control Frequency, and the pilot merely has to click a switch to be automatically tuned in on that, or on his own company's band. The airway beacons have individual frequencies, within a defined range; each pilot must know the dial number of the beacons on his route, but he also has in the plane, tacked up where he may consult it quickly, a list of the numbers of every beacon in his section of the country.

He has, thus, three main channels of reception; one of transmission.

Suppose you are the pilot. You are flying toward Chicago, but the weather is soupy and you cannot see the ground.

The airways beacon sparks out on four pathways, or quadrants, from the point of transmission. You are coming in from Omaha, therefore on the west quadrant. Two signals are sent by each beacon—in code—A, which is dot dash; N, which is dash dot—in such a manner that directly along the center of the pathway they blend into a long dash. If you go too far to the right, you will find the A signal predominating; conversely, on the left side of the pathway, the N signal. You guide your ship along the center of the pathway so that in your earphones you constantly hear the long dash. Regularly, this long dash is interrupted by another code letter—depending upon the station to which you are flying, and identifying it. This distinctive signal leaves you in no doubt as to whether you are approaching Chicago, Indianapolis, Oakland or Seattle. Also, thrice in the hour, the beacon signal will be interrupted for a weather broadcast. However, if you are in doubt about landing conditions as you near your destination, you can ask that the beacon be continued without pause for weather broadcasts until you are safely on the ground; meantime, you or your copilot may get all the weather dope you want from your other receivers.

The "Cone of Silence"

Directly above each airways radio beacon, spreading out as it mounts higher, just as the quadrant signals themselves go out in long fans, there is a so-named "cone of silence," or dead spot. This is a radio "effect," or phenomenon; it was unknown to the designers of the beacon and was accidentally discovered. Nevertheless, it is one of the most important factors of the system because it enables you to tell the exact moment at which you have passed over the beacon.

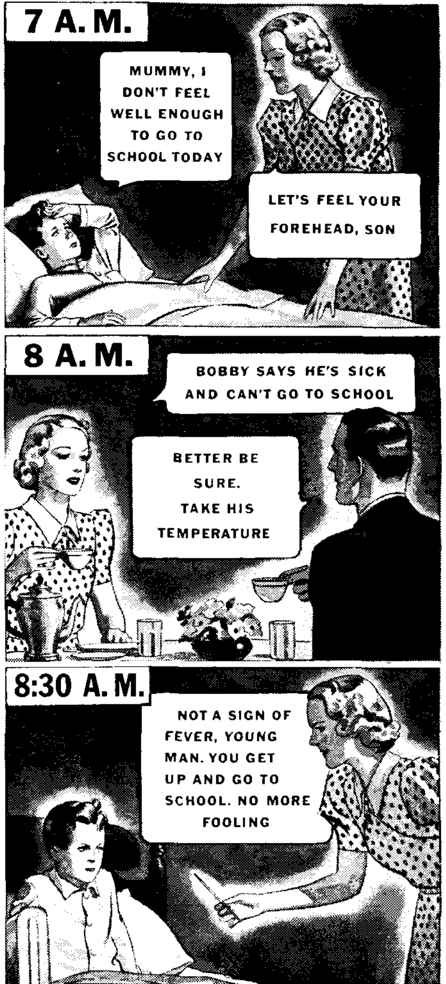
You can, following the beacon in blind weather, be led to the airport vicinity. There are government and company regulations and a certain prescribed method whereby pilots then work out a problem in orientation that makes it possible for them safely to reduce altitude until they break under the ceiling and complete their landing visually. Moreover, certain major airports have the landing beam for additional protection. It is this you get when you switch on frequency 278. Through it, the field traffic control man on the ground tells you whether the airport and the surrounding area is clear of other planes, so that you may approach; and through it, you can follow the radio signals—or "beam"—down to the runways.

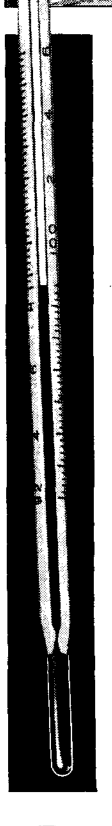
This, of course, is an ideal picture of the Federal Airways System and the weather information and the radio aids which exist to help commercial air-line pilots bear you safely through your air travels. Of its existence you may rest assured; only its efficacy is in question.

Why then, in view of the elaborate technical and regulatory precautions taken to prevent them, should there still be fatal accidents on our scheduled commercial air lines?

In the news aftermath of every major air crash you have doubtless read of Major Schroeder, Department of Commerce official, hastening to the scene to conduct the government's investiga-

BE SURE
or be sorry
A TAYLOR FEVER THERMOMETER MAKES THE DIFFERENCE


7 A.M.
MUMMY, I DON'T FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO GO TO SCHOOL TODAY
LET'S FEEL YOUR FOREHEAD, SON
8 A.M.
BOBBY SAYS HE'S SICK AND CAN'T GO TO SCHOOL
BETTER BE SURE. TAKE HIS TEMPERATURE
8:30 A.M.
NOT A SIGN OF FEVER, YOUNG MAN. YOU GET UP AND GO TO SCHOOL. NO MORE FOOLING



IS IT FEVER.... OR NOT?

That's one of the first and most important questions to decide in any case of apparent or real sickness. If you rely on a Taylor Fever Thermometer and its tested accuracy, you can always be sure—and not sorry a couple of days later. Taylor Instanta Fever Thermometers at drug stores are only $1.00.* Then there's the Taylor-Tycos at $2.00*—the favorite of doctors and nurses. Both are easy to read and guaranteed against everything except breakage. Rectal and oral types. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.

(Left) TAYLOR INSTANTA FEVER THERMOMETER . . $1*

• • •

Taylor Household Thermometers and Weather instruments carry this Guarantee Tag (at right). Every Taylor Instrument bears the Taylor name.

Taylor
GUARANTEE OF TESTED ACCURACY

Taylor
INSTRUMENTS

**Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.*

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

tion. Major Rudolph ("Shorty": 6 feet 5 inches) Schroeder is a veteran Army flyer, loved and trusted by the entire aviation industry for his honesty and his lugubrious enthusiasm. In bureaucratic Washington's permanent mobilization of the nation's lesser brains, Schroeder stands forth a happy exception. No one, on either side of an inquiry fence, has ever doubted Schroeder's capableness or impartiality.

His findings on the most recent Western mishaps are only tentative at this writing. Previous to those, in 14 major accidents involving passenger deaths, since the cancellations, we find official blame in 5 laid to personnel; in 4 to personnel and weather; in 1 to personnel and material; in 1 to personnel and undetermined causes; in 2 to weather, and in 1 to power plant. In 3 of the accidents, a share in fault was attributed to the lines involved; and in one of those, also to government weather report inaccuracies. Major Schroeder's preliminary reports on the recent accidents suggest that an entirely new factor now joins the older ones—it is failure in radio range reception.

The "Million-Mile Club"

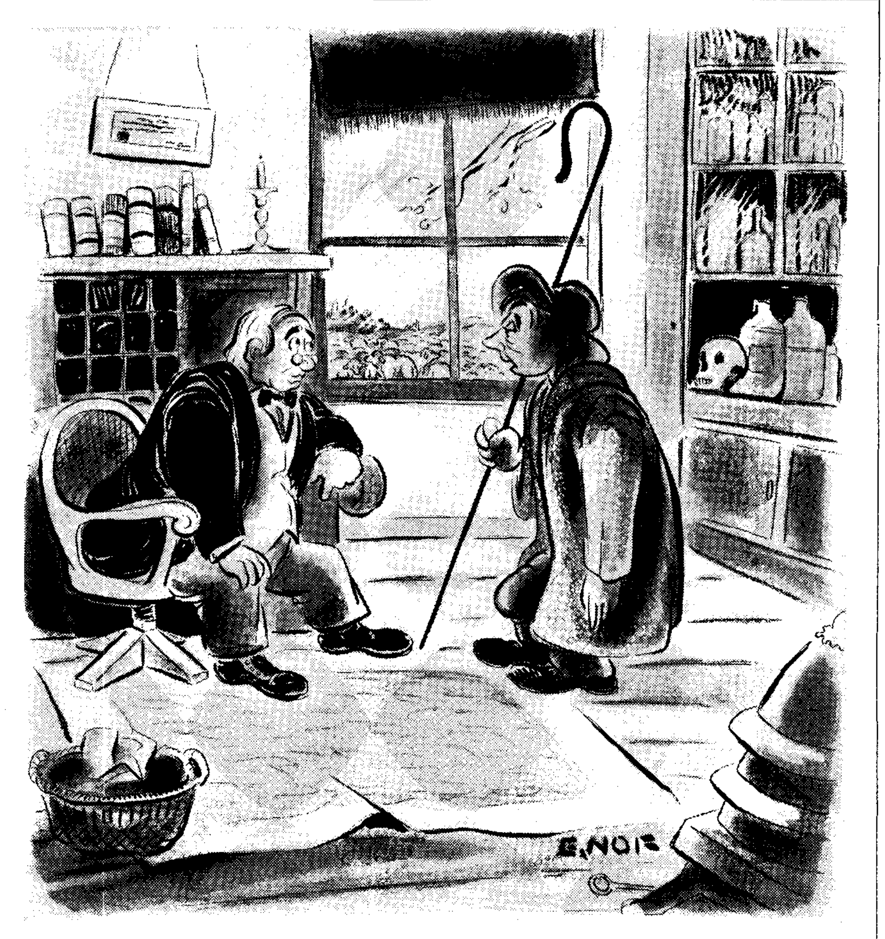
Primary causes for the air crashes, therefore, would seem to be pilot failure, weather and poor operations practice. The rugged integrity of Major Schroeder allays suspicion here that aviation may be falling heir to the traditional policy of common carriers always to blame it on the dead man—the man at the throttle, be he ship's captain, locomotive driver or motorman. The human equation, however, remains the chief unpredictable element.

There are, approximately, 700 first pilots and 430 copilots on the commercial air lines of the United States today. These represent the best, most experienced, of perhaps 15,000 civilian flyers. One line, United, has more than 40 men who have flown upwards of a million miles each; other companies have proportionate pilot membership in this exclusive "million-mile club." The fact that such men still walk the earth, after fifteen to twenty years of flying, is proof of their mental as well as their technical abilities. Some of them have been flying their routes since 1919, when they were drawn from the barnstorming and military pools. Most of the newcomers—each must have 1,000 or more hours' experience before he is considered for copilot—are drawn from the Air Corps' wonderful school at Randolph Field, Texas; a guarantee of educational and technical background and disciplined habits.

The government and the individual air transportation companies lay down strict flight rules for their pilots, but they cannot follow each into the air with bludgeons to insure obedience. For each airport there is a given altitude—more than sufficient to clear surrounding terrain and obstructions—at which pilots, when flying in thick weather, are supposed to pass over the radio beacon's cone of silence before they begin to decrease altitude for an attempted landing. In the recent accidents near Los Angeles it is true certain additional ground aids—such as radio marker beacons on the mountains — might have warned the pilots of their dangerous positions; but it is equally true, unless their altimeters were not accurate, they had no business down there. Within an hour of one fatal crash, eight other planes of the same company went through the same point safely.

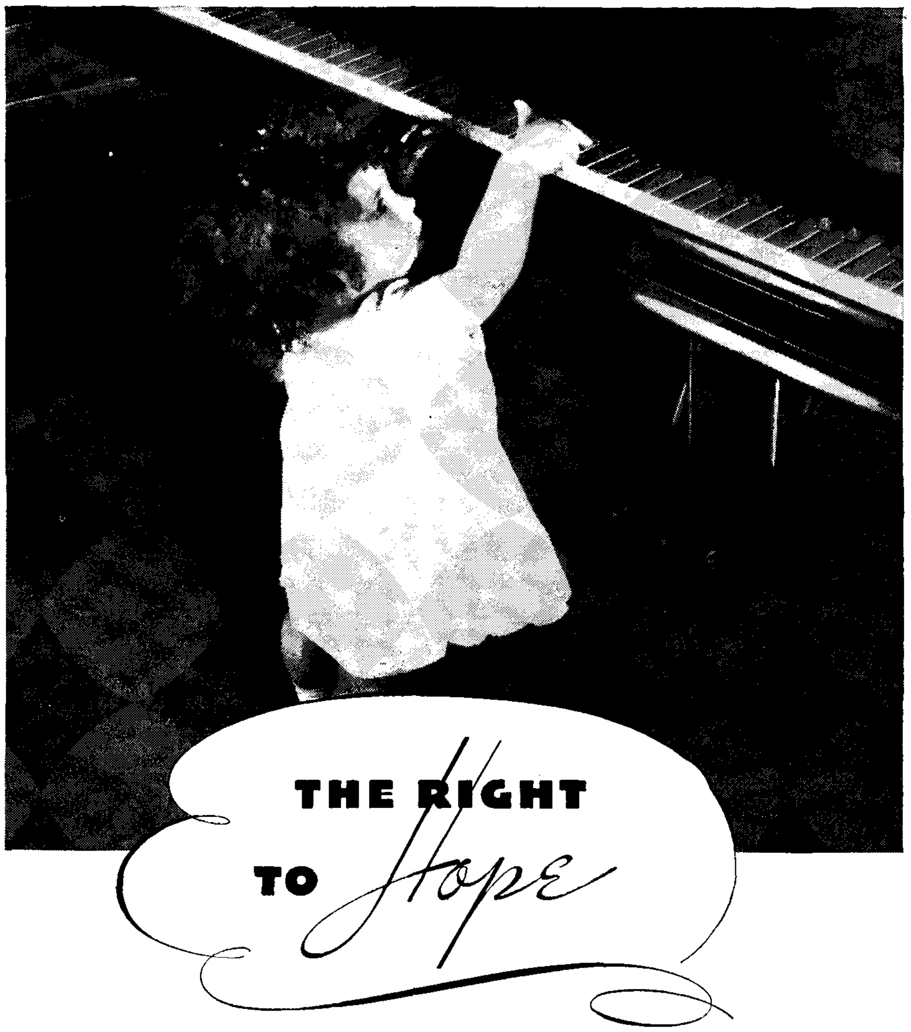
For pilots, the past decade has been trying because of the transition from contact flying in slow planes "under the weather" to instrument flying in modern high-speed transports "over the weather." In the old days, pilots were better than planes; they began every flight expecting structural or engine failure, and the outcome was the measure of their skill. Now, planes are better than personnel: and the latter must supplement their manual dexterity and knowledge with navigational and mechanical aids, in the planes as well as on the ground. The growth of the latter in reliability is the foremost answer possible to increased safety in the air.

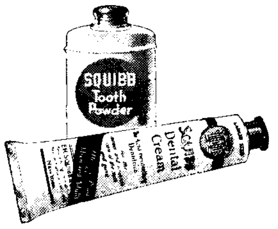
"More has been learned about the weather," Captain Eddie Rickenbacker



"I can't sleep nights, Doctor!"

F. NOFZIGER





BECAUSE of your knowledge of the hazards in her way and how to avoid them—you have the right to hope that her life will be rich in fulfillment.

But this warning must be taken now. One of the great menaces to health and happiness today is dental infection. For tooth decay has become one of the most harmful and prevalent diseases of mankind.

A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance—even actual loss of teeth—is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development—contribute to serious illness of vital organs—even shorten life.

Because of these facts, the House of Squibb has developed Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder to provide a more effective home aid in the fight against dental infection.

Most Tooth Decay
Can Be PREVENTED

Today we offer a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented, and urge you to follow it. Squibb dentifrices contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. And you will like the refreshing cleanliness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

Follow THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.

2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

SQUIBB
Dental Cream

For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb . . . Specify—

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—*a safe, internal regulator.*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN—*pure and promptly effective.*

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL—*exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D . . . a true economy.*

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—*free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . a sign of purity.*

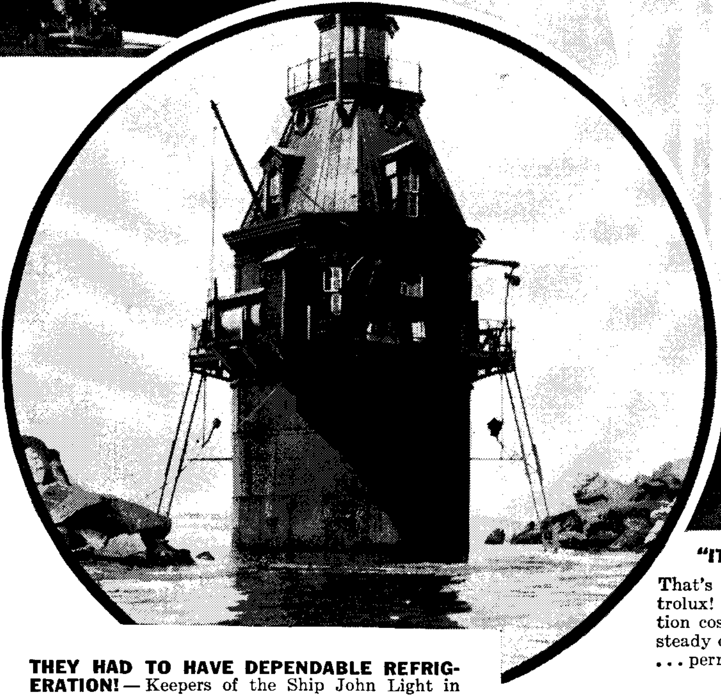
SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE—*refined to an unusual degree of purity.*

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

MILLIONS SAVE BECAUSE

TENANTS' CHOICE — BUILDER'S CHOICE — During the past nine years, Gustave Kellner, prominent New York City builder, has installed more than 600 Servel Electrolux Refrigerators in his various properties, including his latest building at 45 Hawthorne Street, Brooklyn. He writes: "One of the big reasons for my repeated choice of the gas refrigerator is that its silence and low operating cost mean a lot to tenants."

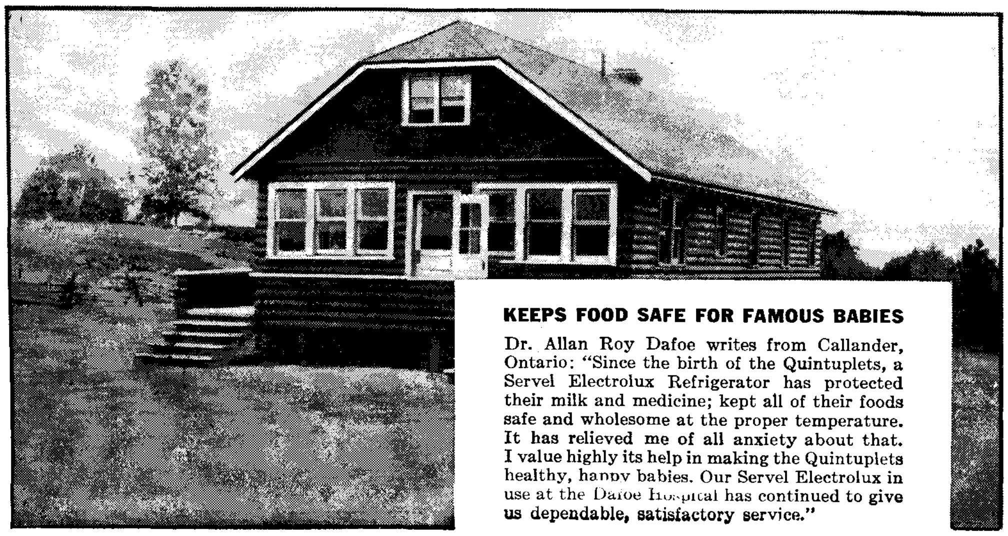
"NOT A MOMENT'S TROUBLE IN 10 YEARS with our Servel Electrolux," reports H. Schneider of 505 A Street, Lincoln, Nebraska. "My wife says she wishes everything was as dependable as her gas refrigerator. What's more, it's silent all the time and continues to cost very little to run—just a few cents a day."



THEY HAD TO HAVE DEPENDABLE REFRIGERATION! — Keepers of the Ship John Light in Delaware Bay—one of the most famous and oldest of lighthouses on the Atlantic Coast—guard their food in a Servel Electrolux, operated on bottled gas. Because it has no moving parts in its freezing system, this modern gas refrigerator assures dependable, low-cost protection year after year.

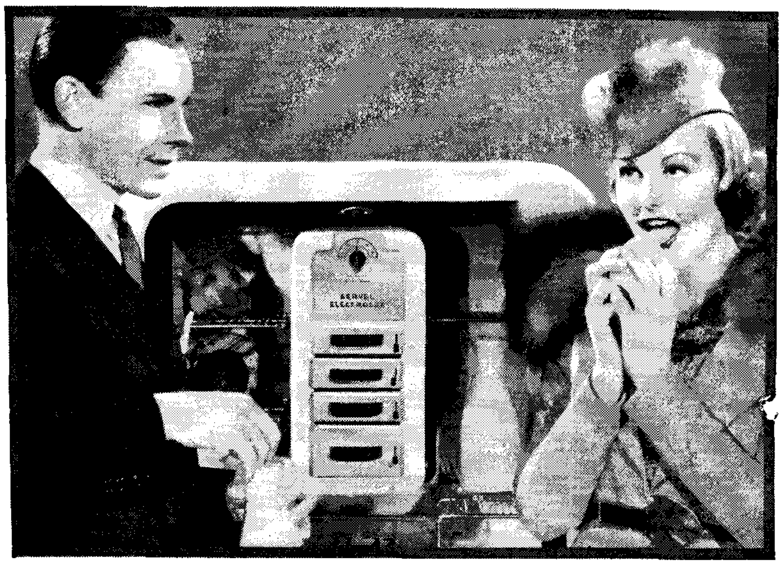
"IT'S SILENT AND SAVES US MONEY EVERY MONTH"

That's what women the country over will tell you about Servel Electrolux! Not only does its different, noiseless operation save on refrigeration cost and upkeep, but it saves as well on food bills. The constant, steady cold of the gas refrigerator enables you to keep leftovers for days . . . permits you to buy in quantity and take advantage of all "specials."



KEEPS FOOD SAFE FOR FAMOUS BABIES

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe writes from Callander, Ontario: "Since the birth of the Quintuplets, a Servel Electrolux Refrigerator has protected their milk and medicine; kept all of their foods safe and wholesome at the proper temperature. It has relieved me of all anxiety about that. I value highly its help in making the Quintuplets healthy, happy babies. Our Servel Electrolux in use at the Dafoe Hospital has continued to give us dependable, satisfactory service."



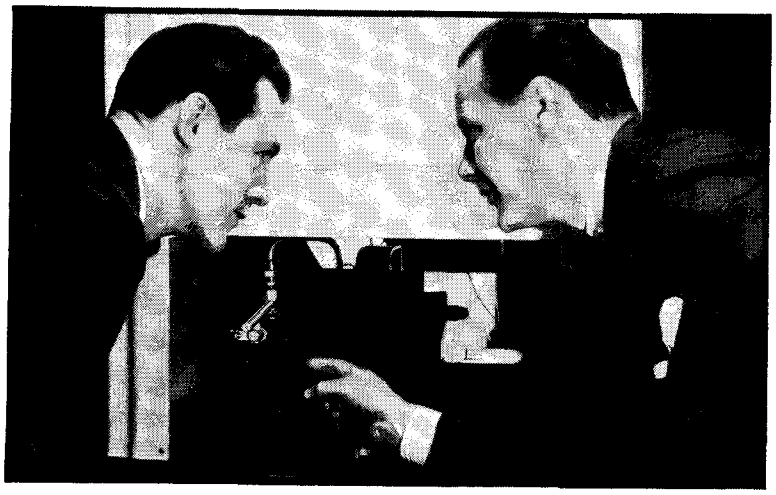
HOLLYWOOD APPRECIATES THE COMFORT OF SILENCE

For their homes and for their pictures, Hollywood's actors and directors choose Servel Electrolux, the silent refrigerator. Even after long service, it operates noiselessly . . . unfailingly. Here are Doris Nolan and George Murphy, stars of the new Universal musical production, "Top of the Town," with the beautiful 1937 Servel Electrolux Refrigerator.

IT FREEZES IN SILENCE

Wherever you go, SERVEL ELECTROLUX *owners are enthusiastic about the exclusive advantages of this modern refrigerator that*

HAS NO MOVING PARTS



PARTS THAT DO NOT MOVE CANNOT WEAR... CANNOT BECOME INEFFICIENT

In a refrigerator, as in anything else, parts that move will wear . . . will lose efficiency, sooner or later. This cannot happen in the freezing system of a Servel Electrolux. It has no moving parts, and needs none! A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant which produces constant cold and cubes of ice. That's why this remarkable refrigerator can offer you more years of perfect food protection . . . more years of silent, money-saving service.

Here's why it is silent and different—and why this means more years of dependable, money-saving refrigeration for you!

EVERYONE can appreciate what the permanent silence of a Servel Electrolux means in terms of *comfort.* But owners have found that comfort isn't the *only* reason for prizing this noiseless operation—nor the most important one!

A far bigger reason is the promise it gives of exclusive advantages that save you money year after year—for its cause is a basically different refrigerating system that has *no* moving parts at all! A tiny gas flame does all the work in this remarkable refrigerator. It circulates the refrigerant that produces ice and constant food-preserving cold.

PAYS FOR ITSELF

Think how you profit by this amazing simplicity which *distinguishes* Servel Electrolux from every other refrigerator. It means the same remarkably low operating cost and a minimum of upkeep throughout its long life—for parts that do not move cannot wear, cannot become inefficient! And it means continued economies on food bills and left-overs. You'll find that the savings you get with a Servel Electrolux are *real* savings—important enough to actually pay for it in an unusually short time.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE

It's important to you, too, that the great American gas industry endorses this modern refrigerator, and that your own gas company backs and services every one it installs.

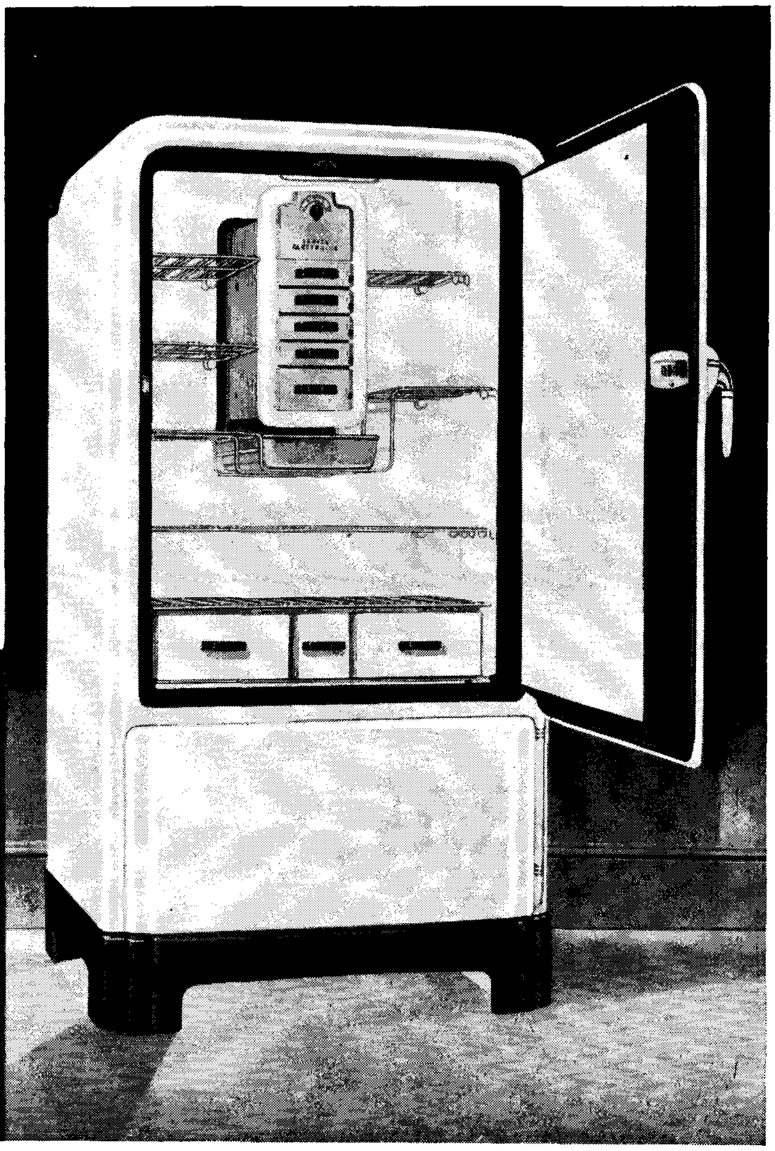
The beautiful new Servel Electrolux models are now on display at your local gas company or dealer showroom. See them this week—inspect them carefully! You'll be delighted with their greater spaciousness, their modern conveniences. And you'll be pleased to learn how easy it is to own one on a convenient purchase plan.

* * *

For farm and country homes, it runs on kerosene or bottled gas

No matter how far you live beyond the gas mains, you can still enjoy the same modern refrigeration that Servel Electrolux brings to fine city homes and apartments everywhere. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Servel Electrolux Sales Division, Evansville, Ind.

SERVEL ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

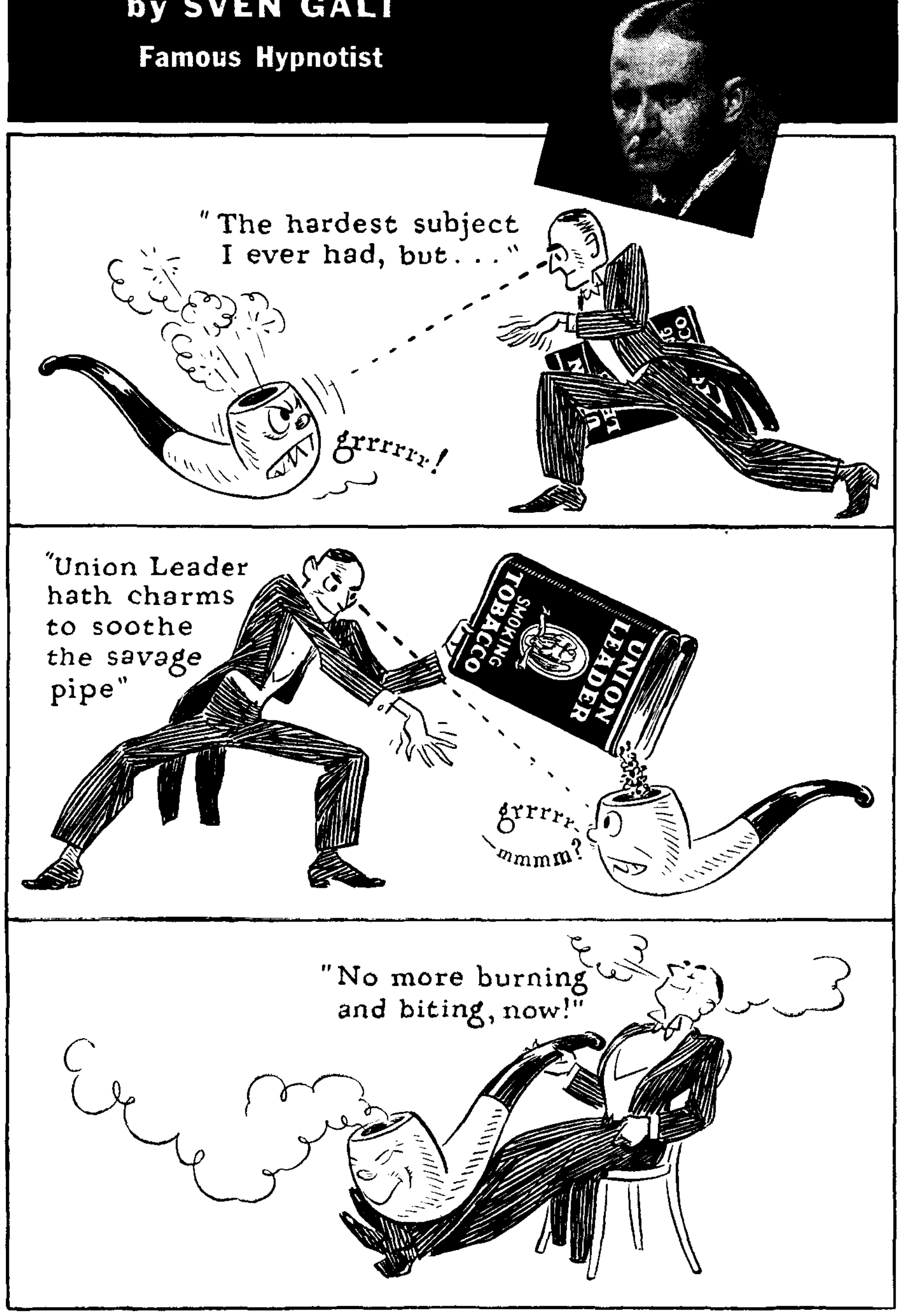


OSORNO
ARGENTINA
Atlantic Ocean
Pacific Ocean
N
W
E
S

REMOTE CHILE KNOWS IT'S ECONOMICAL
To Osorno, Chile, by water and rail, then into an oxcart for a 2-week journey over tortuous mountain roads—that's the story of another money-saving Servel Electrolux. Kerosene replaces gas as the fuel in this Servel Electrolux Refrigerator.

"How I Subdued a Vicious Pipe"

by SVEN GALI
Famous Hypnotist


"The hardest subject I ever had, but . . ."
grrrrr!
"Union Leader hath charms to soothe the savage pipe"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
grrrr, mmmm?
"No more burning and biting, now!"

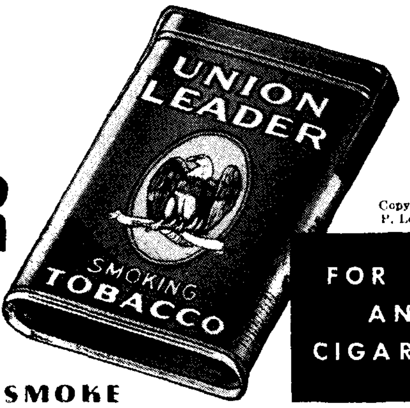
You too, can Pacify Pipes

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

Just look the nearest tobacconist in the eye . . . place ten cents on the counter, and say firmly—"Union Leader." This will identify you at once as a member of the Master Pipe-Hypnotists, who know the secret of "pipe-pleasure without punishment." Specially selected *ripe leaves* of Kentucky Burley, which Nature has richly flavored, are expertly cured and *aged-in-wood* to make Union Leader. This holds all the flavor and fragrance, but banishes bite and burn. (Try it for a new cigarette thrill, too!)

UNION LEADER 10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

remarked to me, "in the last five years *than in the* previous 5,000 years." Weather is, in importance, the next essential problem for airmen. There is some foundation for belief that our national weather map is changing; the recent accidents happened in one of the most unusual and freakish winters California—in fact, the whole country—has ever known.

In the matter of operations, some of the lines have been laggard; there is no standardization of practice, such as characterizes the railroads. Strides have been made, but even today—in cockpits, airports and ticket offices—there is too much of the glow of amateurishness; not enough appreciation that air-line flying is no longer a game, but a cold business which can survive only if accepted by a lay public which is normally turned away by confusion, heroics and don't-give-a-damn-for-anybody youths. The average businessman who flies from San Francisco to Dallas remains singularly unimpressed by the romance of the undertaking or the Olympian demeanor of the man who asks to see his ticket; to him, it is merely the quickest means of getting where he wants to go.

Hidden Causes

If the three foregoing reasons for air crashes are stressed in the bald prose of official findings, after a little probing you will find hidden causes even more potent.

Perhaps most destructive has been Washington's seizure of commercial aviation as a subject to be worried by political opportunists, as a bone is worried by hungry dogs. Youngest of the transportation industries, it is not yet sufficiently equipped with stature or resources to fight politicians with their own tools. Defenseless, it is their meat; and a blind on which to vent punishment, intended for public consumption, for abuses real or fancied.

Your safety in air travel is menaced by a lack of a national aviation program or policy in this country, alone of great nations. President Roosevelt appointed a commission under the late Clark Howell to make recommendations looking toward the safety and upbuilding of American commercial aviation. The Howell Commission turned in a good and intelligent job; but the furor has died away and no action was taken. Meantime, economic pressure exerted upon commercial aviation by the post-cancellation policy has been unabated and is commonly recognized by disinterested students of aeronautics as one of the most dangerous screened threats to safe flying.

Low mail payments have bred a competitive situation, not only among rival lines—but to a greater extent, companies and their personnel against the weather. Not enough is known about weather today to permit 100 per cent schedules; but the margin of profit of even the large air lines is so small that canceled trips are serious. Moreover, Uncle Sam being a sharp trader, the contractors must take any loads he dumps upon them and turn away better-paying business.

Subtle pressure to complete started trips exists, because pay is made only for the distance flown. If you get from New York to Cleveland with the Chicago mail and are then forced down by weather and have to entrain it, your loss is considerable. Pilots can't help knowing that, as they make decisions on flight continuance; also, that passenger refunds will have to be made. Then, pilots are paid on a mileage basis above a base rate. If you are a pilot and your wife is ill or mortgage and insurance payments are due, naturally you will be anxious to earn as much as you can; and this eagerness might unconsciously influence your decision in the face of dubious weather. Dispatchers' vigilance can and does largely avert such questionable judgments; but the menace is real. Of course, it is bosh to suppose either pilots or companies knowingly take risks; the pilots don't want to be killed, any more than you or I, as passengers, do; and the lines do not want the financial blows entailed by loss of patronage and equipment, and possible lawsuits.

Another principal source of government responsibility for deaths in commercial air travel is the anemia which has been allowed to grip and undermine our once splendid Federal Airways. The Air Commerce Bureau protests that no recent accident has been due to proved failure of its facilities; but that, as you will see, is superficial reasoning.

The Federal Airways, a great national resource developed by American brains and paid for by 50 million dollars of your money, have been allowed to grow out of date. It is as though you built a $40,000 house and then allowed it to deteriorate through the years for want of a few hundred dollars' worth of paint and upkeep and modernization. The need for the Airways has been greater since 1933, because it is since then that the modern science of "blind," or instrument, flying has come in. Before then, almost two million dollars a year was expended for construction of new and additional aids to navigation on the Federal Airways. Since then, for the same purpose not a dollar of direct appropriation was spent in 1933 and 1934; in 1935, only $287,900; and in 1936, $377,000: during this period, a little more than $2,000,000 of various relief funds were applied, but with small practical result and negligible efficiency because the guiding purpose was relief. Even the total for maintenance and operation of the Federal Airways dropped off from a high of nearly $6,000,000 in 1932 to less than $4,000,000 in 1936—the year of greatest life toll.

In the years, therefore, when most was needed, least was done—either to protect the original investment or the lives entrusted to it.

Airways Out of Date

The basic pattern of the Federal Airways remains, but it is outmoded, left behind in the rush of aeronautical science; inadequate and unsafe for modern air speeds and conditions. Modernized radio range beacons could blast through interference, in which pilots now often lose them: $25,000 expended on each station would bring them up. Only desultory steps have been taken. It is as though in your home you were still using a 1926 radio set to get the full values of 1937 broadcasts. For years, the air lines have wanted radio marker beacons—cost, roughly, $1,500 each—on certain dangerous ridges near important air fields.

Meanwhile, the air lines have spent millions on radio and instrument research; and at least $15,000,000 for new planes. Each time such new fleets go into service over the Airways, the latter become more antiquated, more dangerous.

Maintenance of the Airways is a proper government function, just as the Lighthouse Service and other aids to marine navigation are; for the earth is the bed of the ocean of air, and its contours are a coastline turned on edge.

Recently there was a National Aviation Safety Conference in Washington, participated in by the government and interested branches of the industry. This, in view of the winter's accidents, was to be a face-saver; to enable the Department of Commerce gracefully to ask for money it should have demanded long ago. It was intended, also, to help restore public confidence; but had a contrary effect when the love feast turned into the usual cat fight, with your interests sidetracked by political maneuverings. The industry said fourteen millions were essential to make the airways modern and safer. The Department virtually said it could not efficiently spend so much. The Department released a conference report containing eleven recommendations, most of them obvious or comparatively trivial. It ignored the two fundamentals which must be threshed out to gain safer flying:

First, even, standardized, and stricter enforcement of the present regulations governing air-line flying. These regulations are, in the main, adequate: major and responsible operators not only compel their personnel to observe but, in many instances, actually to exceed them on the side of safety. There remain loopholes. Personnel responsibility should have no play; the most rigid interpretation should be automatic.

The Human Element

Second, profound attention to the human element. Pilots, admittedly, are the finest and fittest mental and physical representatives of our modern race. But they remain men. They are not supermen, whereas the incredibly swift growth of their science demands of them the attributes of supermen. Each time new or faster planes have come to the air, there has been a temporary increase in accidents, followed presently by a recession to safer levels. The American characteristic of overreaching should be guarded against; for neither by musculature, mentality or reflexes is man fitted suddenly to move up 50 miles an hour, more or less, in speed range. Sympathetic and intelligent study of the pilot and his problem is the most urgent need in air travel.

Other major needs are:

A national air policy, utterly divorced from politics. Probably unattainable, under the American system of government, in our generation.

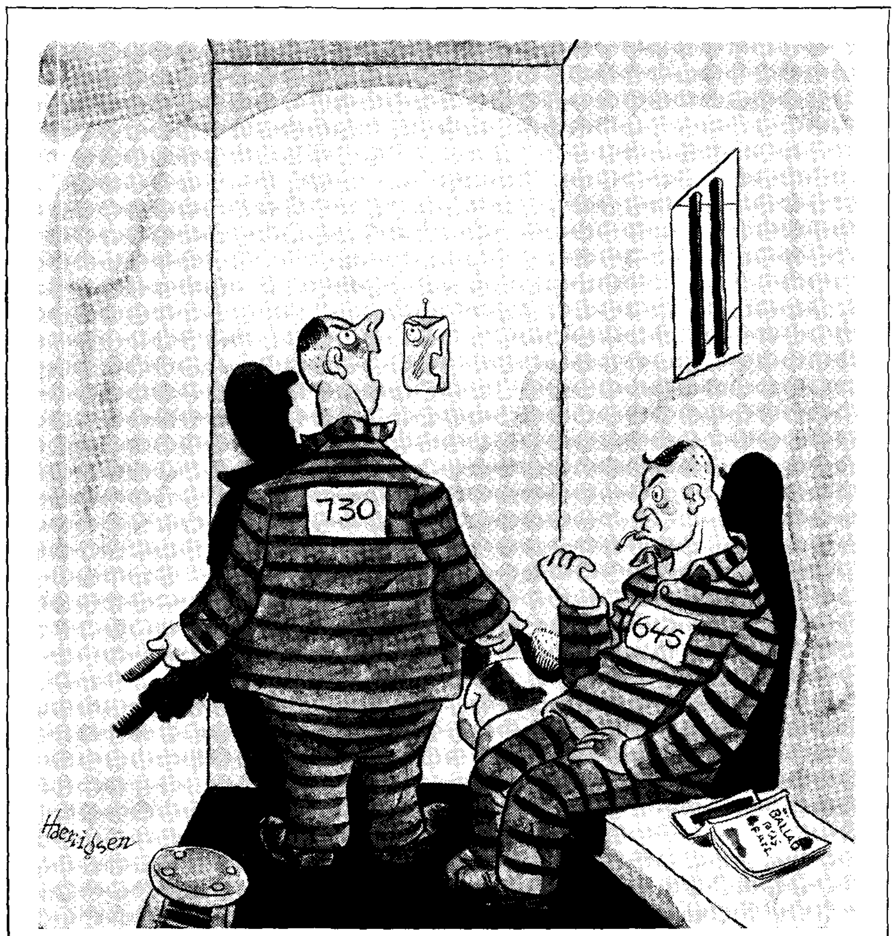
Modernize the Federal Airways at once and provide a continuing allotment to keep them up to date.

Relieve economic pressure on aviation by air-mail rates at least as flexible and generous as those now paid surface carriers.

Standardize operations practice; and maintain a large enough staff of government air-line inspectors to see that regulations are enforced.

Direct research unremittingly toward simplification of the pilot's cockpit. Now he has too many things on his mind; too many gadgets, too much to see, do and hear. "Pretty soon," one veteran pilot told me bitterly, "they'll have instruments for us to feel and to smell; then *all* our senses will be utilized!" He is oppressed with as much responsibility as a ship captain and infinitely more unsharable manual work; and he has less time in which to make decisions. You can't anchor a flying airplane until things clear up, or move astern. The pilot's mind and soul and body function in split seconds. The Air Commerce Bureau's coming introduction of a red light to flash on his instrument panel when he passes over the beacon cone of silence is one example of a useful step. It will make identification of his position automatic; now he must listen intently for it, because at 150 miles an hour and average altitude, he zips through it in about five seconds.

Pursue medical research, particularly with reference to pilot fitness. This is a field in which only the faintest and most formalized beginnings have been made. The pilot's fatigue point—his ultimate; his mental and physical cracking line—is not known: "We must find *that* out," says Major Schroeder. Moreover, a pilot's private interests should be the concern of his employer. Chief pilots are well enough compensated—$6,000 to $10,000 or more a year—for singleness of interest. But some of them are known to engage in outside businesses. Another pilot is known to own a gold mine, to which he drives 300 miles each way between flights. Others run garages, cafés. Because air travel is still young and delicate, because there are inherent


730
645
Haenigsen

"Concerts, lectures, shows, movies, sports! Ain't we never gonna get a quiet evening at home?" HARRY HAENIGSEN

-HORRORS! IT'S GONE AGAIN!
THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE WAKED UP WITH A HEAD-ACHE AND FOUND MY BROMO-SELTZER GONE!
GOSH, AUNT HEPSIBAH, THERE MUST BE A THIEF IN THE HOUSE!
THAT NIGHT
- GERALD WOULD GO TO A PARTY AND LEAVE ME ALONE WITH A THIEF! BUT THIS TIME I'LL TIE THE BROMO-SELTZER BOTTLE TO MY TOE!
NEXT MORNING
BOY-DO I NEED THIS! LAST NIGHT'S PARTY STARTED A FIRE IN MY HEAD
MY TOE!!!
THE ONLY ONE I DIDN'T SUSPECT! HOW DID YOU KNOW BROMO-SELTZER STOPS HEADACHES FASTER?
- YOU TAUGHT ME, AUNT HEP- IT SOOTHES THE NERVES AND SETTLES THE STOMACH, TOO!
DOCTORS' TESTS PROVED BROMO-SELTZER WORKS FASTER
IT GIVES MORE ALL-ROUND RELIEF
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

1. DOCTORS' TESTS recently proved that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

2. SETTLES STOMACH—relieves upset stomach, nausea and that awful "dark brown taste."

3. SOOTHES NERVES—calms your overtaxed nervous system. Relieves your sense of strain and fatigue.

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BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

YOUR FATHER SAID NO!
OH, JERRY! WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?
A MECHANIC TIES A MARRIAGE KNOT
SO HER FATHER TURNED YOU DOWN, JERRY?
YEAH! SAID IF I TOOK CARE OF HER LIKE I DID MY CAR, HE'D SOON HAVE TO REPOSSESS HER!
HE THINKS I'M NOT THRIFTY. WHY, I HAVEN'T SPENT A DIME ON MY CAR
BUT HE KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THRIFT AND NEGLECT. HE'S BOSS OF A BIG FLEET OF TRUCKS AND HE KNOWS
SO WHAT?
HE KEEPS THOSE TRUCKS IN SHAPE-GETS 150,000 PAYING MILES OUT OF 'EM. HIS FIRM'D GO BROKE RUNNING OIL HOGS LIKE YOURS
CAN I HELP IT IF MY CAR EATS OIL?
YES, JERRY. NEW PERFECT CIRCLE X-90 PISTON RINGS WILL SEAL YOUR WORN CYLINDERS-GIVE YOU NEW CAR PEP-CUT OIL BILLS-DOUBLE ENGINE LIFE
YEP, THIS PERFECT CIRCLE RING MAY MEAN A WEDDING RING, BOY. IT'LL PROVE YOU'LL MAKE A THRIFTY SON-IN-LAW!
AND MAYBE GET ME A BRIDE?
LATER
DARLING, HERE'S THE MAN WHO DID MORE FOR US THAN THE PREACHER
JUST MARRIED

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Model__________ Mileage__________ Trouble__________
Name of my repair shop__________ Address__________

risks, it is not too much to ask of air transport captains their undivided loyalties.

Stress research in radio aids and problems. Pilots have been "losing the beacon" on account of "snow static," which is a phenomenon that loomed with the advent of modern fast ships; it is generated when a plane flies at high speed through air filled with electrically-charged particles of dust, sleet, rain or snow. Plane antennae heretofore have been unshielded bronze wire underneath the fuselage; now copper loop antennae, shielded by aluminum tubing, promise better results. Perfection of a radio compass is essential; also, of a system of radio direction-finding that will enable ground stations to get cross-bearings on ships aloft and tell the pilot exactly where he may be—if other aids fail him. Such a plan—already used at sea and in European commercial flying—would have kept Pilot Merrill of Eastern Air Lines from his forced landing in the mountains miles west of Newark, the destination which he thought he had reached. But it is one thing to know where you are in blind weather; it is another and more difficult thing to do something about it—get down on the ground under control. Modern airplanes are perfectly safe in the air—it is when they come to earth out of control that accidents happen. Therefore, intensive work toward faultless radio landing aids, a runway beam, is essential.

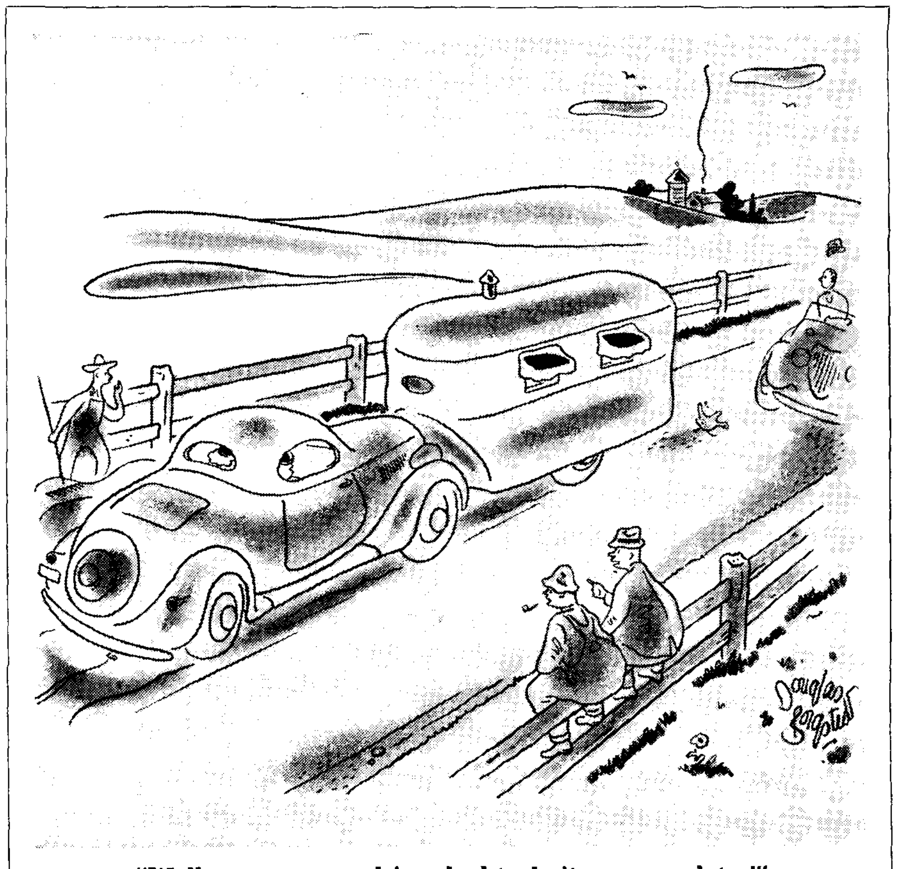
Mishaps Prods to Science

Expand the work of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. The fact that in modern times there has been no structural failures of passenger-carrying transport planes is almost solely due to the research work of this wonderful committee. Safer air travel, as a given problem, should be laid on its desks.

Expand the weather reporting services; with more off-the-airways stations. Again, the Merrill affair is an illustration in point—both of the need for better weather methods and of the way in which mishaps contribute to the progress of science. When Merrill lost the beacon he navigated by dead reckoning and the information supplied him of upper air winds. If the latter had not varied, he would have come down at Newark. But the sky had clouded since the wind readings were made; and, unknown to ground observers, the velocity of the upper winds had more than doubled. Merrill's navigational error could be exactly measured by the change in wind force. Now, tiny radio sets will be attached to the small free balloons which are sent up so that their rate of movement may be read from the ground. If weather hides the balloons, triangulation by ground radio stations will reveal their speed and direction.

This is progress. This is what you, in part, are contributing to when you buy your tickets and set out upon your air travels, full well knowing as an intelligent man that what you are doing is not 100 per cent safe and never will reach that absolute—any more than will any human activity.

In the first year of air-mail schedules I flew over the Alleghenies from New York to Cleveland: a mountain stretch known then as the "air-mail graveyard." If the weather pressed down, you sneaked from valley to valley and in a place like Woodward Pass you were lucky to get through without grass stains on your wingtips. Yesterday I flew east from Chicago in the Sky Lounge over the same route, nonstop to New York, in far less time than it had taken us to fly half the distance a decade ago. The Alleghenies, far below, were only dark lines on a snow-covered state. Then, I had sat in an open cockpit, on a sack of mail, with a parachute strapped to me, and fought a loose hatch cover that kept whanging me on the head. Now, there was a deep chair that I could swing or incline at will, a heated and soundproofed cabin, a fine meal, the atmosphere of club luxury. From 10,000 feet I looked down upon Woodward Pass and remembered a bad storm in there; but it seemed neither formidable nor important from up here. Progress had leveled it, stolen its terrors. With my own eyes I have seen graphically the contrast wrought in ten years. It has not left me ready to believe we have come to the end, in confusion and timidity; or that because aeronautical speed may have outflown knowledge temporarily, knowledge will not catch up again.


Douglas Borgstedt

"Well, some woman driver had to do it sooner or later!"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Not in the Contract

Continued from page 27

off the FHA. So there is nobody around, and Harry MacQuharrie sets in the cool of the cellar and waits.

Harry MacQuharrie sets in the cool cellar out of the dust for a good while; and along comes Charlie Logan on the truck with some barrels, and he stops and hollers.

Charlie Logan is riding some barrels of waste oil for the garage, drained out of crankcases, riding his dead oil over to Hyattsville, and, as he is passing by, he stops at the new house and hollers for Tappy. But no Tappy. He is in Tuola.

Charlie Logan gets down and looks in the new house and hollers in it, and Harry MacQuharrie don't mess with him and goes on setting in the cellar.

So Charlie Logan backs his truck over to the hole he dug, that is boarded over to keep out the little boy of Tappy's.

Then Charlie Logan looks all around and pops a hose in a barrel on his truck and jumps down and slips the hose between the boards and hoses the barrel into the hole, looking all around, and Harry MacQuharrie is watching him out the cellar and can see he is up to mischief.

So Harry MacQuharrie figures why is Charlie Logan hosing a barrel of that black and dirty oil into Tappy's well on the sly, and it will spoil Tappy's water.

"I knowed I got the miserable coot this time!" says Harry MacQuharrie. "Playing his silly-billy tricks. And I says to myself, 'Doggone you, Charlie Logan,' and I didn't say a word and let him go ahead and empty the whole barrel, and when he is driving off I popped outen the cellar and I says, 'Buy a dog, Charlie?' "

Heh!

Harry MacQuharrie gets on the truck, tries them barrels and they are all full of this waste oil—'cept the empty one; that wasn't full—and he kicks a board and looks in the well and sees what is into it, and he says to Charlie Logan, "Buy a dog, Charlie?"

Charlie Logan seen he was caught fair this time. And he pulls out a dollar and he says, "Here's your dollar, Harry. Shoot the dog for me, like a good fellow."

Then he looks back at the well, and he says to Harry, "Don't say nothing to that damn' cripple. He wouldn't pay me my money like a man. He wants water, I'll give him water. Heh, heh—let him drink that!"

CHARLIE LOGAN drives off with his barrels to Hyattsville, and Harry MacQuharrie sets in the cool cellar again, enjoying his dollar and thinking what will he sell Tappy for his new house when he comes.

Harry MacQuharrie sets a good while; and along comes Tappy and the family, back from Tuola.

They get out and tote furnishings into the knocked-down house, and Harry MacQuharrie, seeing them toting chairs, comes out the cellar and sets on the porch in a rocker they just fetched in.

He don't let on to Tappy about Charlie Logan getting hunk and pouring this oil into Tappy's well, 'cause it ain't nothing to him. He got his dollar back fair and square, and he wouldn't knock no man out of work such hard times.

Well, sir, after a good while Tappy goes tapping around on his wooden leg and comes to the new well and looks down.

"Now I knowed what he will do next!" says Harry MacQuharrie. "He will rare up and stomp and beller, he is so mad. Some miserable coot ruinating his water, pouring in that black oil. 'Cause there never was no oil in Tuola County, not a smell, less'n it come outen a barrel and everybody knowed that. Less'n a greenhorn just up from down yonder. Well, he rared up, Tappy did, and bellered. But he wasn't mad."

"Hebe!" hollered Tappy, getting up and hollering. "Come see what is in our well!"

His wife Hebe she come too and she looks down, and she don't know nothing either, and she says, "What is that stuff down there? What is that in our well?"

Tappy he lets down a scantling and he sloshes around, and he pulls up and says, "Hebe, it is oil! Feel it, smell it; it is oil." Only he don't say it is oil. He hollers, "Oil! Oil! We struck oil!"

Then he come up and set on the porch steps and looks at Harry MacQuharrie; and Harry MacQuharrie lets on he is asleep. Catch that weasel asleep.

AFTER a while Harry MacQuharrie opens his eyes and gives a kick and a yell, letting on he just roused up, and he looks at Tappy and says, "Who done that bellering or was I dreaming?"

"Pretty country, MacQuharrie," says Tappy, rimming his eyes to admire around. There was some dust. "Nice farm you got here, MacQuharrie. I sure wisht I had all that ground for Junior, for him to grow up and run around. Nice farm."

"I reckon," says Harry MacQuharrie, smelling what is coming. "All it needs is water!"

"Well," says Tappy, giving him a cunning look, "they say down Texas that's all the hot place needs too. Water. But I just happen to feel in the humor and frame of mind to buy me some land today. MacQuharrie, what would you take for your whole blame' farm? What would you take for it? Want to sell?"

"I reckon," says Harry MacQuharrie. "Reckon I might."

"Name a price, MacQuharrie," says Tappy, " 'cause I am in the frame of mind and humor! What would you take for the whole blame' eighty acres?"

Well, Harry MacQuharrie didn't pay only eight hundred dollars for that half a quarter section when it had water, and you give eight hundred dollars for it now you couldn't make nothing off it, 'cause it was gullying and blowing away. No, you couldn't make nothing off it. Harry MacQuharrie wasn't making nothing off it.

So when Tappy asks him will he sell, he says, "I reckon."

He says, "Mister, it is a funny thing that I am just sitting here and thinking I got to touch money today. Today! And you ask me will I sell my farm. Yes, yes, it is funny. You want this farm real sudden? It's yourn, for only five thousand dollars."

Heh!

'Cause that farm didn't cost him only eight hundred dollars, and it won't grow nothing, and a farm that won't grow nothing ain't worth nothing. It ain't worth more'n five thousand dollars no day. Five thousand dollars was nice money for that farm, if he could get it. But Harry MacQuharrie seen how the wind is blowing and he seen he had Tappy coming, and Harry added him up like that, what he could get off him, the most, and he says, "Five thousand. Today!"

Well, sir, Tappy didn't barter a cent, like he didn't barter when he wanted a patch of land for his knocked-down house and paid Harry MacQuharrie two prices. No, he is boiling with the excitement, 'cause he thinks he's struck oil.

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THAT NIGHT

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He says, "MacQuharrie, I ain't got but this nine hundred dollars I got from the FHA down to Tuola just now, and it is yourn if you want it, and I'll sign you the wife's insurance, and give you a mortgage if 'tain't enough. 'Cause I am in the frame of mind and humor and my blood is up!"

Well, thinks Harry MacQuharrie, this ain't no deal to sleep on till he finds out how that oil got in the well. And he gets up and says, "Mister, if you mean business, come on back now to the lawyer's in Tuola."

Well, sir, they got in Tappy's car and they come on back into Tuola, and Harry MacQuharrie cleaned Tappy till he didn't leave him nothing. Yes, you got to give Harry credit for being sharp. He is sharp, a little mite too sharp, maybe. He got five thousand dollars out of Tappy. Up to five thousand dollars in cash and this and that. And he give Tappy the deed to the eighty acres. That day. 'Cause, thinks Harry MacQuharrie, this ain't no deal to sleep on!

Heh!

So Tappy hurries back to look some more at the oil in the well, him and Hebe and the little fellow, and to think of all the money they will have now. And Harry MacQuharrie goes over to Alvarez's Silver Bar to set them up. He ain't generally a man to set them up, but this is his big day. So he says, "Raoul, see what they will have! Step up, boys, it is my birthday!"

While Harry MacQuharrie is setting them up in Alvarez's Silver Bar, in comes Charlie Logan. He didn't come in by no accident. Any time anybody is setting them up and Charlie Logan don't hear about it, that is an accident.

So he comes in Alvarez's Silver Bar, and Harry MacQuharrie told him to step up and name it, and told him how he sold the old farm to Tappy for oil land for five thousand dollars, and did they laugh.

Yes, sir, they had a good laugh, and Charlie Logan says, "He is the dumb one. There wasn't never no oil in Tuola County."

"He comes up to me," says Harry MacQuharrie, telling all Alvarez's Silver Bar, "and he says — heh, heh! — 'Mr. MacQuharrie, what'll you take for the whole blame' farm, eighty acres?' And I says to him—heh, heh!—Set them up again, Raoul. Boys, it is my birthday."

A fellow stuck his head in the bar, and he hollered, "Struck oil up the road on Harry MacQuharrie's farm! Digging a well, they was, and—Hello, Harry."

Did they laugh!

"They might tie you, Harry," says Charlie Logan, "but they can't beat you. My very best, Harry. But, Harry, who's going to pay me for my digging? If you got everything Tappy got. How about my fourteen dollars? Owes me fourteen dollars, Tappy does, or somebody."

"After what you done to his well Charlie?" says Harry, laughing merrily "I was just telling the boys. You spoiled that well, Charlie. Set them up, Raoul.'

"What'd I do to his blame' well?" says Charlie Logan. "The well's all right Harry; I just—heh, heh!—I just primed it for him. Go down deeper and the water's there, and Zeph Race found it himself. Only it was heavy digging in that clay. What would he think there's oil in Tuola County for, when there never was none brought in yet?"

"Why wouldn't he?" says Harry MacQuharrie. "When he seen it hisself with his own eyes? Heh, heh—you poured in plenty oil. I was telling the boys That barrel of crankcase waste you put in his well 'cause he hit you and knocked you over! You got plenty hunk on him now, Charlie! Pshaw, I got his money and he's going to find out right soon how that oil come in his well, so go on, tell the boys! Heh, heh—I was setting right there when he rares up and bellers, 'Oil!' But the best was when he come over to me—heh, heh—"

"What you mean?" says Charlie Logan, surprised-like.

"What you mean, crankcase waste, Harry?" says Charlie Logan, downing his drink. "I was riding that dead oil over to Hyattsville, sure enough, but why would I put it in Tappy's well?

"Oh, no, Harry," says Charlie Logan. "There wasn't no oil in that barrel, Harry. Not in that barrel. What was in that barrel was water. That's what I put in the well, to get me some money outen that damn' cripple. You didn't see no oil, Harry; not outen that barrel. Why, Harry, you seen me hose that barrel of water in there your own self."

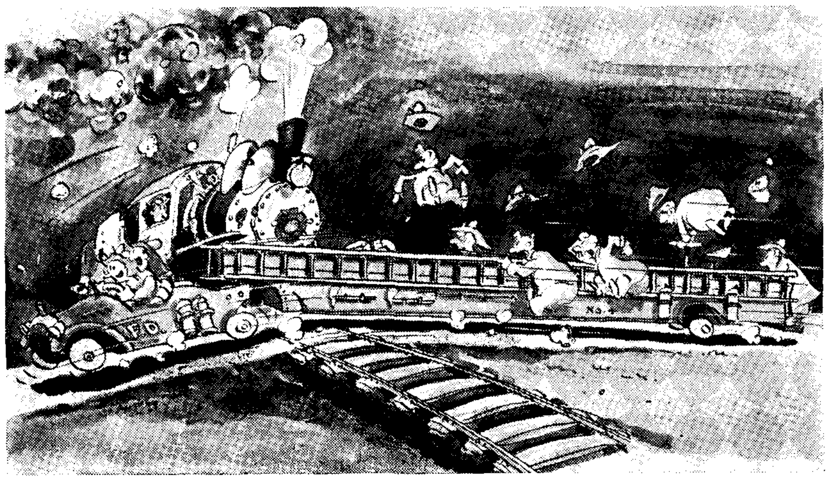
Yes, sir. You'd have to know Charlie.

WHAT he put in that hole was a barrel of water, so the clay would hold it till he come and got his money. But what Tappy and Harry MacQuharrie seen into it was oil. Oh, it was oil. First ever brought in in Tuola County, and that was on Harry MacQuharrie's dry farm if you're wanting to know how they first found oil in Tuola. Just up that road a piece. Charlie Logan dug it; and they drilled four thousand feet, years back, and didn't find none. Tappy sold the rights for nigh two hundred thousand dollars and the Tuola school board had to hire them a new schoolteacher to teach the Tuola school, in Tuola.

"People can laugh if they got a mind to," says Harry MacQuharrie. "Want to laugh at Charlie Logan fixing to rob a man! Dumping in a barrel of water so he could say, 'Look, Tappy, you got water!' Playing his silly-billy tricks. Doggone Charlie Logan!"

Heh!

Harry don't like Charlie. No, sir, Harry MacQuharrie don't like Charlie Logan, much.



"Oh, boy! Was that close!"

REAMER KELLER

No Father to Guide Them

Continued from page 19

tadpoles shed its tail and became a full-grown frog.

He tried other things—things that seemed goofy. He punched holes in unfertilized eggs and contaminated them with starfish sperm and blood from pigs, sheep, oxen and rabbits. They, too, somehow, became fertile and produced frogs. Finally the great biologist arrived at a profound conclusion: "The chemistry of living matter is not specifically different from the chemistry of the laboratory." No one could dispute him.

Loeb took his deserved place with science's all-time great before he died in 1924. But he still hadn't been able to cross the bridge that exists between lower-life forms and complex mammalian life. Pincus . . .

The Harvard researcher, on the other hand, was on the trail. But he wanted to check his work all over again.

Working with his slender, almost feminine hands, Pincus removed an ovum from the plump female rabbit that he selected. She was a model of isolated chastity. He swished her egg about in a solution of salt water for about six minutes and then lodged it in the body of another rabbit. He repeated the process dozens of times. If things went as he hoped, first the cells would divide in simple geometric progression; one would split in two; these two would make four; the four, eight, etc. Then they would reach the morula stage. Morula roots to the Latin word for mulberry—a word which graphically describes what the clustered cells would look like. Finally they would arrange themselves like the shell of a hollow sphere—the blastula stage. And inside this sphere, a fraction the size of a pinhead, the embryo would begin to form.

Bunny Host Mothers

For a week Pincus hovered over the cages in the smelly animal room.

Nervously he anesthetized and killed rabbit No. 1. If the ovum were the same single cell he had implanted, the work would be a bust. If, on the other hand, it had grown into the morula stage, and on into the hollow-sphere stage, and on into the embryo stage! That would be parthenogenesis, the creation of life without male factors—something that had never before been done with mammalian life.

He cut open rabbit No. 1. There was growth! Definite, incontrovertible growth. A day later he opened a second rabbit whose ovum had been given more time to develop. It was, as he hoped it would be, at a more advanced stage! One of the rabbits incubated an egg six days. It had developed normally; had taken several regular steps toward the ready-to-be-born stage of rabbit development.

As yet Pincus has not allowed one of his rabbits to be delivered, at term of a normal, healthy bunny. He has been too anxious to check early stages of growth. The first fatherless bunny—which will certainly make medical history—will doubtless come later. But not until Pincus has observed each logical step carefully, patiently, accurately.

Meanwhile in a scholarly little monograph, he has crystal-gazed as much as scientific caution allows: "It is obvious, of course, that a mere beginning has been made in the investigation of parthenogenetic potencies of tubal ova. Presumably normal embryos might develop. . . ."

The implications of this work are broad and profound. Since, as we have said, there is little difference between the process of reproduction of men and rabbits, there is every reason to suppose his finds could be applied to human beings. In the resulting world man's value would shrink. It is conceivable that the process would not even produce males. The mythical land of the Amazons would then come to life. A world where women would be self-sufficient; man's value precisely zero.

Such a hypothetical world, however, is in the far distant future. No one need have the fears that assailed two maiden ladies summering at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Hearing of Pincus' work, they inquired at the biological station if it were quite safe for them to go swimming in the Atlantic.

But to get back to the Wellsian world Pincus' work has postulated. In addition to his salt-water fertilization research he has made discoveries that suggest that in such a world it may not even be necessary for a woman to carry her own babies.

The researcher has done tricks astounding to rabbit and researcher alike. He has, for example, extracted an ovum from one rabbit, fertilized it in a test tube with sperm borrowed from a male and then installed it in the body of a third rabbit. Forty-five of these ova have developed into normal, healthy bunnies in their host mothers.

The implications seem to have more immediate importance than Pincus' major work. Apparently there is little reason why the rabbit findings cannot be applied to human beings in the near future.

Many women have bodies structurally unable to bear children. Others—business executives—have just as deep yearnings for children as their less occupied sisters, but not the time to devote to childbearing. Modern business makes few allowances for race propagation. For these two classes "host" mothers might be the answer. They would furnish a baby with its prenatal home and would nourish it. But they would in no wise influence inherited traits.

What psychological disturbances such a procedure might cause is debatable. Dr. Alexis Carrel, lecturing at the University of California last spring, covered the subject to his own satisfaction. While, he observed, it seemed thoroughly possible to develop an "artificial" baby in the glass heart-lung apparatus he and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh developed, he considered it highly inadvisable.

Dr. Carrel Disapproves

"It would be the ruin of women," he said. "Healthy women develop tremendously after they have had children.

"Their nervous systems are much improved—somewhat after one child, more after two, but more yet after three or four. And their looks are improved, too.

"We should conduct many more experiments along these lines. I have noticed with animals that the female is far more healthy after she has borne young. I have noticed it with dogs, cats—all the animals.

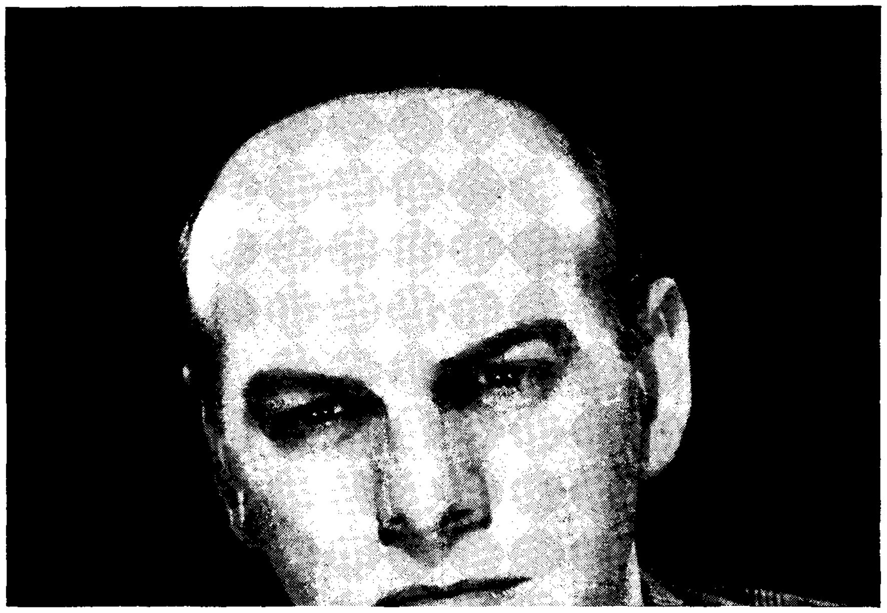
"Unfortunately, modern woman has had to forego many of the exercises that make motherhood natural.

"We should direct our research to get back to that point. Artificial production of children would take us even farther in the other direction and would rob us of the most valuable aids to their development."

When points like these are raised, Pincus snaps with annoyance. "I am not," he says, "interested in the implications of the work."

When he checks his hat

He checks his youth



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Never to let more than one day pass

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

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A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Fishing for a Living

Continued from page 22

"She's blowing out of the southwest this morning," Buck said. "The northeast wind is best. Guess I'd better let out the net," he added, "and begin picking up some bait. You know, I used to seine around the surf and the piers and come out here with a lot of minnows, craws and shrimp, but these fish won't bite them. I have learned to catch my bait where I fish, then I am sure of fishing with the kind they are feeding on. Sometimes my net will pick up pinbacks, and again it will catch practically all croakers. At other times it will be heavy with grass shrimp, or piggies."

Another hour passed and a faint ray of daylight pierced the eastern horizon. The motor was throttled down until it barely crept along, and Buck began pulling in the net. Great rolls of seaweed entangled in the mesh, which called for Herculean strength to lift it, but Buck, young and powerful, was fully equal to the occasion and tossed handfuls overboard at every swoop. Finally the end was reached and a large bucket of flopping little "piggies" (a species of sea perch) were dumped into the bait box. Two or three big crabs, unwilling victims of the net, scuttled over the top and disappeared into the watery depths. A bleary-eyed blowfish that looked like a bullfrog with a hangover pouted and puffed as Buck held it up in the half-light of morning for me to see.

"Nearly everything we caught were piggies," he said, "and that is what they will be biting."

A Cork is Important

"You see," said Buck, as he speeded up the motor and we headed for the bluff which we could not faintly outline, "a lot of people think fishing is a matter of luck. Just to give you an idea of what I mean, I have found that fish stay where the bottom is uneven. I came out here and sounded this bay for miles. It took a year to do it. It all looks alike from the top, but if you have a knowledge of the contour of the ocean bed, then you will know where the fish are. Right beneath where we are sitting, the ocean floor is very uneven. Sometimes it will be four feet deep, and then a hole ten feet deep. In some places the bottom is like a huge wave, rising and falling every few feet. Fish like to live in these holes. A fisherman wastes time where the bottom is smooth.

"Now, if I wanted jewfish, I would go out to the hulk of some old sunken ship. Lots of big redfish come into the passes and hang around the jetties. Quite often mackerel run in there also. Different kinds of fish stay in different kinds of water."

But daylight came and we found ourselves alone, bounded by an endless stretch of water in every direction. Buck began putting his tackle together—if it could be called tackle. His pole was of the old canebrake variety, only of huge size and about twenty feet long. The line was of linen and tested ninety pounds. The hook was a No. 8 Sproat with a two-foot piano-wire leader, and a swivel. And the cork—let me tell you about it—it was square and about two inches from point to point. Now, you may not think a cork is very important but I learned a lot of things about fishing from Buck Haney.

It developed that fish are very curious critters, and the popping of a cork causes them to gather around and see what the commotion is all about. Buck went on to explain something of the ways of the wary trout, and then, after shutting off the motor, said: "I'll show you how it works."

He pulled up the bait box and took out a piggie which grunted in loud protest as he put it on his hook. (These little fish get the name of piggie from their grunting.) With a wide fling of the twenty-foot pole, the bait sailed many feet away and then hit the water. The cork bobbed gently and moved slowly as the little "piggie" tried to free himself.

"Plop!" went the cork, as it disappeared, and then as quickly came back to the surface. I looked in time to see Buck give the pole another terrific jerk. The cork plopped again.

He did this at least two or three times per minute.

"Plopping the cork," he explained, "makes the fish gather around, and then one of them spies the piggie on my hook and makes a dash for it." No sooner spoken than he plopped the cork again, and it shot under like a bullet. In less time than it takes to tell it, a nice trout was hurtling through space toward the boat. With the precision of a machine, Buck caught the fish in his hands and unhooked it, then put on another piggie and cast back into the same spot immediately.

"You see," he said, "it is necessary to work fast to keep the school following us. If our boat drifts too fast and gets out of their range before I throw another bait among them, they will swim off in another direction. Sometimes one can keep a school following him for hours."

Another trout had the bait by now, and as Buck gave a mighty jerk to haul him in, the piggie flew off the hook.

"Oh! Oh! You lost your bait," I shouted.

"That's one of the secrets of keeping them following you. I try to jerk the bait off every time when a school of fish is following me. They see this piggie hit the water and think they are in a school of minnows. This keeps them interested until I can take my fish off and get another bait on the hook.

"Sometimes when they slow down a bit, I toss a handful of minnows or shrimp into the sea and keep them striking in that way. You've got to fool the fish, you know."

Well, this went on until fifteen beautiful trout were flopping in the live-box, and then they practically stopped biting. Buck looked over the broad expanse of water, and said: "We've lost that school. Let's move around a little. There's a flock of gulls off to the left—they might be over a school of fish."

He started up the motor and we were soon headed for the birds. Drawing nearer, Buck turned the boat away in another direction, saying: "Them ain't nothing but rat reds." (Meaning very small redfish.)

"How do you know what they are, Buck? You haven't seen them, have you?"

A Twenty-Pound Red

"No, but I can tell by the way the gulls act what kind of fish they are following. You will notice that most of those gulls are sitting on the water. Well, the rat reds run deeper than trout, and when they chase shrimp, the shrimp do not come to the surface, and so the gulls alight on the water and dive for them. But let a school of trout come along and a bunch of shrimp will tear up the water leaping out. When this happens the gulls are constantly moving, screaming and diving above the shrimp. Gulls nearly always mean that fish are near, and after a few years on the sea, it becomes easy to tell what kind of fish they are following.

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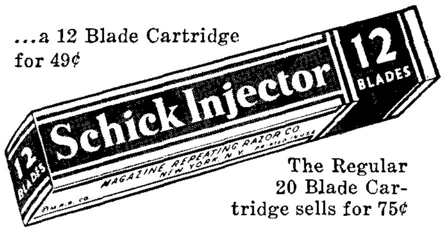

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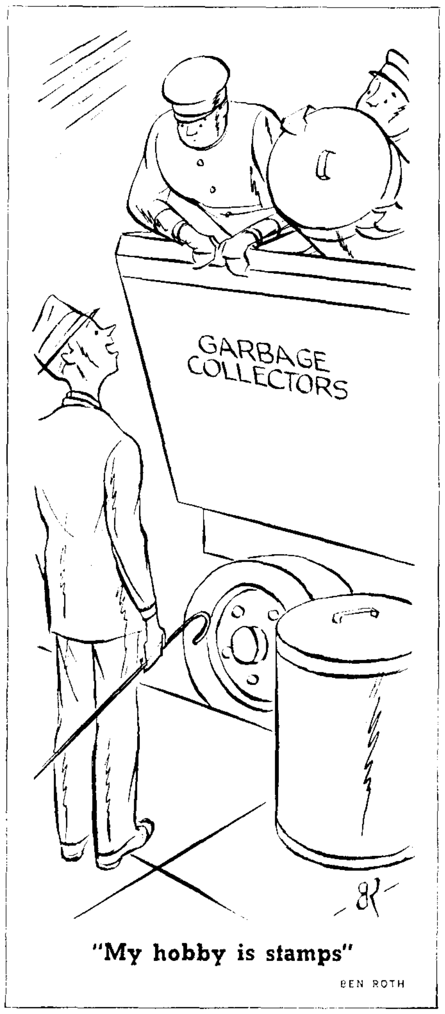
"We have drifted about two miles," he continued, "and I believe we had better drop the net again and see if the same kind of bait is still running. We will make a wide circle and then drift back across this water."

So the long net was once more let out and we ran slowly through the fishing grounds. After a mile or so, it was hauled in and we found that it still yielded a majority of piggies. We cut the boat around, shut off the motor and started drifting again.

Now Buck began fishing in dead earnest. After watching him, it was easy to understand why he caught fish. He was constantly alert to the strike. He had built up a lightninglike co-ordination between his mind and his muscles. A fish would no sooner take the cork under than Buck struck it like a ton of brick. He was highly attuned and expectant, and his eyes were glued to the cork. There was no lost motion in his fishing. He worked on the theory that in order to catch fish, one must have his hook in the water.



"My hobby is stamps"

BEN ROTH

As one after another of the silvery, speckled trout grabbed at his hook and were snatched unceremoniously through the air and into the boat, Buck shamefacedly admitted that he would much rather play them than to "horse" them out in such unsportsmanlike manner.

"But business is business," he added, "and since I am in it for the money, it is simply a matter of getting the most possible fish into the boat in the least possible time.

Suddenly, off to the right of our boat, only a few feet away, a huge fin appeared and glided through the water for several feet, then disappeared.

"Tarpon!" shouted Buck. "But they are no good for anything but sport fishing. They are not salable, and are plenty tough on a fisherman's tackle. I hope I don't hang any of them."

"Yep, that goes for me too," I gulped, half swallowing my tongue.

No sooner were these words said than this monster fish shot out, fully ten feet into the air, and fairly glittered as the bright sunlight played on its symmetrical body. The ocean boiled as it fell back, sending spray and foam in every direction. It was very beautiful to see, but a little awe-inspiring to one who has been accustomed to fishing for black bass and goggle-eyed perch. In fact, it left me a little goggle-eyed, myself. I took a firmer grip on the boat, and wished that I had taken out more insurance.

With more than one hundred trout in the boat, and the noon hour approaching, Buck suggested that we go farther up the bay. "I just want to find one of those schools of bull reds (large redfish) and let you tie into one of them," he said. "They stay around points and sand bars."

Still baiting with the piggies, we were soon floating over the redfish territory, and if you ever saw a country boy "going to town," you should have seen me when one of those lightning-propelled rascals grabbed my bait and dashed away. It was just a flash and a roar—a tight line and then a limp one—and a fisherman with the worst case of buck-ague in all history.

"Just a twenty-pound red," Buck chuckled, "but we'll find some real big ones on ahead."

"I would have sworn it was that big tarpon," I stuttered, gasping for words.

But Buck was used to the ways of the cunning redfish, and he also had tackle to stand the gaff. Presently a large one hit his bait and the fun began. Even with his heavy tackle, I began to think we were in for a good ducking—or perhaps were even destined to end our earthly careers by playing the ignoble role of shark's food. The boat creaked and groaned, and Buck's long pole popped and cracked under the strain of the tugging war horse, but three years of wrestling with these huge creatures every day had taught him some of the things it takes to outwit them, and it seemed that Buck knew all the answers.

A Wise Fishing Fool

You could have heard his "wahoo" yell for a mile across the bay. With feet braced against the end of the boat, he held fast to the bending rod as it strained almost to the breaking point and kissed the water at every mad rush of the frantic fish. I don't know which was the more excited—the fish or myself. Anyway, it was bad on a weak heart. After watching Buck bulldog three of these big fish, my mind began harking back to the huge fish I had seen leaping earlier in the day, and I hesitated longer at getting my hook into the water. To tell the truth, I fished without any bait, for fear I would contact another of those knuckle busters.

"It's one o'clock now," said Buck, "and by the time we get back to the pier, clean these fish and market them the day will be gone."

The motor again started humming, and we headed homeward. We stopped at the pier long enough to draw the fish and then went on to market with them. Buck received ten cents per pound for trout and seven cents for redfish. By five o'clock we were at the fish company's docks, unloading.

His ticket read:

103 pounds trout at 10¢	$10.30
60 pounds redfish at 7¢	4.20
Total	$14.50

Imagine, if you can, a man who is able to do this day after day, regardless of wind or storm, or rain or shine. Think of a man fortunate enough to pursue his beloved sport and get paid for it.

Not bad, my good people, not at all bad!

Yes, it is doubtful if you ever before heard of Buck Haney, but he is a fishing fool, and I learned a lot about the sport from him.

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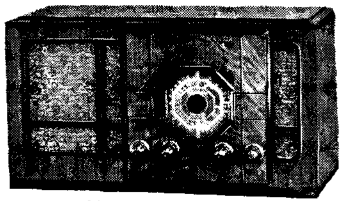

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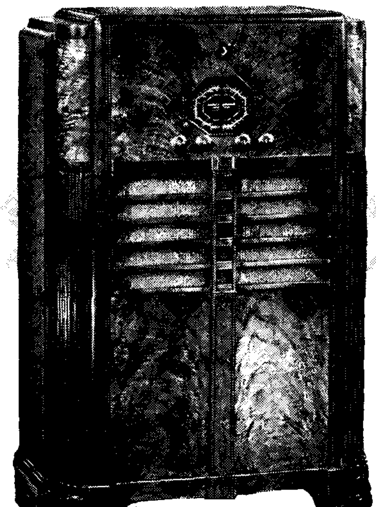

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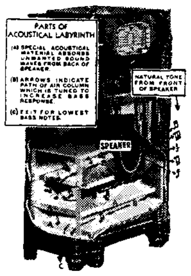
Stromberg-Carlsons range in price from $51.95 to $1050. Labyrinth models from $149.50. (Slightly higher in Southeastern States and West of the Mississippi.) Booklet "How to Choose a Radio," may be obtained from authorized dealers listed in your classified telephone directory.

Labyrinth RADIO

The long, winding passageway of the Acoustical Labyrinth, an exclusive Stromberg-Carlson feature, takes the place of the usual box-like cavity in the cabinet which is the source of the exaggerated boom in low tones. It gives you deeper bass notes, with a new fidelity and increases the volume capacity and accuracy of the loud speaker. Shown in No. 145-L Radio.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NATURAL TONE FROM FRONT OF SPEAKER
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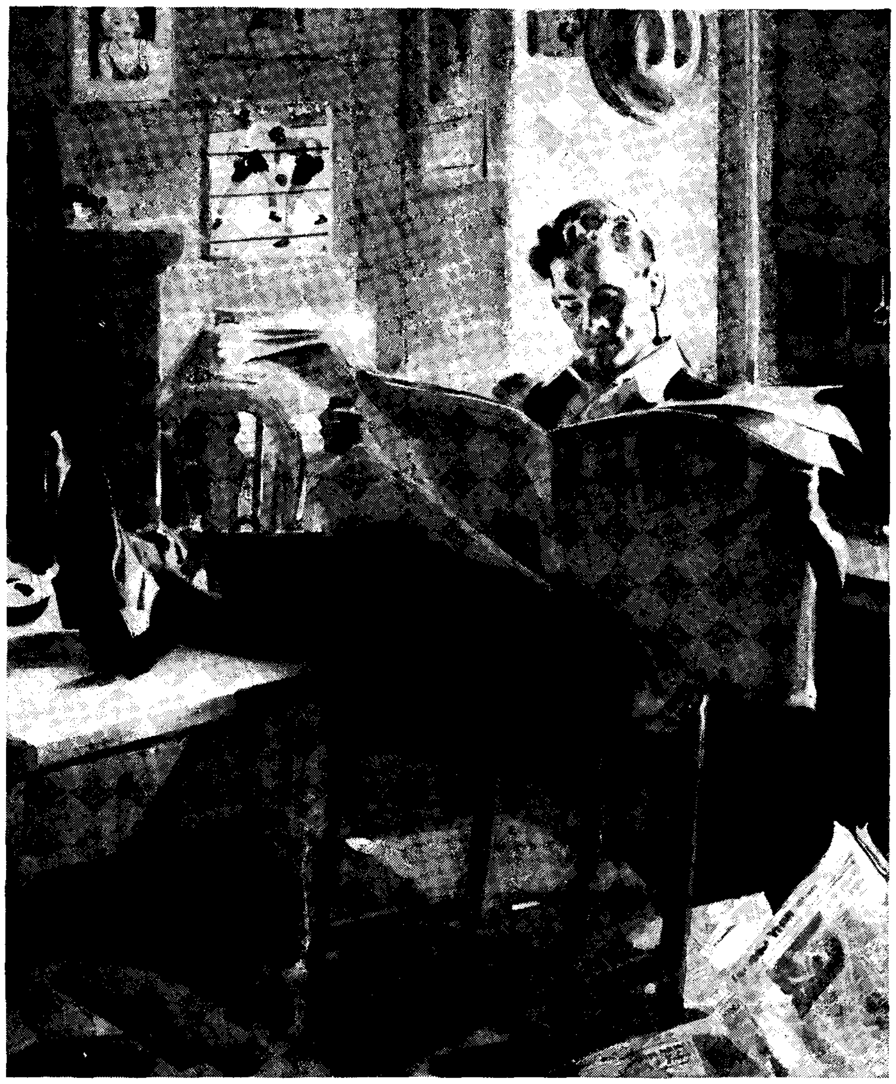

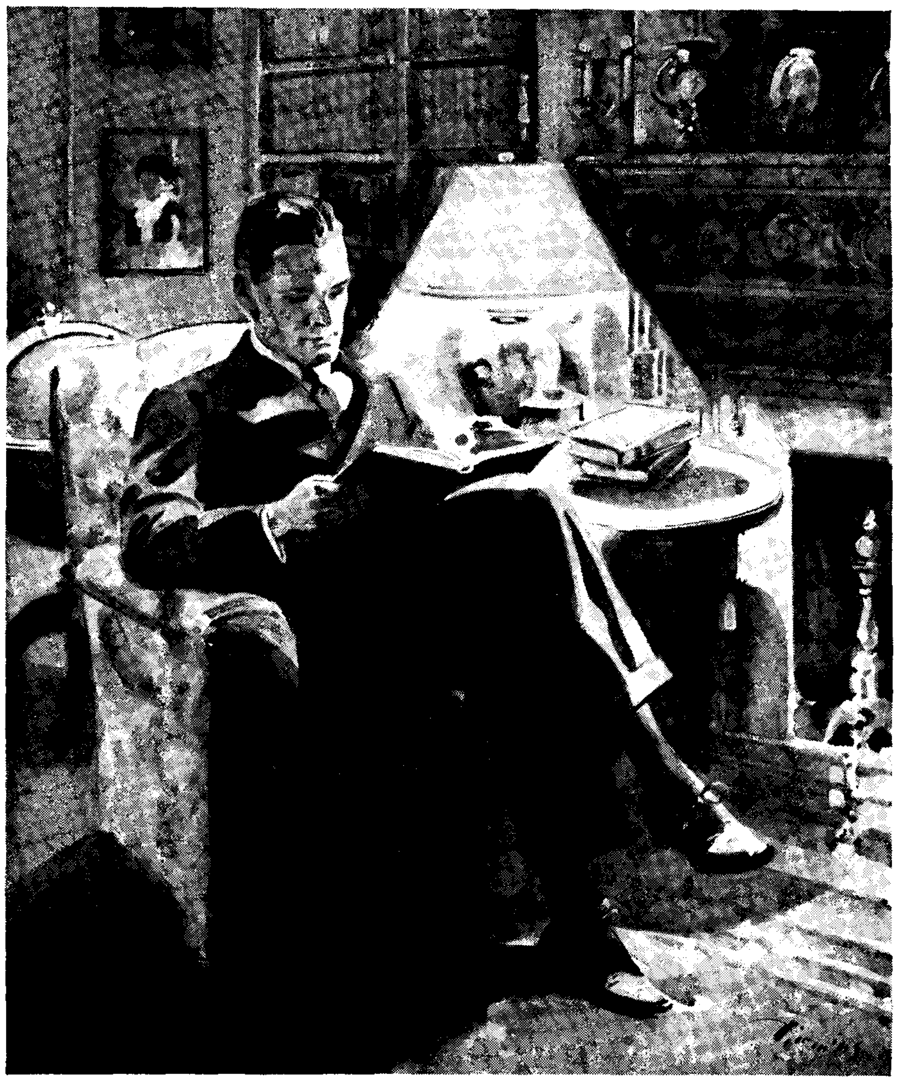

THESE TWO MEN GREW UP TOGETHER but today they have gone separate ways...one into a blind alley...the other to SUCCESS

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Starve a Fever

Continued from page 21

murmured to himself sagely, "and starve a fever."

He inaugurated his cure the following morning, at breakfast. Ellen served him breakfast about noon, on the vine-enclosed veranda, and he watched her covertly as she poured his coffee. She was prettier in the morning, with white teeth and a clear, healthy color in her cheeks. Her eyes did not show any trace of last night's sleepless vigil.

Barney stirred sugar into his coffee cup, and inquired innocently: "Is Miss Reid awake?"

"Hours," said Ellen. "They left early for a drive through the mountains. She and Glenn," she added, stacking plates.

"That makes it quite convenient for Miss Reid," said Barney. "Having somebody to drive her car, I mean."

"Glenn's a good driver," said Ellen. "He's very safe."

"Are you sure?" asked Barney softly. He saw Ellen's face flush, and he seized his opportunity. "Look, youngster." He leaned forward. "Tell me. You're fond of Glenn, aren't you?"

SHE was caught off guard, and she stared at him and nodded silently. He smiled.

"And you want him to be fond of you, too?"

"He was," she faltered, "until—until she—"

"Well, then," said Barney, "let me give you a bit of professional advice. The best prescription for breaking a fever," he began sententiously, "is to cause the patient to perspire freely. In the terms of the layman: make him sweat." He inquired: "Would you care to go with me to the theater tonight?"

Ellen looked frightened. "What will Glenn think?"

"The worst, I hope," said Barney cheerfully.

LINDA looked up eagerly as Ellen and Barney entered the little room, and her swift glance darted from Barney to Ellen to the stolid figure of Glenn, his broad shoulders braced against the dressing table, his handsome head averted from Ellen, his eyes fixed on Linda. It was a hand-picked audience; and Linda rose to the occasion like an artist, her voice throbbing with amusement. "So nice of you to come back to see me, dear," she chatted briskly to Ellen. "I'm afraid my performance was off tonight—"

Glenn shifted his big body and cleared his throat huskily. "I thought you were great, Linda."

Linda gave his hand a possessive pat, and smiled at Ellen: "Isn't he sweet?"

"By the way, Linda," Barney interrupted hurriedly, "Ellen and I wondered if you'd like to join us after the theater tonight—and Glenn, of course—"

Linda shot him a surprised look.

"I am informed on good authority," he continued, "that there is a local dive known to the initiate as Billy's Pavilion. They have dancing and fried clams. Ellen," he added casually, "has volunteered to show me." He turned to Glenn. "If you'd like to make it a foursome—"

Glenn's jaw thrust out, and he glowered at Barney. "I know that place," he said. "It's no good."

"You see?" Linda smiled; but her steady eyes were studying Barney.

"Sorry, Linda," said Barney, "but you understand, don't you? It isn't Billy. It isn't the Pavilion." He took Ellen's arm gaily. "It's the experience. I want to taste life, and, of course, a fried clam. . . ."

Ellen huddled into a corner of the seat beside him, staring ahead into the darkness as Barney shifted gears and the dusty roadster lumbered down the road. He grinned and patted her arm. "Cheer up, youngster!"

"It's no use," said Ellen in a muffled voice.

"We've just started," said Barney, with more confidence than he felt.

"He doesn't care about me any more," Ellen said. "It's all over. It's no use." She moaned: "What are we going to do?"

"We're going to Billy's Pavilion," said Barney.

"BUT I thought"—she stared at him—"you were just saying that, back there. I mean, to make Glenn think—"

"On the contrary," Barney said gallantly, "I was never more serious in my life. We're going to show Glenn that you can have fun with somebody else. Anybody else. Me," he offered, "only we're going to let him see you don't miss him."

"But I do miss him," Ellen protested. "I miss him terribly."

"Listen, youngster." Barney leaned a forearm on the wheel, and half turned toward her. "Don't ever, ever miss him. Take old Doctor Barney's advice. Make him miss you instead. He'll want you just as soon as he feels he can't have you."

It was a good plan; and the only trouble with it was that it didn't work. Glenn, despite their efforts, refused to be aroused. His eyes were only for Linda. In vain Barney paid conspicuous attention to Ellen when he was around; Glenn showed not the slightest interest; he never inquired where they were going; he never turned his head when Ellen drove away in Barney's car. He was helplessly, hopelessly smitten; and Barney, who knew from long experience that Linda packed a powerful smite, observed the progress of the week with increasing misgivings.

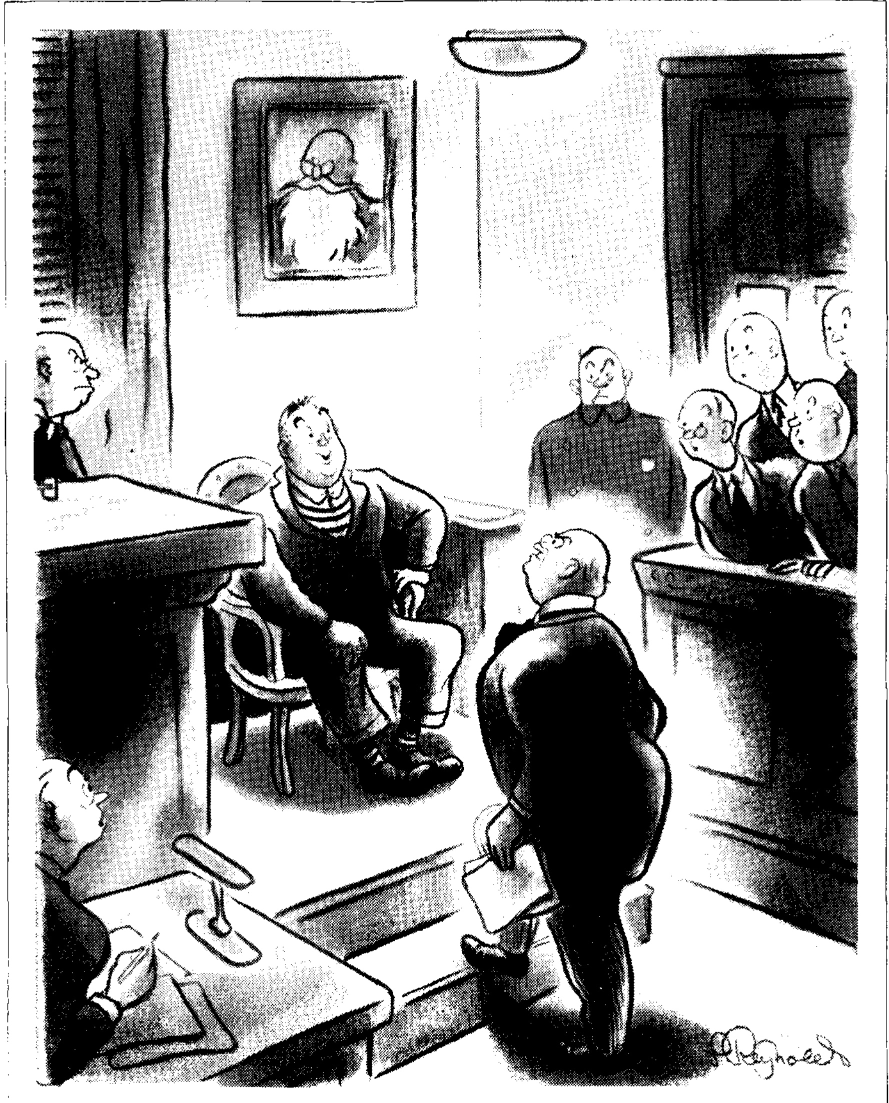
"Just keep smiling," he coached Ellen loyally from her corner. "Cover up, and keep jabbing him with that left. Don't let him see you're hurt."

THEY stuck it out doggedly together. Night after night, for Glenn's benefit they went together on moonlight drives, they caught all the local dances together, they took advantage of any available gaiety in the adjoining towns, and when everything else failed they sat together in the movies. During the day, when Glenn was watching, he paddled her around the lake in a canoe, he hung around the farm, helped her with the chores, learned to milk a cow.

"And at your age, too," said Linda, watching with a twisted smile as he crouched on a three-legged stool and braced the milk pail between his knees. She had been a little subdued, he had noticed, the last couple of days.

He was enjoying life more and more, he realized, as the week went on. He was having fun. His appetite was getting better; he slept well; his waistline was materially retreating; he was brown. The constant companionship of Ellen was very agreeable. He discovered that he liked her voice, her sober eyes, her soft, slow smile. He discovered that she was exceptionally pretty when she smiled; but he did not discover what had really happened, during that week, until Saturday night when the week came to an end.

It came to an end rather abruptly, as



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a matter of fact, at the top of a Ferris wheel. He and Ellen had spent a harmless and happy evening together at the county fair. "On top of the world," Barney laughed; and suddenly he realized that he had not laughed this way for a long time. Below them the tiny streets of the fair were spread out—a delicate cobweb, spangled with lights. "And nowhere to go but down—"

And then her smile froze, and she gasped and pointed: "He's here."

"Who?"

"Glenn. With her."

"Oh," said Barney; and he stared across the diameter of the Ferris wheel at the car rocking in mid-air opposite them. Glenn and Linda were sitting in the rear of the car; Glenn's big shoulders stooped a little as he huddled Linda closer to him.

"He doesn't miss me at all," Linda said, almost to herself. "The way he was looking into her eyes—the way he had his arms around her—"

Barney put his arms around her, and looked into her eyes. "Ellen."

"What?" she said absently, staring above her as the wheel turned.

"Ellen," he asked, "suppose he doesn't miss you? What difference would it make? Why do you care so much if he misses you?"

She stared at him in genuine surprise. "Because," she answered simply, "I love him." But Barney knew that it was answer enough; and he knew that there would never be any other answer.

"Kiss me, then," said Barney resignedly.

"Now?"

"No—wait a minute." He paused until the two cars were even, across the expanse of the wheel. Linda's eye discovered them at that instant, and she touched Glenn's arm. Glenn half turned, staring at them in startled recognition. "Now," said Barney.

Ellen kissed him.

And then the wheel turned, before the astonished eyes of the couple in the opposite car, and they rose once more into the sky.

BARNEY sat alone on the vine-enclosed veranda, looking at the moonless sky. The screen door opened softly. "Barney."

"Hello, youngster," he said without turning.

"He just told me he was sorry," said Ellen, nestling on the arm of his chair. "He asked me if I would forgive him, because he never could forgive himself. He doesn't know how it ever happened. It was just sheer infatuation, he said. He was out of his mind. He said she fascinated him, like a cobra. He said she was a—" She paused. "You know, the one that combs her hair."

"Lorelei," said Barney patiently.

"He said if I'd forgive him he'd never look at anybody else as long as he lived. He said he wouldn't want anybody else, ever, but me. He said I was even prettier than she is. He said"—and her voice went so low that he could scarcely hear it. Her lips brushed against his ear—"he loved me."

"Well, you see?" said Barney. "It worked, didn't it?"

She nodded.

"All you ever need to do is to make them miss you." His manner was brisk, almost professional. "Just take old Doctor Barney's advice. Once you let them see you don't care—"

Steps sounded on the porch behind them. "Ellen," said Glenn, taking her arm. He glanced at Barney. "Could I ask you something, dear? If the gentleman doesn't mind."

"Me? No, not at all. Go right ahead," said Barney.

He trudged upstairs slowly. Well, that was that. It had all worked out exactly as he had planned. He felt very old and very, very wise. He turned the knob, and opened the door of his bedroom. Linda was seated on the edge of his bed, dressed in a tweed traveling suit, her suitcase packed and strapped shut, her coat flung over it.

"Barney!" she said, as he halted in the door. She flung her arms around him. "Take me away. Take me back to the city."

"But—" He blinked. "How about your contract?"

"I'm breaking it. I'm sick of it here. I'm sick of summer stock. I'm stick of the country. I hate the smell of barns. They give me hay fever," she said vehemently. "Well? Will you drive me back?"

Dear old Barney. Dependable old Barney. Always standing under her, always holding the net. He could not resist one little thrust: "So your chauffeur quit!"

"Oh, no," said Linda calmly. "I fired him."

BARNEY sat down abruptly on the bed. "You fired him?"

"Of course I fired him."

All he could say was, "When?"

"Tonight," Linda said, "at the fair. I told him I was tired of him. I told him to go back to that little girl." She tilted back her head, and brushed a hand imperiously across her eyes. "I told him I never wanted to see him again."

Barney licked his lips. "Why did you fire him?"

"Well, if you want to know," said Linda, her voice suddenly harsh, "I decided the sooner I got you away from here the better. The way you've been carrying on here this week. Honestly, Barney! She's a sweet child, but, I mean, she isn't what you'd call exactly clever, or talented, by dear. How you could make such an utter fool of yourself over just a plain, not even very intelligent little person—"

"Well," said Barney in slow realization, "I'll be damned!"

"She isn't half your age," Linda was saying, as the big car skimmed over the cement highway, rose, dipped into the morning mists that gathered in the hollows. The headlights were gradually growing fainter and lemon-yellow in the increasing dawn. "I don't understand you, Barney. I thought I knew you better. I thought at least you could be trusted."

He was staring ahead at the road, trying not to grin. He did not feel old and wise any more. He felt young, and foolish, and suddenly very happy. The ashes of his cigarette flicked past his cheek in the steady wind.

"And you never so much as missed me all week," Linda complained. "Going places, and having fun, and never even caring whether I was there or not. Did you, Barney?" she asked softly, and her hand crept up his arm. "You didn't even care, did you?"

"Linda," he said, "it's hard enough to drive these winding roads, without joggling my arm."

She dropped her hand as if it had been stung, and he could feel her amazed eyes searching his face. His own eyes were fixed on the road. She sat in silence, sulking, but he did not turn. He felt her shift restlessly beside him, after a moment, sigh once or twice tentatively, bounce a little closer as the car swerved, settle down beside him again.

"Barney—" Her voice was low and vibrant.

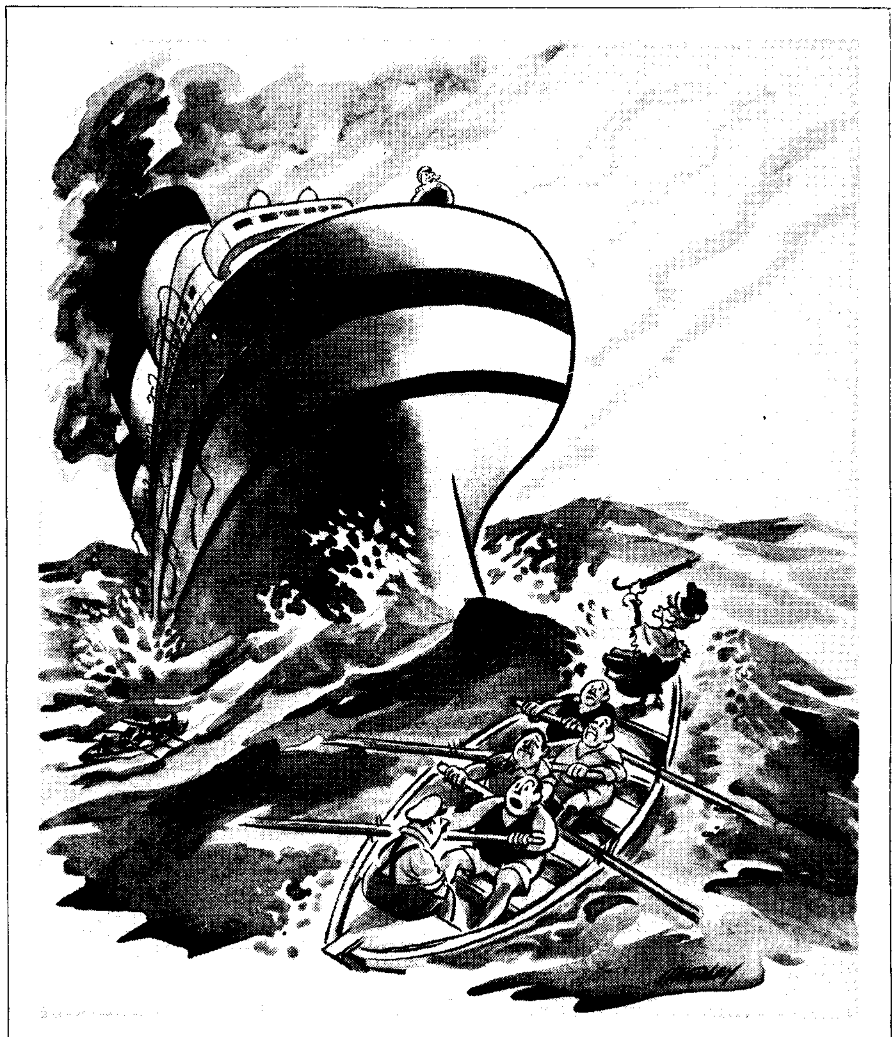
"What is it, Linda?"

"Barney," she said, "I'm sorry I joggled your arm then."

"That's all right."

"Barney," she said in a little voice, "kiss me."

He slowed the car a little, leaned over, and kissed her triumphantly. He was grinning openly now, as she snuggled down beside him, her cheek resting dutifully against his arm. He hitched the leopard-skin loincloth a little higher around his naked waist, and gripped his stone axe very confidently in a hairy fist.



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Marriage in the Morning

By Jack Leonard

STORROW WESTERLY walked across the patio of the Hotel Garci-Crespo. At his heels trotted a small Mexican houseboy trying to take his bag. Storrow held onto it firmly. At last he stopped and addressed the boy in Spanish—five-month Spanish, but fairly well developed for its age.

"Go to Room Fifteen, *chico*," he said, "and tell the lady that her former husband would like to start at once."

"Former husband?" asked the boy with enormous interest. The Garci-Crespo was a very new hotel, and the staff was not yet trained to simulate indifference.

"Beat it!" said Storrow in English. The boy trotted off with half a peso. I shouldn't have said that, I suppose, he thought. He couldn't understand. I don't understand myself. Kay thinks she does. Oh, well. It doesn't matter.

He went to the desk in the lobby. "Good morning," he said to the manager. "How is the road to Oaxaca?"

"The road to Oaxaca?" replied the manager, smiling broadly. "Magnificent!"

"No, honestly. How is it?" Storrow said.

The manager stopped smiling and looked incredulous.

"But, señor!" he cried. "There is no road."

"Nonsense. Look at this." Storrow showed him an oil-company map with a highway marked in red ink between Oaxaca and Tehuacan.

"The man who made that map was an optimist," said the manager firmly. "The road stops here, at Tehuacan."

THEN Kay came around the corner. She was a tall girl, smartly dressed and extremely self-assured. One knew at a glance that she'd traveled everywhere, met every sort of person, felt perfectly at home in every social circle.

Storrow watched her approach, trying not to feel emotion of any kind. Of course he didn't love her still. They had just received a quick-and-easy Mexican divorce. They were friends now, nothing more.

"Good morning, Kay," he said. "Do you still want to drive to Oaxaca? The manager says there isn't any road."

"Of course I want to, Storrow. I'm sure there's a road. We'll ask somebody else."

Storrow paid the bill and led the way to the car. The manager watched them go, tapping his forehead. That new highway from Texas! What fools it was bringing into the Republic. Rich fools, however.

Tehuacan is a small, battered city which hasn't yet got over its amazement at seeing a paved road approach from the distant capital. Two years ago there were only six cars in town. Now there are two hundred. The Mixtec Indians patter down from the mountains to stand open-mouthed, watching the traffic. Storrow stopped by one of these observers.

"Where is the road to Oaxaca?" he asked.

"The road to Oaxaca?" said the Indian. "It goes right past Huapanapan. That is my own village."

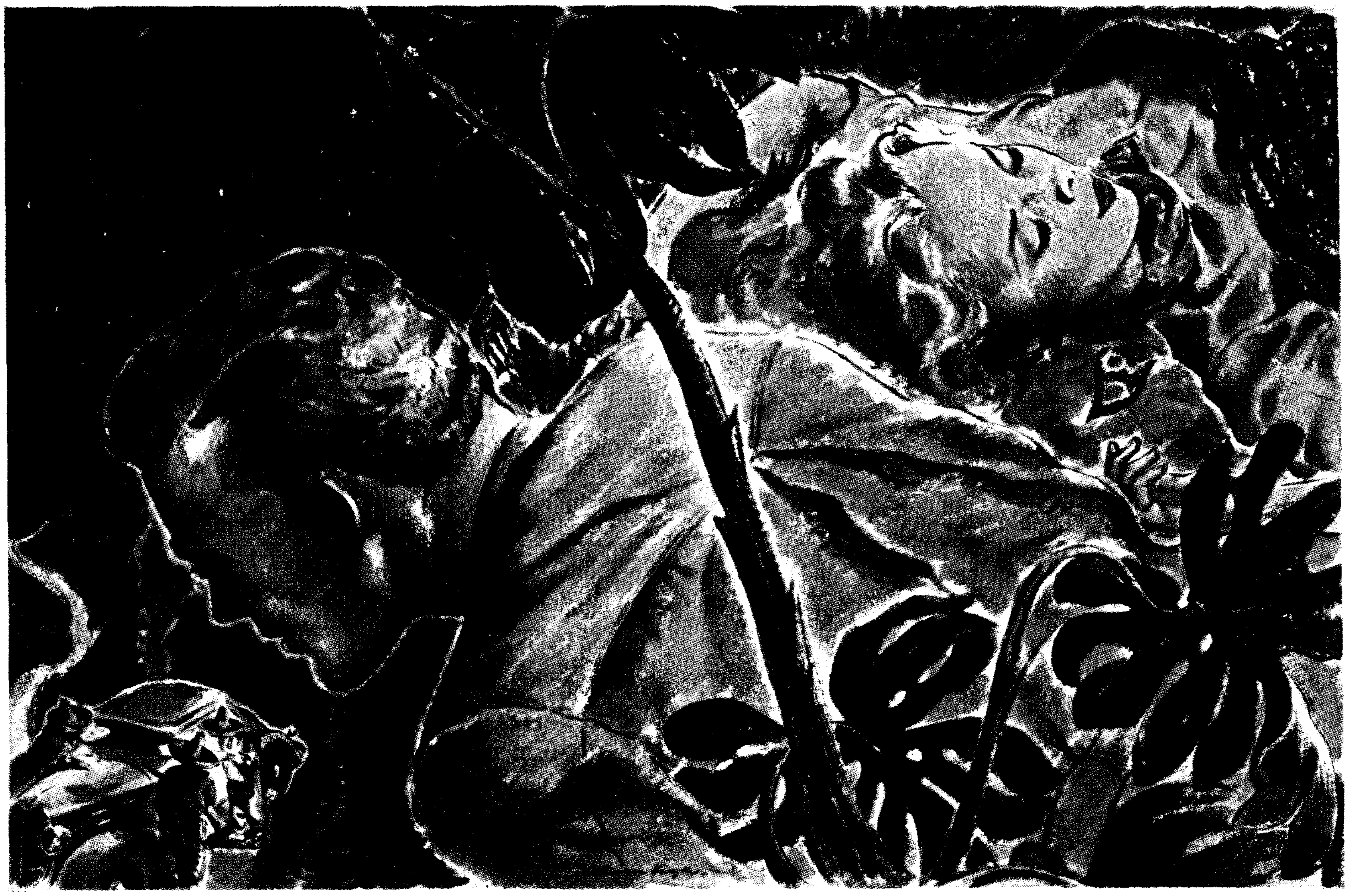
"Is it a good road?"

"Perfect. The burros come all the way to Tehuacan without unloading."

"Burros? But is it a road for automobiles?"

"Why not? An automobile is much stronger than a burro, no?"

"Come on," cried Kay impatiently. "He's



Storrow's heart was beating very hard. Perhaps those three men were outlaws. Perhaps not. Storrow never knew. They examined the car, rattled the locked handles, lit matches to look at the empty interior

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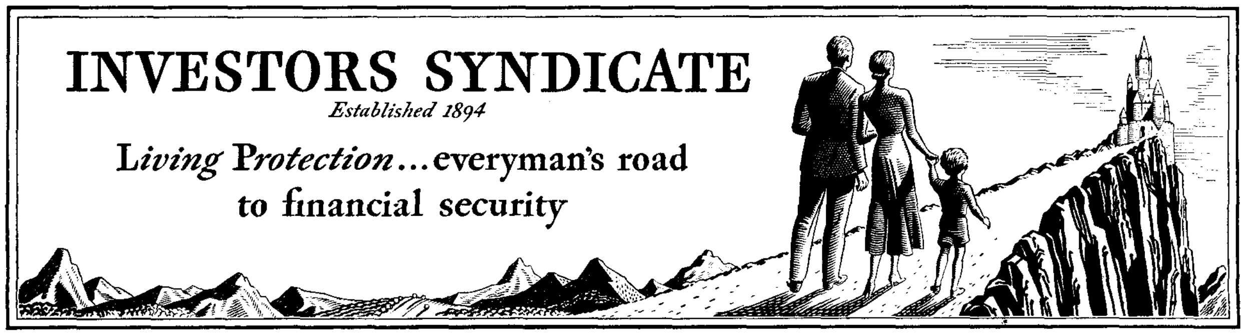

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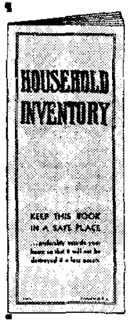

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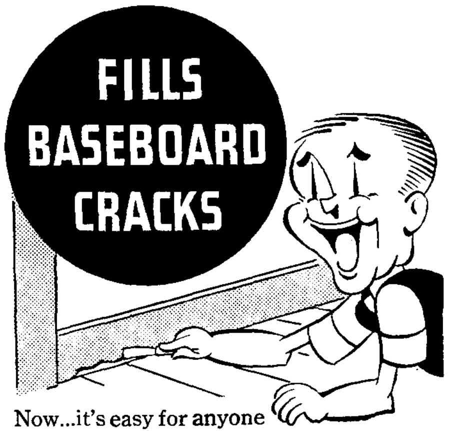

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nothing but a peon. He doesn't understand."

"All right. We'll ask a cop."

They found a policeman directing a small amount of traffic at the corner of the *Plaza de la Revolución.*

"The road to Oaxaca!" he declaimed with animation. "Such hills! Such rocks! Such precipices! My friend, the buzzards themselves fly slow on the road to Oaxaca."

"Is there *anyone* who knows the road?"

"Yes, one man. He drives as far as Huahuapan, but he has a special truck, and he has been driving that road for many years."

"If he can make it, I can," said Storrow. "Where does he live?"

"*Calle Cinco de Mayo,* Number 73. He'll say it's a very good road."

And so he did. The Mexicans like to please. If you let them know what you want to hear, you are sure to hear it sooner or later. The truck driver came out of Number 73, smiling cheerfully.

"The road is very good," he assured them. "I drive it myself, once in two weeks. But you had better take plenty of gasoline and water."

Storrow looked at Kay. She was smiling contentedly, having heard what she wanted to hear. He yielded to a mischievous impulse. He caught the Mexican's eye and spoke in English.

"My former wife wants very much to drive to Oaxaca," he said. "You see, we have just been divorced, but we planned a long time ago to drive to Oaxaca, and we want to complete the schedule just as if nothing had happened. We are both very modern, very up-to-date, very *casual about divorce. A really friendly* divorce proves clearly that the marriage never amounted to much to begin with."

"Stop it," cried Kay. But Storrow continued:

"We were married two years ago, my friend, in the American city of Boston. It was a magnificent idea, but we kept our fingers crossed. We agreed that we would break up as soon as either one began to lose interest. For two years we had a wonderful time. We both have lots of money and no responsibilities. We traveled everywhere, met all sorts of people. Now it's over, but we're driving to Oaxaca as we planned to do, just to show that our marriage was never anything more than a pleasant interlude."

"Excuse me," said the Mexican. "I did not understand."

"Thank you for the directions," said Storrow in Spanish.

The Mexican bowed politely, and Storrow drove off.

"Why did you have to tell him all that?" demanded Kay. "It was very bad taste."

"He didn't understand. And it's true, isn't it? When divorced people remain friends, it proves that they were never much to each other."

"Maybe it's true," admitted Kay, "but it's not good taste to talk about it."

THEY left Tehuacan and crossed a wide, fertile valley as flat as a ballroom floor. After a mile the road started up toward a range of dry mountains. It was moderately smooth, although steep and only just wide enough for a single car. Storrow felt rather relieved.

"This is simple," he said. "We ought to make fair time."

But it wasn't so simple. Presently he shifted to second, then to low. The road climbed steeply in sharp curves. The surface turned to loose rock or bare ledges. Kay was leaning forward in the seat. She seemed a little nervous.

At last they roared over the crest of the ridge, the radiator boiling furiously. Below lay another valley, not very flat, not very wide, but very far down. In the center was a small adobe village with a strikingly beautiful stone church topped with a blue-tile dome.

"Shall we take a picture?" asked Storrow innocently.

"Don't be a fool. Look at the road." Kay's voice was strained. She was holding very tightly to the side of the motionless car.

The slope ahead was much steeper, more like a roller-coaster track than a road. It was made of bare, living rock in some places, of loose angular rock in other places, and it tilted sideways in a most unpleasant manner.

"Shall we go on?" asked Storrow.

"Of course. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of getting killed," said Storrow frankly.

But he put the car in second and started down. Soon he shifted to low and still had to use the brake. The stretches of bare rock were bad, but the loose rock was worse—banging against the oil pan, sending little hard vibrations shivering up the steering column. Several times he had to stop and back, so sharp were the curves. But he reached comparatively level ground in safety.

"Kay," he said very seriously. "I don't want to do *that* again."

KAY said nothing. Her face was without color. In silence they entered the village of Salinas. The men bowed politely, and the women smiled from the doorways. In front of a tiny store stood a man of substance. At least he was wearing woolen trousers instead of the usual cotton pajamas.

"Is this the way to Oaxaca?" asked Storrow.

"Yes, although I have never been there myself."

"Is the road good?"

"Almost as good as from here to Tehuacan."

"Did you hear that?" said Storrow. "Almost as good!"

"I think we'd better go back." Kay's voice was faintly pleading.

"No." Storrow was obstinate now. "We've come too far."

There are some things which can't be believed without seeing. The road to Oaxaca is one of them. Beyond the village of Salinas lay a stretch of rolling desert covered with fantastic vegetation—spherical, fluted cacti as big as hogsheads, branching trees with bright-green bark and no leaves. Across the desert ran little dry stream beds, which the Mexicans call *arroyos* if small and *barrancas* when they aren't so small. The road paid no attention at all to the first of these. It merely dipped down and up. Storrow drove at moderate speed into the hole. Suddenly the car stopped with a jerk and a scrape. The engine roared wildly. Storrow cut the ignition, got out to investigate. The rear bumper was resting on the ground, the rear wheels free to revolve as they pleased.

"What do you know about that?" he said.

Kay got out, took one look, and sat down with a sigh. Storrow took a wrench, unscrewed four bolts, and detached the rear bumper. The wheels settled down on the dusty earth. He drove off without further trouble.

"I never saw you touch a wrench before," said Kay.

Storrow didn't reply, and he didn't notice the faint, very faint note of admiration in her voice. He had reached the point where he looked at each new curve in the road with a small shudder of nervous anticipation, not knowing what unknown horror it might conceal.

They didn't see any people for a long time, and the road got worse and worse. They crept up a series of pink stone ledges to a pass between cliffs of black volcanic rock. The sun climbed high

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overhead. Twice Storrow stopped to fill the boiling radiator at the rare shallow streams. He noticed that his hands began shaking as soon as he took them off the wheel. He was breathing hard, and his heart was thumping like an air compressor. For years he had done nothing which used his whole brain, his whole body, every nerve. The road to Oaxaca demanded all these things, and more.

"I mustn't let it get me," he said to himself while he filled the radiator. Then he happened to look at Kay through the dusty windshield. She was watching with a look in her eyes he had never seen before. Hard to describe, but it made him feel stronger, more confident. He dropped the canvas bucket and ran around to the side of the car. Kay pressed his hand in both of hers.

"You're doing wonderfully, Storry," she said.

That was all, but when he took the wheel again, his hands were not shaking. He drove on, almost enjoying the rocks in the road, the jutting bank above, and the vertical cliff below. "*Storry!*" She'd called him that before they were married. Recklessly he took his hand from the wheel to pat her knee.

"Brave girl, Kay-o." He used to call her that.

By one o'clock they'd covered thirty miles, averaging a little less than seven miles an hour. Below the black pass, far below, they entered a little narrow valley with a bright stream running between cultivated fields. Where the road crossed the water stood an enormous tree with great spreading branches and light-green, feathery leaves.

"Here's where we have lunch," said Storrow. "Remember those iron rations I bought in Laredo. You laughed at me then."

"I know I did. I'm sorry. And we've got some Puebla oranges left."

Storrow opened two tins of sardines and a box of soda crackers. Then he lay flat on his back while Kay made him sandwiches and peeled him a great solid orange as big as a small grapefruit. She seemed to enjoy doing this, and for some reason Storrow didn't think it very remarkable.

Before they finished eating, they heard a shuffle of sandaled feet, and two Indians came around the trunk of the tree. The boy was about nineteen, very handsome in the Mixtec Indian way, which is a good way. The girl was younger, dressed in a short brown skirt and embroidered blouse. They stopped to stare at the car. Kay held out a sardine sandwich to the girl, a rather unusual thing for her to do.

"For us, señora?" asked the Indian boy politely.

"For the señorita. Another for you."

"I have eaten these little fish before, señora," said the boy, "at my sister's wedding. We shall eat them again when we are married."

"She is your *novia?*" asked Storrow.

The girl turned her face away shyly, but the boy seemed very proud.

"Yes," he said. "We'll be married as soon as the priest comes."

"You live near here?"

"In Tequistepec, an hour down the road. We came up here to look for one of my father's burros. We must go now."

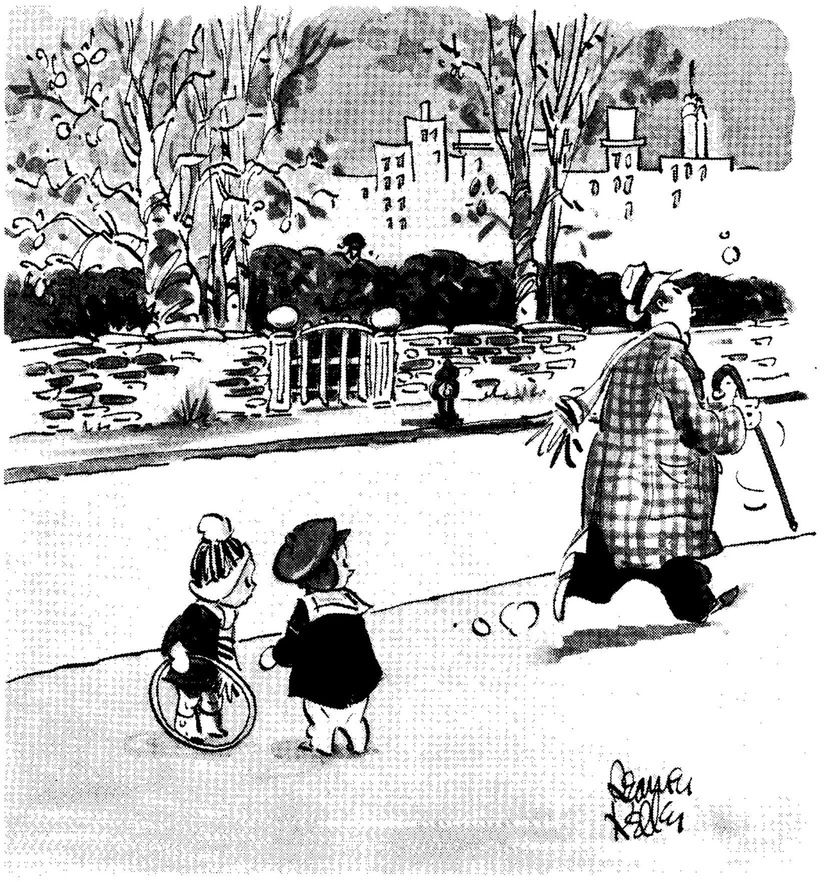
HE TOOK off his hat and bowed politely. Off they went across the stream, hand in hand, out of sight behind a clump of prickly bushes. There they lay down on the ground and watched with large, round eyes those two unaccountable strangers from another world. The Mixtec Indians are very curious, but they never allow themselves to intrude.

Kay was silent until the boy and girl were out of sight. Then she turned to Storrow with a tender expression in her eyes.

"You know, Storry," she said softly, "I never really looked at these people before. They're so polite, so nice."

"I guess a lot of people are nice," said Storrow, "if you give them a chance. Let's get going. We're a long way from anywhere."

For three miles the road was fairly good, following down the narrow valley



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It led through a pretty village—Tequistepec, no doubt. The dogs barked as usual; the women bowed from the doorways, but the spirit of the place seemed different. These brown-skinned people seemed much less strange, much more friendly, more like the nicest people back home.

Then with a rush the road charged up the mountainside. Storrow gripped the wheel very tightly again. The next hour was a nightmare. The road climbed up and up, steep as a roof, rough as the bottom of a granite quarry. The character of the mountains had changed. They were no longer steep eroded ridges but huge, solid blocks of dark stone full of fantastic fissures and hung with great sheer cliffs many hundred feet high.

Storrow gave every ounce of attention to the wheel. He was frightened. The least slip would mean disaster. Kay was frightened too. She was digging her carefully tended nails deep into the palms of her hands. But she felt another emotion too, which she didn't think to analyze. It was confidence, confidence in the ability of another person, something she had hardly ever felt before. It gave her a certain terrified pleasure to watch Storrow drive. She never knew he had such skill, or such courage. He had never exhibited these qualities — only *savoir faire*, social charm, perfect manners.

Then the car stopped short.

"Look," said Storrow.

Kay had seen it too. She gave a little cry and buried her face in her hands. A part of the road had slid away, leaving nothing but empty space where the outside wheel was meant to travel.

"We can't go back," said Storrow. "There hasn't been a place to turn around for miles. I can't drive this road in reverse." He studied for a moment the bank on the inside of the road. "Get out of the car, Kay, I think I can make it."

"I don't want to, Storry. Please." Her voice was faint.

"You've got to." He didn't explain or elaborate. Presently Kay obeyed, walking ahead to wait with agonized face on the far side of the gap. Storrow backed the car a few yards. Then he drove forward. The engine roared loudly. The inside wheels ran far up the stony bank. The car tilted, lurched, skidded wildly, plunged like a bucking horse. But it reached the other side in safety and came to a stop on solid ground.

FOR a moment Storrow sat motionless behind the wheel. He didn't feel triumphant—merely thankful and a little stunned. Then Kay was beside him on the seat. Her arms were around his neck.

"I was so frightened," she sobbed. "But you made it. You were marvelous."

Storrow turned and kissed her on the lips. He hadn't kissed her for a long time.

"Let's go," he said. "That must be the worst place. The rest will be easy."

It wasn't so very easy. Soon the road turned up a dark canyon between vertical cliffs of black rock. It was very steep and it twisted about crazily among the chunks of fallen stone. The air was cold, the penetrating cold of altitude when the sun is gone. Up, up, they climbed toward a high pass in the mountain range. Gradually the walls of the canyon became lower and less steep. A final scramble up a slope and they reached the divide. Ahead was another valley far below, and another range of mountains, dim behind a veil of purple haze.

Then it happened. Storrow never knew how. Perhaps he flicked his eye to one side, tempted by the view. Perhaps it was merely the accumulated strain impairing his judgment. He felt a hard vibration run up the steering column. The car lurched to one side, refused to steer, and slewed around half off the road.

He stopped the engine and sat still for a moment behind the wheel. There wasn't a house in sight, not a cultivated field, not a person, not a single living thing. At last with an effort he got out and looked at the front axle. It had hit a solid snag of living rock and was badly bent. He wanted to cry—a horrible feeling for a grown man. It filled his entire chest, his entire brain, his whole body. Then Kay was at his side. She was stroking his forehead, patting his cheek, smiling up into his eyes.

"Never mind," she said cheerfully. "We've got blankets and food. It'll be fun to spend the night out here."

Storrow straightened up. His moment of despair had passed.

"You're very brave, Kay-o," he said. "Much braver than I am. I've been scared to death ever since we left Tehuacan. When I saw that axle and looked ahead and saw nothing at all—it *got* me. I can't describe it any other way."

"Lie down for a while, Storry. I'll get the blankets."

KAY brought the blankets and spread them out. She sat beside him, stroking his forehead gently.

"Close your eyes," she said softly. "You've got to rest."

Slowly a kind of contentment came. Storrow felt very tired, not nervous any more. His muscles relaxed. He closed his eyes and fell asleep. Kay smiled down and watched his breathing, like a mother with a little child. . . .

About six o'clock an Indian with a pack on his back was climbing up the road from the direction of Tequistepec Kay touched Storrow.

"There's somebody coming," she said.

Storrow leaped to his feet. He seemed a different person—wholly confident wholly courageous. The Indian was an old man with a deeply wrinkled face His eyes became very serious when he looked at the motionless car.

"Is it broken?" he asked.

"Yes," said Storrow. "It won't go any more."

"That is bad," said the Indian solemnly. His eyes were on Kay, who was watching from the pile of blankets fifty feet away. "The young lady is pretty. She shouldn't be out on the road at night."

"Why not?"

"There are bad men on the mountain. They would treat her shamefully. They have no women of their own."

Storrow felt a curious, primitive emotion. He clenched his fists.

"How far to the next village?"

"Four hours," said the Indian.

Four hours! And night was about to come!

"What shall we do?"

The Indian shook his head and thought for a moment. "I think you had better stay here," he said. "When it gets dark, you must leave the road and sleep among the bushes out of sight. There will be a full moon, but you must stay in the shadow."

"And tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow, my son will come with burros. He will bring you to Miltepec, and we will take care of you until your automobile has recovered."

"A thousand thanks."

"For nothing," said the Indian simply. "You are in trouble. It will be cold here, but you must not light a fire until tomorrow."

With this final warning the Indian started up the road. Storrow went back to Kay. She didn't seem frightened.

"All right," she said, "let's have dinner before it gets dark."

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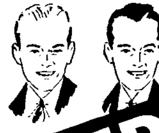

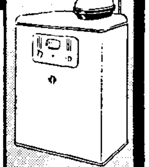

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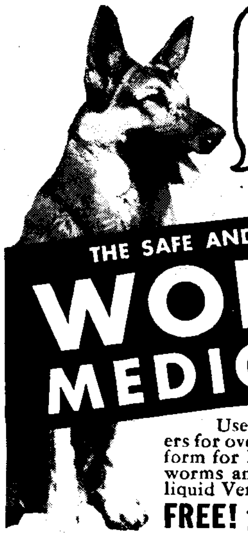

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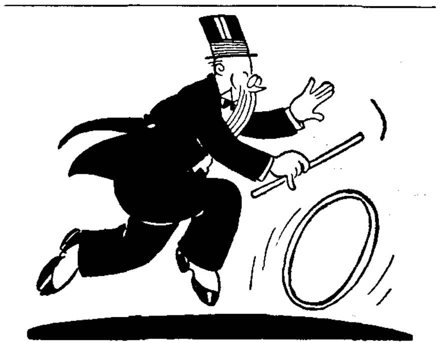

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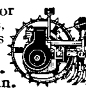

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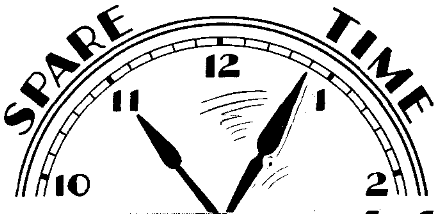

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There wasn't much to eat, only another tin of sardines, more crackers, another orange, and water from an insulated jug, but Kay made it seem a feast.

Then the sun set behind the mountain, and a dark, sharp-edged shadow swept across the road. It grew suddenly cold. Storrow waited until the darkness was thick enough to hide his movements. Then he carried the baggage well out of sight among the scattered bushes. He also took a hammer from the tool box—the nearest thing to a weapon he possessed—and slipped it secretly into his belt, the handle inside his trousers.

Kay spread out the blankets, two for each, on a fairly level bit of ground. Storrow tucked her in.

"I think I'll sit up for a while," he said. "I'm not sleepy."

"I'm awfully comfortable," said Kay very softly. "It's lovely here, and so still."

She closed her eyes. Storrow put a blanket over his shoulders, moving a few feet so he could see the car. The night was very dark and the sky was full of stars.

In an hour the moon rose, first dim and red, then white and cold like a disk of snow ice hanging in the dark sky. Higher and higher it rose, lighting the mountains almost as bright as day.

Storrow was beginning to get sleepy when he heard a faint sound—a rattle of stones under human feet and the murmur of voices. Three men were walking toward the car. They were dressed like ordinary Indians, but each wore a pistol on a cartridge belt around his waist. Storrow's heart was beating very hard. He gripped his hammer, glancing at Kay. She was still asleep.

Perhaps those three men were outlaws. Perhaps not. Storrow never knew. They examined the car, rattled the locked handles, lit matches to look at the empty interior. They talked together in low tones. One of them laughed, and they searched the surrounding country with their eyes. Then they went off down the road.

Storrow gave a sigh of deep relief. He had been frightened, and he knew it, but he also knew another thing which was much more important. He looked at Kay, who was lying quietly asleep with flecks of white moonlight shining on her face. He knew he would have fought to defend her—his wife—even with a small, pathetic hammer against three armed men. That was something to know.

At last the day came—first gray, then pink, then the red and blue of sunrise. Storrow had seen the day come before, the dull tired morning after the night before. But he never knew what dawn can mean to a man who really longs for the day to come. He held up his hands to the strengthening sun. He saw Kay stirring, opening her eyes. She smiled, sat up. And her first thought was for him.

"Storry!" she cried, "didn't you go to bed at all?"

"I slept a lot," he said untruthfully. "Nothing happened."

"You lie, Storry," she said gently. "I woke up three times, and you were always sitting there." She pressed her cheek against his. "Oh, Storry! It was a wonderful night. You were sitting up to protect me. That's what men always did, I guess, a million years ago."

"I was scared to death."

"I wasn't scared a bit. You were there. It was wonderful."

The sun was high overhead when a train of four burros with empty wooden saddles came straggling over the crest of the pass. Behind them walked an Indian about thirty-five years old.

"I am Emiliano Perez," he said with a brilliant smile, "at your service. My father says you would like to come to Miltepec."

Storrow took his hand and shook it warmly.

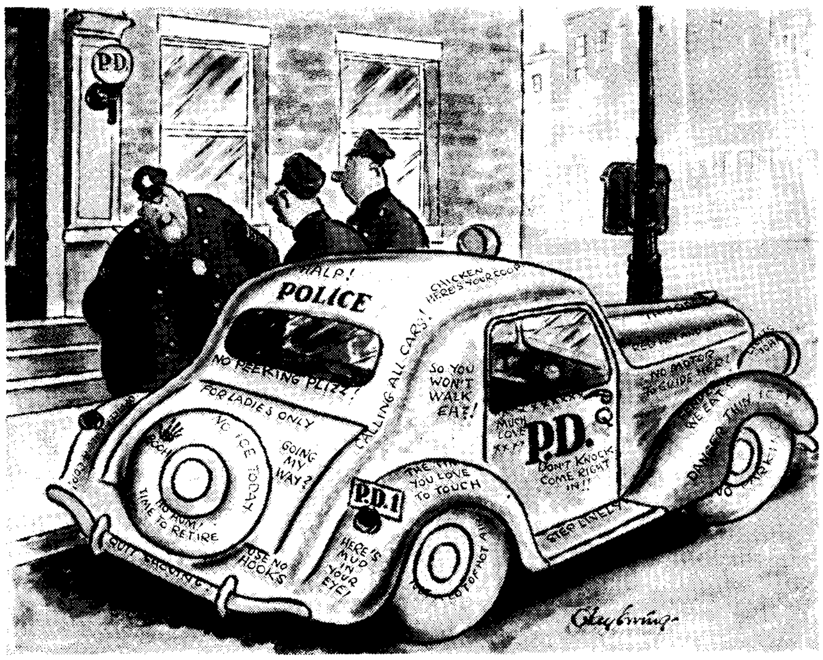
"*Si, Si,*" he cried. That was all the Spanish he could remember for the moment.

THE Indian loaded their baggage on three burros and helped Kay mount the fourth. Chatting together like old friends, they set out for Miltepec.

It was a most enjoyable trip, and it didn't seem like four hours. Don Emiliano—that was what Storrow called him, and he seemed to like it—had a vast fund of picturesque information. His stories peopled each hill, each valley, each stream with memories of the past.

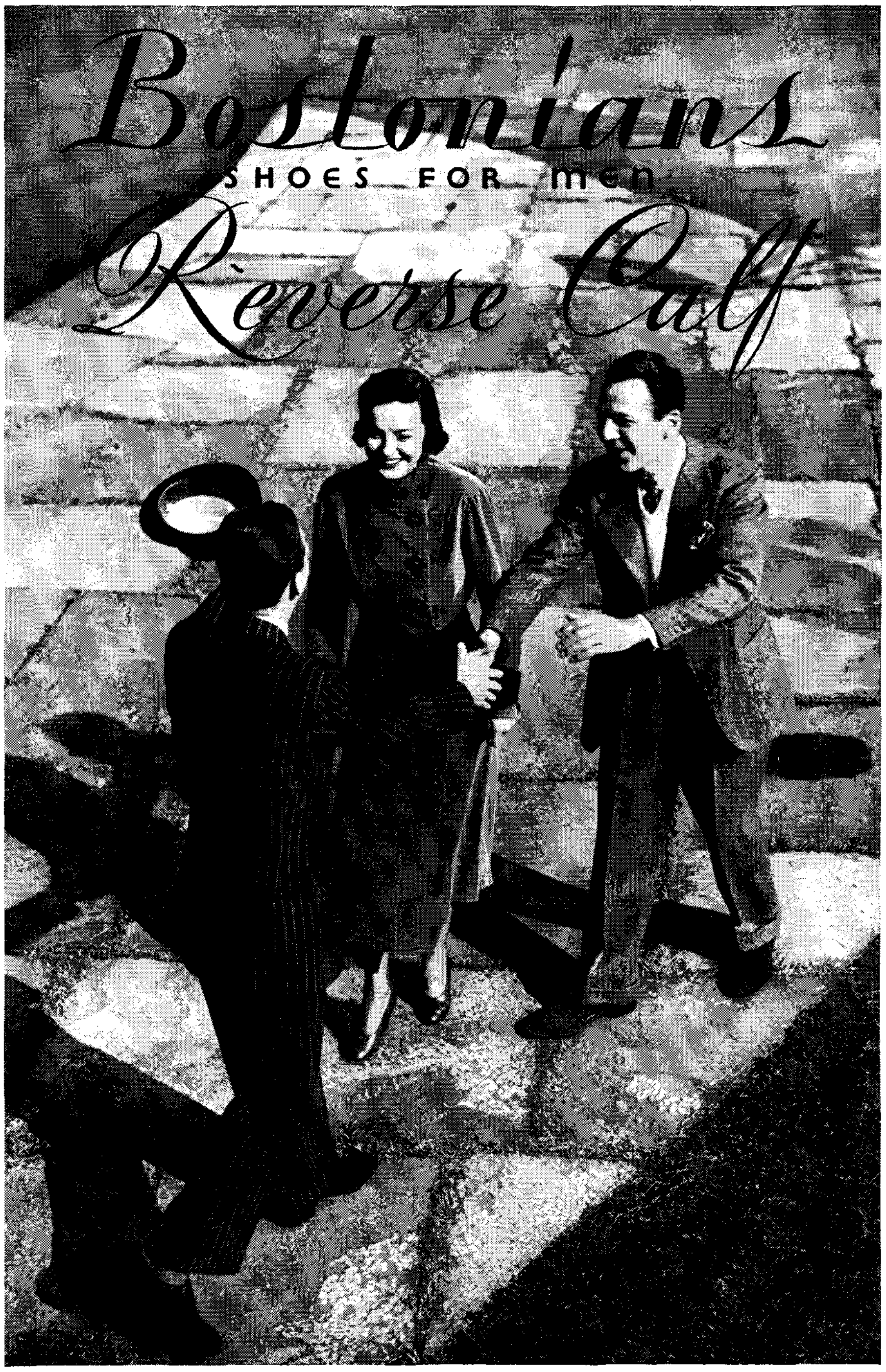
At last they saw the carved stone tower of a church in the distance. They passed cultivated fields, some newly irrigated. Then came orange groves bright with fruit, and around a bend was the village itself, a jewel of green beauty—adobe houses, red tile roofs, buried under a cloud of thriving trees.

The people of Miltepec must have been very curious about them, but they didn't show it. Only the smallest children stared. Don Emiliano took them at once to his own house, probably the



". . . a riot call at the fraternity house . . . an' we were only in there about ten minutes or so . . ."

JAY IRVING



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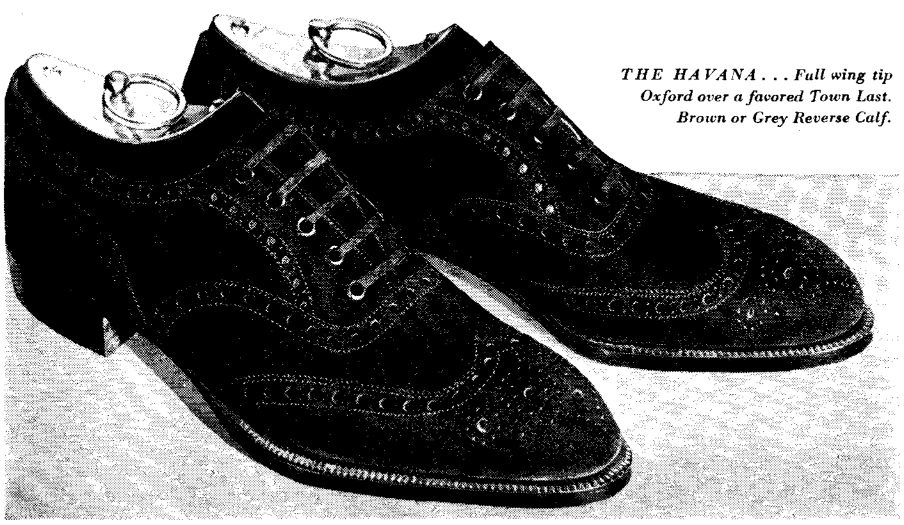

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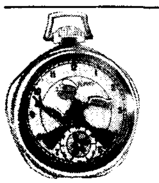

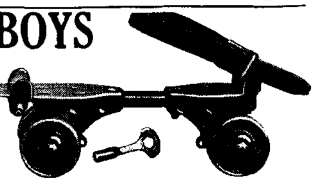

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WORTH LOOKING FOR

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

finest in the village. To be sure, it had only one room, but this was spotlessly neat and clean with a tile floor and adobe walls plastered white on the inside. There were several straight chairs and two enormous carved chests.

"My house is poor," said Don Emiliano apologetically.

"It's charming," cried Kay.

He seated them side by side in the two best chairs. Then he went out and returned with the various members of his family, one by one. First he introduced his wife. Then his father, whom they'd met before. Then his mother, very wrinkled, a little bent, and rather shy. Then came a brother and sister-in-law. Then a troop of nieces and nephews led by a strikingly beautiful girl of seventeen with a red flower in the shining knot of her black hair.

"You must be very hungry," said the old mother. "I knew you were coming, so I cooked a chicken."

Storrow thanked her warmly. In her eyes he saw a proud, pleased expression which reminded him of his childhood in New England — the half-forgotten delight of his own grandmother when she'd baked a pie. Apparently the same the world over.

THAT chicken was something to be proud of—cooked in an earthen pot with tomatoes, rice and various unknown herbs. They had chocolate sweetened with brown sugar and whipped to foam with a twirling stick. And fresh-cooked *tortillas*, large red beans, sweet limes from the orchard across the road. None of Don Emiliano's family would touch the food. They'd eaten earlier, they said.

It was almost sundown before the meal was over. They all took chairs in front of the house, leaned back against the wall and watched the darkness come.

"So this is an Indian village," said Storrow in English. "Kay, I can't believe it."

They'd seen a lot of villages before, but only with the half-blind eyes of tourists. This was different. The smiles of these kindly people had brushed away the memories of the road, of the night on the mountain. They felt wholly at home, wholly safe, wholly at peace with the world.

Gradually the sun sank down. The talk was slow and easy, the simple talk of simple people close to the soil. Storrow found himself conversing smoothly, forgetting that his Spanish wasn't good. He told about the United States, that fabulous country which looms so large on the northern horizon of Mexico. He told about their trip from Tehuacan.

"You did well to get so far," said Don Emiliano. "The truck which travels here is driven by three men who carry shovels, picks and crowbars. Never before has a single man alone driven as far as Miltepec."

Storrow told about their final accident, their night on the mountain, how glad they had been to find a refuge.

"You shall stay with us as long as you please," said Don Emiliano.

"Yes," said his mother. "It was God who sent you here."

"The truck?" asked Storrow. "Will it come soon?"

"Not for a week at least."

"Where is the nearest telegraph?"

"Huahuapan. That is five hours away. It is a big village with a sugar mill and a railroad."

"A railroad? I think we had better go that way."

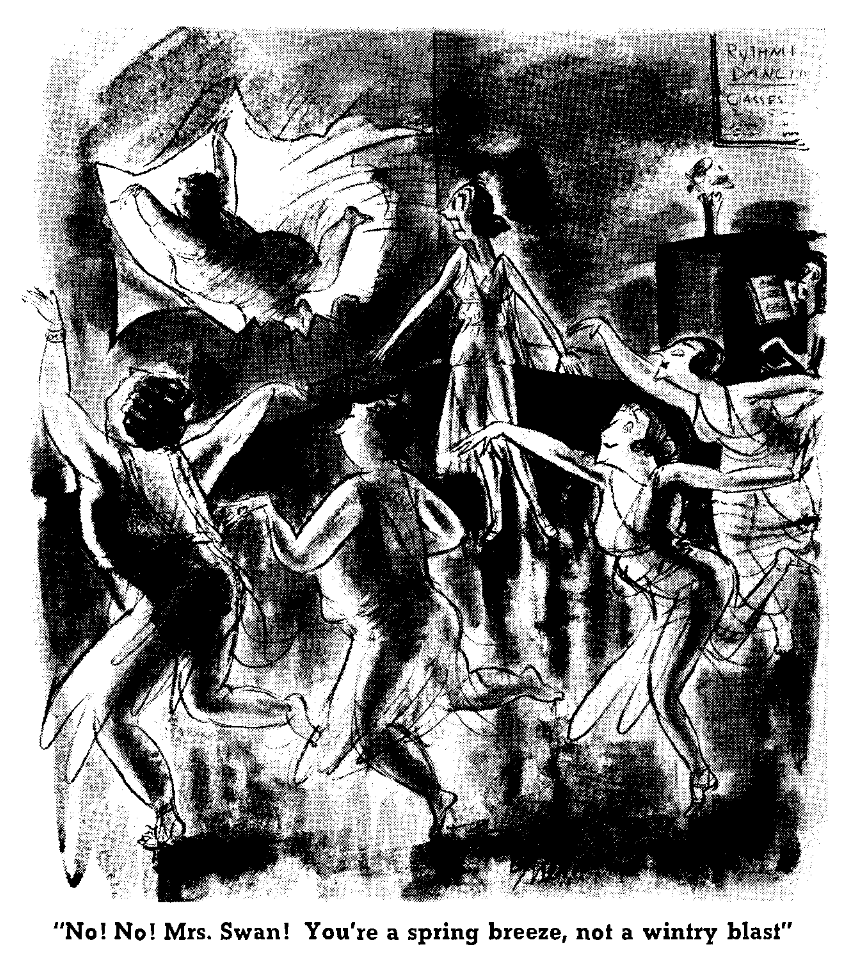
"Do not hurry," said Don Emiliano. "Tomorrow is a day of *fiesta* here. Tomorrow our priest will come."

He explained that the laws were hard on the church. Their priest had to care for many villages. Twice a year he came to Miltepec. The babies were christened then. The boys and girls were married, and the elders had their sins washed away.

"Yes," said Storrow, "we met a boy and a girl in Tequistepec who were waiting for the priest."

Don Emiliano chuckled. Two of the younger children laughed gaily, and the eyes of all were turned to Carmencita, the oldest niece. She giggled a little and blushed. An Indian girl can blush very nicely behind her cheeks of velvet tan.

"Carmencita is also waiting for the priest," said her father. "She has eaten



"No! No! Mrs. Swan! You're a spring breeze, not a wintry blast"

B. SHERMUND

almost nothing since she heard he was coming. That is the way with young girls."

They laughed again at her confusion, but did not tease her more. The sun had set by this time. One by one the relatives said good night. The old people went to a small cabin off the road, the brother and his family to the house next door.

"I hope you will sleep well," said Don Emiliano. "We have no beds."

His wife spread a plaited palm-leaf mat on the tile floor and another for herself and her husband at the far end of the room. They closed the doors. Storrow and Kay lay down without undressing and wrapped themselves in their blankets.

"Oh, Storry," whispered Kay. "I'm so happy. These people are so kind. I don't think anyone has ever been so kind to us before."

"We've never let them. We had too much money. We bought what we wanted. But now we're in a place where money doesn't seem to matter."

"We weren't even kind to each other."

Storrow laughed softly and drew her close.

IT'S amazing the comfort of a hard tile floor to sleep upon—when you're tired and also happy. Don Emiliano got up first the next morning, throwing open the wide doors. Storrow and Kay were a little stiff, but they didn't have time to think about it, for they found themselves caught up and carried along by the current of daily life. Storrow went for water with Don Emiliano. Kay took a curious palm-leaf broom and swept the floor. It was rather fun.

Soon breakfast was ready—scrambled eggs, hot *tortillas*, a kind of corn gruel called *atole*, and various fruits from the orchard across the road. After breakfast their hostess disappeared.

"She has gone to help," said Don Emiliano. "Carmencita is going to be married today. You remember?"

"Has the priest come?" asked Storrow.

"He came very late last night. A wedding should be in the morning. Are you going to stay and see it?"

"Let's stay," cried Kay. "I'd love to see it. Carmencita is so pretty, and there's something special about a wedding here."

"No reason why not," said Storrow.

They looked into each other's eyes. Both were smiling, and both were somewhat excited, although they'd always considered weddings rather a bore.

"Where's Carmencita?" demanded Kay. "I want to give her something of my own to wear."

She took her patent-leather suitcase and followed their host to the next house. There she stayed.

"This is the time of the women," explained Don Emiliano when he returned. "They are all very busy now. Soon we shall have to get dressed ourselves."

Storrow was silent for a moment, trying to put together a rather complicated sentence in his faulty Spanish.

"Don Emiliano," he said. "I want to ask you a question, but you must say nothing about it."

"Naturally not."

"Your priest," asked Storrow with hesitation. "Would he marry us too?"

"You are not married?"

"Yes, we are married, but—" He struggled for words. "But it was not good. It wasn't a real marriage."

"I understand," said Don Emiliano sympathetically. "It is the same with us. The mayor of Huahuapan has a paper from the government which allows him to marry a boy and girl. But it isn't really a marriage until the priest has given the blessing of God."

This wasn't exactly what Storrow meant, but he nodded agreement.

"Storry!" cried Kay's voice outside. "Come and look. You *must* look."

On the terrace stood Kay with Carmencita. The girl had been pretty before. She was dazzling now. On her slender ankles were Kay's silk stockings and satin slippers. In her ears were long gold earrings also belonging to Kay. But the rest of her costume was her own—a white cotton dress completely covered with intricate embroidery. She was smiling shyly and her thick black hair was smooth and glossy as polished jet.

"It's perfect," cried Kay. "I could hardly add a thing without spoiling the effect. Only the shoes and stockings and earrings. Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

Storrow smiled with spontaneous delight. Then a cloud of relatives descended on the girl and took her into the house. A bride must not be seen too much before the wedding.

"We've got half an hour to get dressed," cried Kay. "I'm so excited."

They closed the doors and changed to fresh clothes in the dim light which filtered through the cracks. Storrow shaved without a mirror in an earthenware bowl of cold water. His hand was trembling a little, and his heart was beating hard. He hadn't noticed any such nervousness when he first proposed to Kay. That had been easy. He put down the razor and dried his face and hands.

"Kay-o," he said softly. "Will you marry me? Right here in Miltepec?"

Kay was standing across the room, fixing her hair. Her hands dropped down. Then she ran across, put her arms around Storrow's neck and held him tight. She was sobbing a little, but smiling too.

"Oh, Storry!" she cried. "I thought of it too. I really did. Do you think the priest will marry us?"

"Don Emiliano says he will."

"I've got it all planned. I've been thinking about it ever since I helped Carmencita get dressed. I hoped you'd think of it too. And you did. We'll go to Huahuapan on burros. And we'll give the car to Carmencita for a wedding present. She can't use it, but she can sell it for something. Oh, Storry, I'm so happy."

Then the bells of the church began to ring—three great bells with different tones, playing a slow, rhythmic tune. And voices outside, and hurrying feet.

"Come on," said Kay. "We'd better start. Are you nervous, Storry?"

"I'm scared to death. I wasn't nervous a bit the other time, but this is for all our lives."

THEY opened a door. Don Emiliano was standing outside, dressed in clean white clothes. His wife was beside him, and his mother and father. Next door was a small procession—Carmencita on her father's arm and a flock of children all in white.

"I told the priest," said Don Emiliano. "He is waiting for you."

"Carmencita first," insisted Kay. "She's the youngest and the prettiest."

The village street was empty except for dogs and chickens. All the people were in the church. Carmencita's bridegroom stood beside the door, a handsome young man in white clothes and a new straw hat. The bells had stopped ringing. Everybody was very still.

They waited a moment outside the church while the bridegroom took Carmencita from her father's arm. Through the door they could see a dim altar banked with fresh flowers and sparkling with candles. Then the bells overhead began ringing again, a slower, more solemn tune. The procession moved forward.

"Storry," whispered Kay. "Are your fingers crossed this time?"

He showed his fingers—all ten. Kay showed hers.

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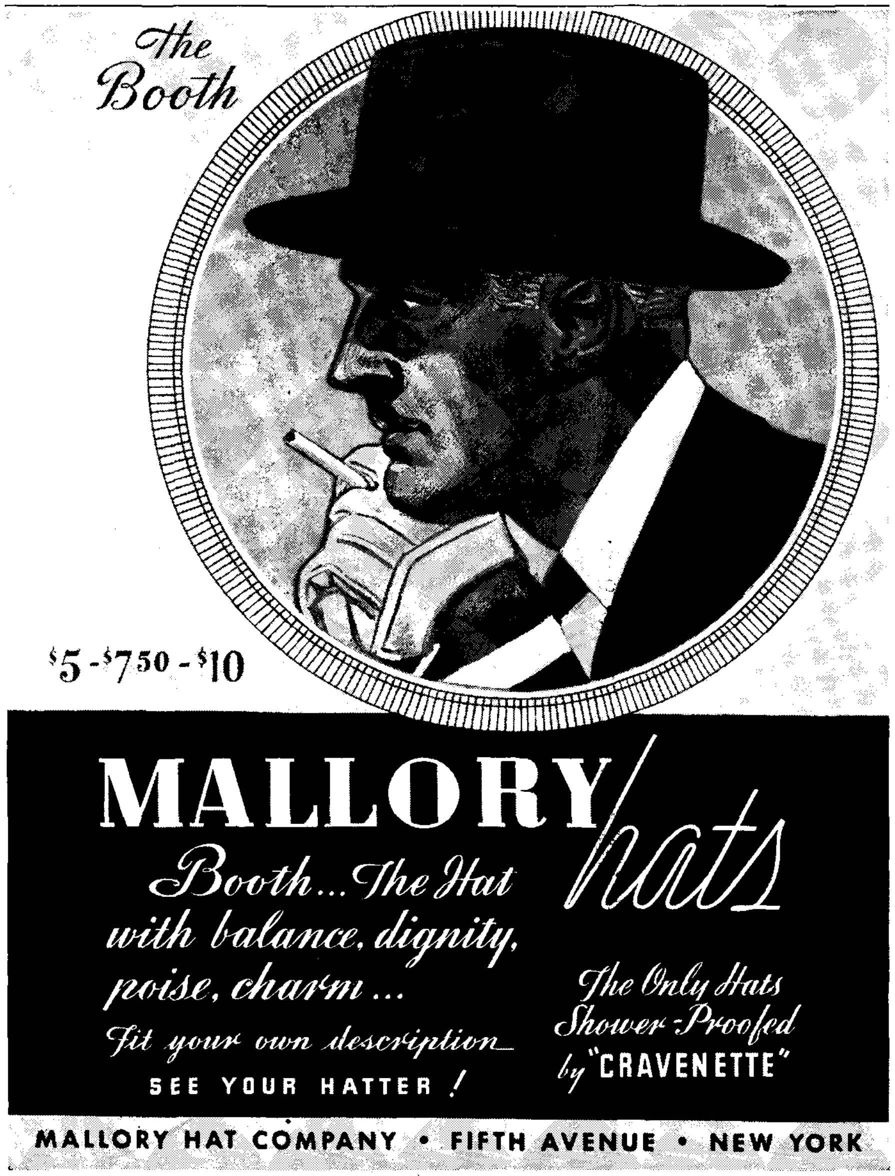

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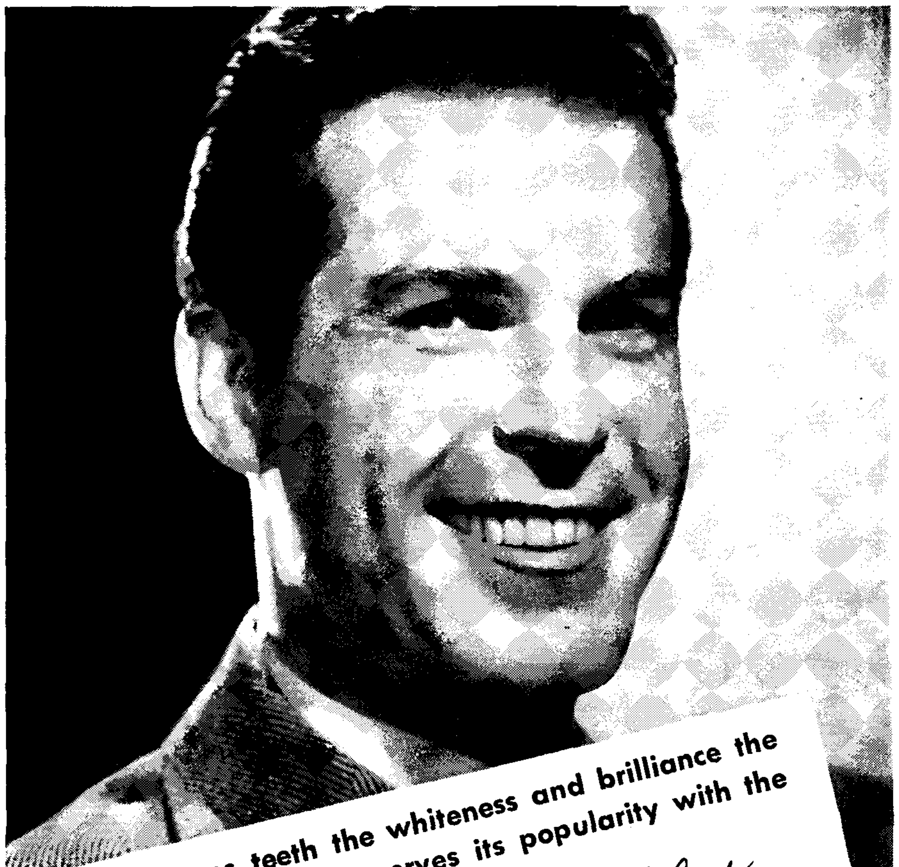

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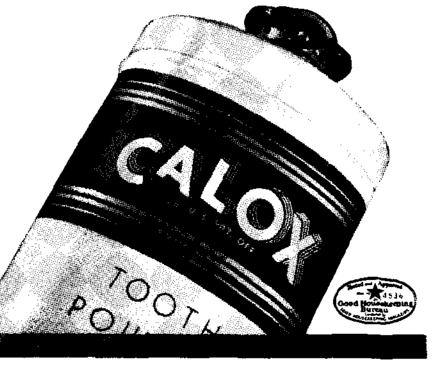

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The Man Who Talks to Himself

Continued from page 24

your voice is a distinct gift which you have or you haven't. I developed that gift, however, by reading the twenty-five-cent book."

But at first young Bergen didn't want to be a professional ventriloquist. He wanted to be an actor.

"The nearest I ever came to that," he says sadly, "was to work for the Little Theater in Decatur. I played the piano before the show and during the intermissions. And to make it more degrading," he adds, "it was a player piano."

On a visit to Chicago his parents took him to a vaudeville show. Now for the first time he saw a professional ventriloquist in action. He wasn't a very good ventriloquist and he had an unbelievably bad dummy and he told very anti-funny jokes.

"I could do much better than that," the young hopeful sneered, and when he went back to Decatur and high school he rigged up a dummy and did some practicing. He was good, too. But he was worried about that history examination that was coming. For some reason or other, he could never remember whether the Battle of Hastings was in 1468, or was that the year Magellan circled the globe? His graduation from high school depended upon passing the history course, too.

The school gave a show and Edgar did his act with the dummy he had made. It was a wow and there in the front row laughing his head off was the history teacher. (P. S.—Edgar passed *the history course.*)

That enabled him to enter Northwestern University and he worked his way through college by giving a combination magic and ventriloquism act at private parties. Then one day he was offered a job in a small vaude theater near the stockyards. He had to give four shows a day and he got eight dollars a week, plus all the nourishment which he might obtain from the beef-stained aroma of the near-by stockyards. During summer vacations he hit the Chautauqua circuit and later he joined a four-a-day circuit, and he played such Michigan towns as Alma, Monroe, Lawton, and once he was booked into Benton Harbor, but the deal fell through. During school terms he had to augment his income by doing part-time work. For a while he held a job as window trimmer in a large Chicago department store. He had been experimenting with hypnotism, also via the cut-the-coupon route. The chief difficulty was to find subjects who would co-operate. His colleague in the window-dressing art proved amenable.

One morning the store executives arrived to find him asleep in the window.

"You know," Bergen confesses now, "I don't know whether I put him to sleep. He was such a sleepy guy, maybe he just fell asleep by himself. Anyhow, it lost me my job and after that I gave up hypnotism."

Cultivating a Grunt

When he finished college he played in the gas-lit vaude houses of the nation for six years, during which he really learned his trade. Each month saw him attain a firmer control over his voice. Bergen really has three separate voices; his ordinary voice, which is soft and fairly deep; his dummy's ordinary voice, which is a bit higher, and a falsetto, which the dummy uses when he's petulant or angry or when he's singing soprano.

"The art of ventriloquism," Bergen says, "is merely that of cultivating a grunt. The word ventriloquism comes from combining two Latin words: *venter*, meaning stomach, and *loquor*, meaning speak. Literally, it is speaking from the stomach, instead of from the throat.

"It is a very old art, too," Bergen says. "Centuries ago the priests and medicine men made stone images talk. I am convinced that they were clever ventriloquists. Eurycles was a Greek philosopher, thought to be divine because he practiced what we now call ventriloquism. Not long ago in Shanghai a Chinese woman made a lot of money by charging ten cents to those who wanted to hear her unborn child talk. Thousands of credulous Chinese went to her convinced that she was touched with some divine spark. The authorities stopped her. She, of course, was a natural ventriloquist."

Bergen during these years in vaudeville perfected his art. He learned everything that his predecessors had done and then he discarded most of their tricks. He doesn't talk while blowing smoke from his nostrils or while he's drinking a glass of water or munching on a sandwich. He startled the vaudeville world by giving it bright comedy. He got audiences to forget that he was a ventriloquist. He was one of a team; Charlie McCarthy was the other. They threw fast patter at each other and that was all. By now he had so mastered the technique of voice diffusion that you could stand four feet from him and not notice his lips move when he spoke.

Before Crowned Heads

"That takes a lot of practice," Bergen says. "The labials are the tough letters to get out without moving your lower lip. Letters like M and P, I mean. What I do is to make my tongue take the place of my lower lip in pronouncing labials. My tongue and the roof of my mouth really are substituted for my lips, if you can understand. Even," he added, "if you can't understand."

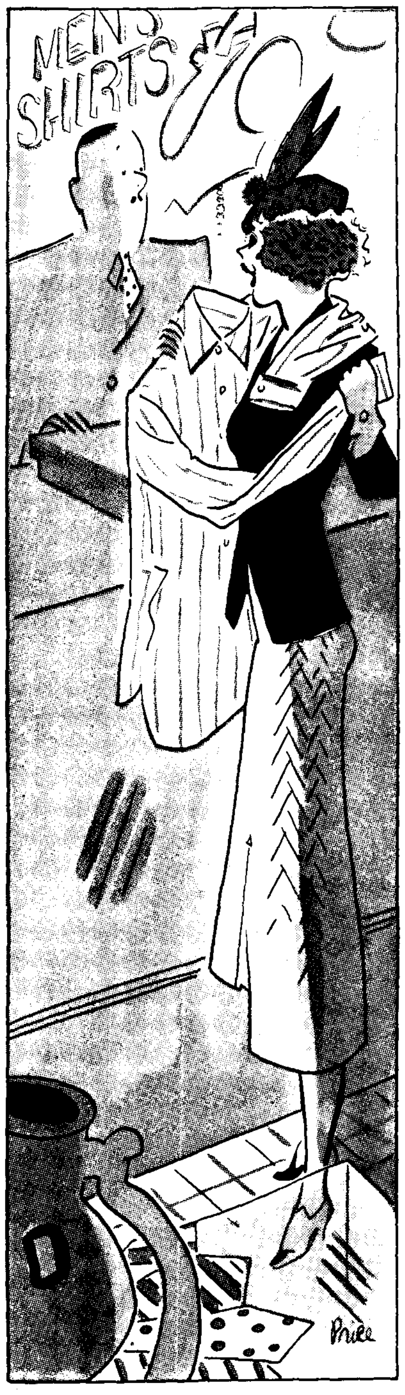
"Birds," he said suddenly, "are the world's greatest natural ventriloquists. A chickadee, I think, is the best of us all. A chickadee can be hidden in a bush eight feet from you and you can't tell where its song is coming from. The ordinary barn dove is a great ventriloquist, too. It's because its song comes from the stomach."

"Not from the heart?" I suggested.

"From the stomach," he repeated. "Next time you hear the lovely song of a nightingale remember you're only hearing a cultivated grunt. You know," he switched, "the ear is a very faulty organ—thank goodness. Stand in front of a quartet that is singing. You won't at first be able to pick out the different voices. Finally your eye will distinguish one from another—but your ear won't. That's why I get across. Your eye tells you that Charlie McCarthy is talking because your eye sees his lips move. Then your eye tells your ear and your believing ear accepts it. Illusion," he finished triumphantly, "is the mother of ventriloquism."

About this time Bergen had to be operated on. While waiting to get the ether he fell into conversation with the doctors. He found out that the doctors weren't quite sure what was wrong with him. So he argued back and forth with them and suggested that maybe he was all right and really didn't need an operation. One part of his mind concentrated upon arguing with the doctors — the other kept prompting: "Keep this talk up. It would be a great act for you and Charlie." He kept talking until the ether did its work and when he awoke minus an appendix he couldn't wait to get paper and pencil.

Now his act, "The Operation," is the vehicle upon which he rose to fame in night-club circles. He is the doctor, Charlie is the petulant, whining patient and a nurse adds verisimilitude to the sketch. So clever is the acting of all three that the audience actually falls under the illusion that a drama with three people enacting it is being presented. Toward the end people really cheer the verbal efforts of Charlie to avoid what he thinks is an unnecessary operation. To some the sketch is only screamingly funny. To others it's a grand bit of satire directed against surgeons who are too eager to wield a scalpel.



"Yes, this is his size, I'm sure"

GARRETT PRICE

After several years of the four-a-day merry-go-round, Bergen went abroad where, as the saying is, he played before the crowned heads of Europe. He was a hit in London, a wow in Paris, but at first a floperoo in Stockholm, which made him very unhappy because he is of Swedish descent and he talks perfect Swedish.

However, Bergen found out what was wrong. Doctors are venerated in Sweden to such an extent that they can't be ridiculed. As soon as Bergen knew that he changed his dialogue (if you can call talk between a man and a dummy dialogue) and everything was hotsy-totsy, as we say in Swedish.

His European trip took him to a small Danish possession in Iceland. The only outside contact the natives have comes from very occasional visits of cruise ships. Bergen was on one of these. They understood Swedish there, so Bergen gave an impromptu performance. The natives gathered around him and looked at Charlie McCarthy in awe. When the dummy began to speak in Swedish they fell back startled. Finally a woman, Lena, the boldest of them all, began to answer Charlie.

"Madam, will you allow me to kiss you?" Charlie asked.

Lena blushed and said, "Oh, no, in Iceland a married woman is not allowed to kiss another man. My husband would object very much."

A tall, glowering Icelander stepped out of the crowd, put a protecting arm around Lena and looked menacingly at both Charlie and Bergen.

Charlie hurriedly said, "Where we come from that is merely a sign of respect. I wanted to show my respect for you by kissing your hand."

The tall, glowering figure relaxed; so did Bergen, and Charlie solemnly bent and kissed the lady's hand.

In Venezuela, Bergen gave a performance in a leper colony. He had to stand in a courtyard surrounded by iron-grated cells, out of which the unfortunates peered. Not knowing Spanish, he had to make Charlie sing, for if there is any universal language it is that of song. Then, remembering his training in magic, he made coins disappear and cards go through strange convolutions.

He Outlived Vaudeville

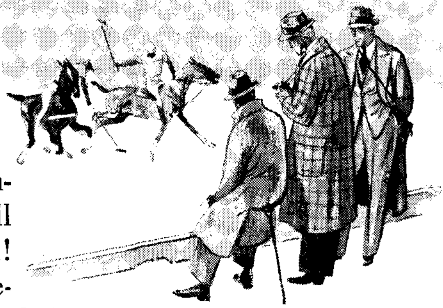
He came back to America to find the profession chanting the death knell of vaudeville. Bergen took stock of his talents and assets and found that although his talents were many and varied, his assets were few and far between and even a ventriloquist can't double-talk a butcher into letting him have meat on the cufferoo. His vaudeville audience having deserted him, he decided to create a new audience—the night-club audience.

"Until then no one had ever done a mere speaking act in a night club," Bergen says. "Booking agents laughed when I suggested that I could do a night-club routine."

Finally he landed a short engagement in a New York night club. He had polished his operation sketch up considerably. He had introduced subtleties better fitted for night-club crowds than for the four-a-day clientele. And he was a hit. Hollywood and Chicago engagements followed and he began to be talked about. But it wasn't until this winter that he really hit the top. He was just another act when he opened at the Rainbow Room in New York. Three days later he was getting top billing and Park Avenue was chuckling at his witticisms. He performed at a private party given by Elsa Maxwell, and that was the party at which everybody—but really, my dear, everybody—was present. He took the precaution to get a guest list and during his act he threw shafts at half the people present. They expected to kid him. He ended up by kidding them and they loved it.

Now, the man who talks to himself (listen, Bergen, why don't you use that line in billing yourself?) is all set. He is the biggest night-club act in the business right now. He has signed up to make a series of shorts for Hollywood. If the wolf comes to his door now, he'll throw it a hatful of gold. He's one of the few who outlived vaudeville and who refused to go down when that grand old institution crashed into oblivion. And it's all because he knew how to cultivate a grunt.

KNOX LAUNCHES A FASHION
THE
Backswing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NO MORE BUZZES, CLICKS and shorts from summer rains and winter snows and sleet when using an F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator. Equals an aerial 75 ft. long, strung 50 ft. high, yet occupies only 1½ inch by 4 inch space behind your radio—guaranteed to give you nationwide reception or your money back.

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WHAT USERS SAY

San Antonio, Tex. It might interest you to know that with the Capacity Aerial Eliminator I get European stations easily and in the winter get Australia, Russia, Honolulu and many Jap Short Wave Stations. I get all Pacific Coast Stations on the broadcast band. *Signed:*———

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F. & H. Radio Laboratories, Dept. 19, Fargo, No. Dak.

Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman $1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for $1 refund. Check here ☐ if sending $1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here ☐ if interested in dealer's proposition.

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CITY .... STATE ....

Luck of the Mongols

Continued from page 11

mainly on barbecued mutton. Compensations were economy, a territory as big as Texas and Colorado to roam about in, some of the best hunting and fishing on earth and the secure knowledge that no one had ever starved there.

The Chinese today claim bitterly that the Japanese are deliberately encouraging opium smoking and heroin addiction among them, to break down their spirit. But for centuries the Chinese have been using Lamaism to accomplish the same result with the Mongolians. The Mongols today are a dying race, diseased and without ambition. Once, under the Great Khan, they swept the world.

Lamaism, imported from Tibet, fostered by the Manchus, flourished until today more than half the male adult population of Mongolia is composed of lamas. They live, gaudily robed, in idleness. At least one son from every family enters a lamasery. There are good lamas, of course, but mainly they form a lazy, diseased crew—more than half the male population of an incredibly poor country on permanent relief.

Japan's Plan of Conquest

The system has so sapped the vitality of the people that two babies die for every three born—and the third becomes a lama. So the race passes.

It's a pity, because they're fine people. Big chaps, mostly, with an American sense of humor and the carefree outlook of the plainsman. They are naïve, and the Chinese traders easily hornswoggle them out of their scanty earnings. There are few traders among them; they are caravan drivers and traveling peddlers only occasionally. Most of them merely raise flocks and herds, selling them to the traders in return for brick tea, millet, flour, cloth, silk and infrequent alarm clocks.

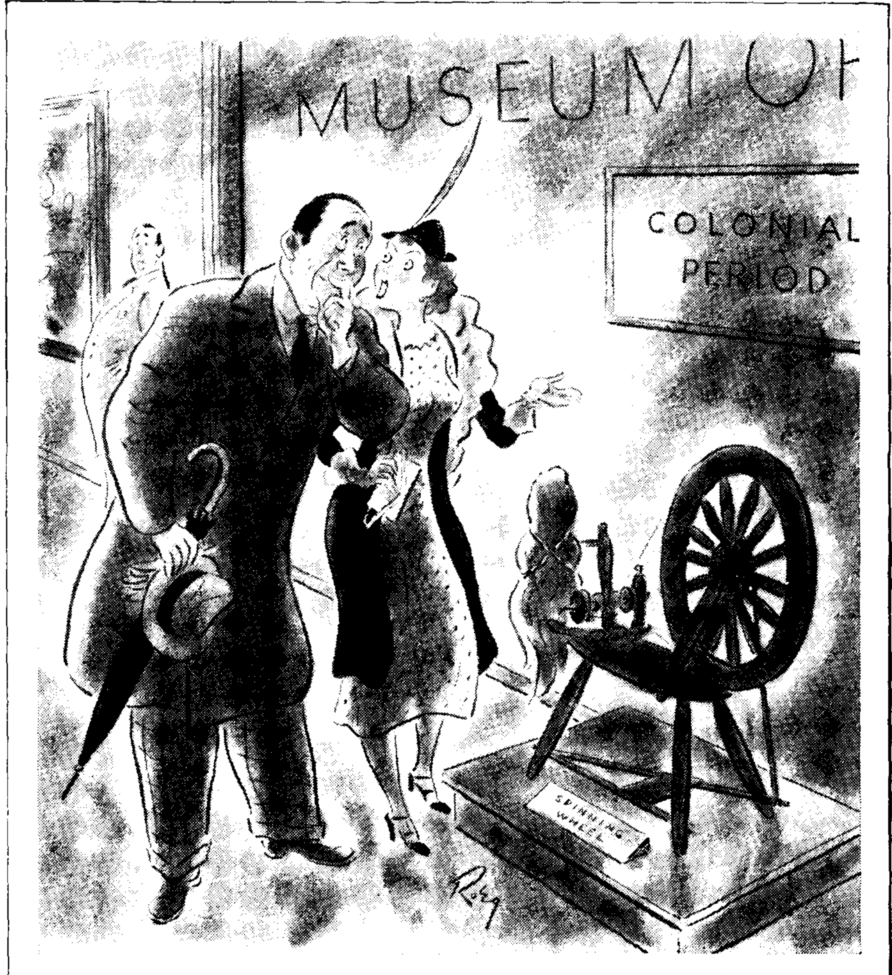
Most of the Mongols live in *yurts*, which they pronounce "gare." It's a semicircular tent made of felt laced over a framework of supple birch. A couple of men can put up one in a few minutes; take one down and pack it aboard a camel in even less. There's a hole in the top for a smoke exit; skins tossed around to sit and sleep on; a few crude pots. That's all.

Though the Mongols are thought of as nomads, the average family travels only a few miles a year, from one feeding ground to another.

For money in Mongolia you carried old Mexican and Hong Kong silver dollars, but you'd have little chance to spend them save in some prairie town huddled around a lamasery and maybe a palace. If your wanderings had brought you into Pailingmiao—oh, that's "by-ling and what the cat says"—you'd have found that the Japanese had tossed the lamas out of the lamasery and were using the compound for a truck park. Two long rough poles stuck up above a mud shack and, inside, Mongol lads in polychrome robes stuck the turned-up toes of their Mongol boots under tables and patiently wrote down the short-waved dots and dashes that snapped from an old five-gallon oilcan doing duty as a loud-speaker.

Out there, miles from telephones and almost every other Western device, swarthy plains kids copied, in perfect English, the New York stock-market reports—understanding not one syllable. They got no instruction on the theory of radio; only in its mechanics. Each Mongol prince sent in half a dozen boys to be trained. After training, they would ride off, on shaggy ponies, to set up and operate sets in far-scattered lamaseries and yurt villages and desert palaces.

This, you learned, was part of the Japanese preparation for conquest. Thirty years ago it started; thirty years little, gnome-like Dr. Kakuko Mori-



"I don't see how they ever rode the darn' thing" HERMAN ROEG shima had worked among the Mongols —an empire builder, who, on Japanese maps, had added a territory bigger than Oregon to the Empire of the Rising Sun. His aides had been Japanese secret service men who drifted in, one by one, to "learn Lamaism."

Not long ago, the secret service men cast off their lama robes and became a military mission. Soon thereafter a couple of Chinese divisions wrecked the work of a quarter-century—temporarily at least—by capturing Pailingmiao, and most of the agents knelt down and were shot in the back of the head—a sacrifice to empire building about which Japan was unable to protest officially, because officially she wasn't in Inner Mongolia at all.

The Mongol country today is full of spies for the Chinese and the Japanese and the Russians; the espionage corps includes a score of white men and several Americans. The Americans, naturally, with the aid of their native genius, have reduced the game to a racket.

It is not unusual for two American spies, working for opposite sides, to meet after dark in a lonely yurt and swap field notes, maps and figures. This done, they usually sit around far into the night, gulping *aric*—which is fermented sheep milk—gravely criticizing the immorality of international politics. The swap system saves wear and tear and does no one any harm because the dope swappers usually double-cross each other, anyway. . . . Still, it's a living—until you're caught.

The Communist spies are the despair of the others, because they are all fired with holy zeal and cannot be dealt with on any reasonable basis. This is true all over China, for that matter. Any war between two factions can always be settled by massing the cumshaw, but where Communists are involved the thing either has to be fought out or settled on a basis of pure Marxian economics. No graft.

Synthetic Messiah

Japan wants Inner Mongolia as a buffer state between Outer Mongolia, which is Communist operated, and North China, in which she is firmly entrenched economically and proposes finally to conquer by force of arms. The country is of little value, not susceptible to much development and useless for colonization. The Japanese can't even get their own people to colonize Manchukuo, which is ten times as rich.

The story of Inner Mongolia in the past few months is the story of Japan's modern war methods.

Mongolia first got into the news when Domei, the Japanese propaganda news service, gave out a story that Wang Ying, known in North China as one of the worst bandits unhanged, was engaged in a holy war against Communism and out to save Mongolia from worse'n death. Soon after, it was announced that the Mongolian nomads and the ragged armies of a few Mongol princes had become so wrought up that they were helping Wang Ying and his Autonomous Righteous Army battle the Reds.

Then the Gaimusho, the Japanese foreign office, let it be known that Manchukuo troops, mainly Chinese, were helping the Mongols help Wang Ying, entirely on their own. Japan, it was asserted, had no control over the Manchukuoans and was not much interested —which is like saying that Roosevelt has no control over Congress and doesn't care much what it does.

However, when the Japanese learned — much to their astonishment — that Wang Ying and the Mongols and the Manchukuoans were battling Communism, they became interested and sent in trucks, planes, radio stations, heavy machine guns, trench mortars and pamphlets to help. The great combined crusade was on.

Then a sad thing happened. It was discovered that the nearest Red army was 400 miles away, headed in the other direction.

At this moment the Chinese Central government tactfully saved the face of everyone concerned by deciding to do a bit of coarse and free-style fighting up in Suiyuan. It sent up troops and proceeded to capture Pailingmiao, along with a lot of Japanese munitions and documents.

The Prince Sees the Point

This embarrassed the Japanese no end, because it rather disproved their official story that they were merely sympathetic onlookers in the great Wang Ying-Mongol-Manchukuo drive against free love and Comrade Stalin.

The funny thing about the whole affair was that, until the Japanese told them they were menaced by Red ideas, Wang Ying and the Mongols and the Manchukuoans had barely heard of Communism, not being newspaper readers or radio listeners to any extent and caring nothing about politics further than the price of sheep and how much taxes their current bosses might extort.

One of the sad figures upon the plains was four-chinned, jolly old Prince Teh. That is, he was fat and jolly until the Japanese suddenly booned him, right out of a clear sky, with a swell plane and a nice, careful pilot and told him he was elected to be Mongolia's savior. Up until then, Communism was just a word in the dictionary to the prince, or would have been if he'd had a dictionary. He didn't want to go battling around his bailiwick in zero weather at the head of a mixed band of brigands and renegade Chinese, but the Japanese pointed out that guns would shoot both ways. So he decided to be a good boy and play along until the tide turned, if ever.

The tide turned when the Central government down at Nanking fixed up a regular schedule of bribes, which was printed in all the newspapers and broadcast over XGOA, the Kuomintang station at the capital. Any Mongol soldier or Wang Ying bandit or Manchukuoan crusader would collect $1.25 in money if he'd see the error of his ways, surrender to the Chinese army—with rifle. There were set prices for planes, tanks, trucks and machine guns. Any general who turned in his army could get $30,000.

Until the fortunes of war decide whether Inner Mongolia is going to be Japanese, Chinese, Communist or "autonomous," it'll be no place for a white man. The poor old Mongol army of 30,000 ragged conscripts, armed mostly with 1891-model German rifles, will go fighting about, on this side or that, depending on which side bribes its generals most generously.

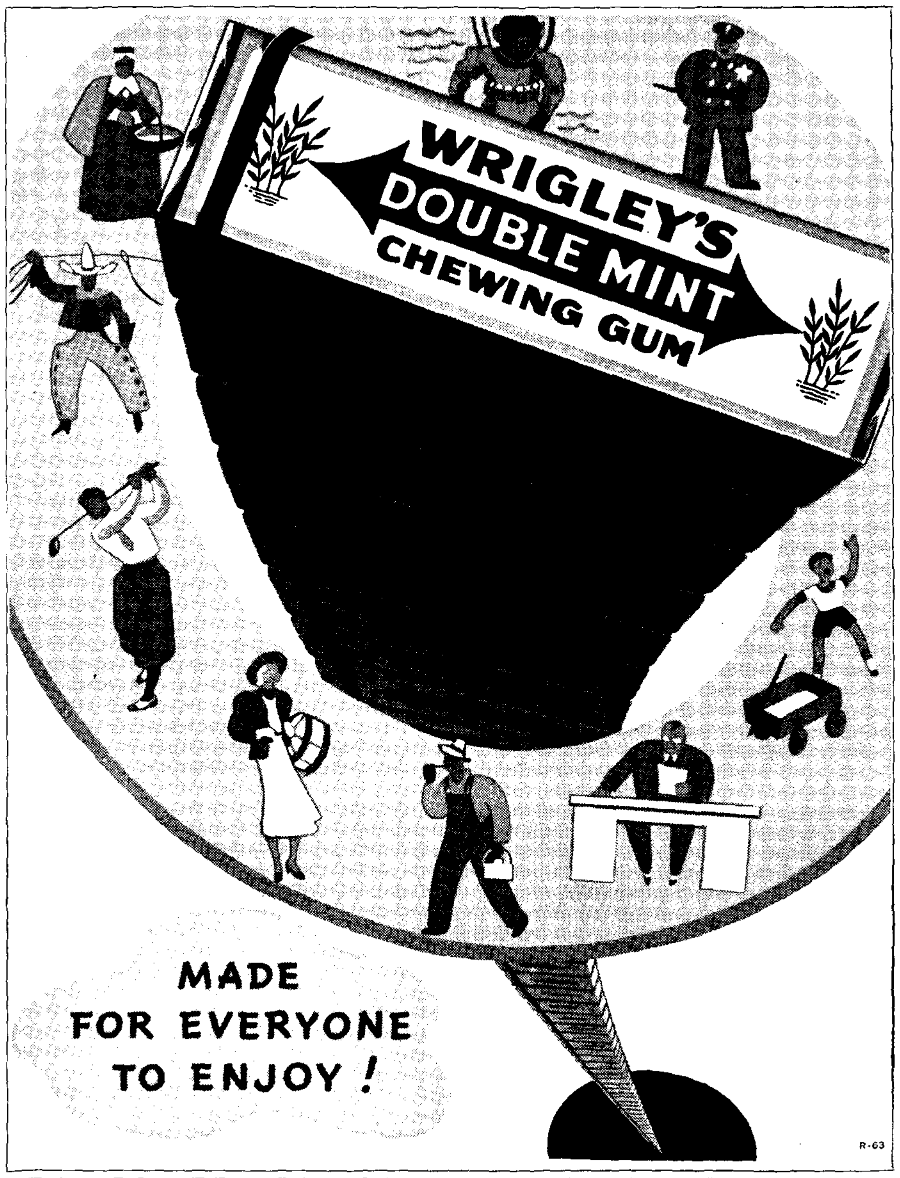
And in the end, there probably won't be much of it left. Or of the Mongol nation, either.

More than seven centuries ago a single invention enabled the Mongol horde to drive across the world and beat against the gates of Vienna. That invention was the stirrup, which made fighting on horseback possible.

Today, what is left of the conquerors is on its way out. Lamaism and opium and dirt have done their work. Now the country is a battleground for three nations—Japan, China, Russia.

"It's a shame, too," said young Dennis Martin, one of the Mongol vacationers, to your correspondent, in Pekin. (Only tourists call it Peiping.) "You know, the Mongols have a religious law against catching fish, and so the lakes are full of the gamest . . ."

It is a shame—to ruin some of the best fishing territory on earth, just because three nations want to hold a war on it.



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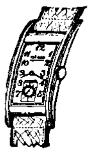

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BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
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G&W
Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS
1 PINT
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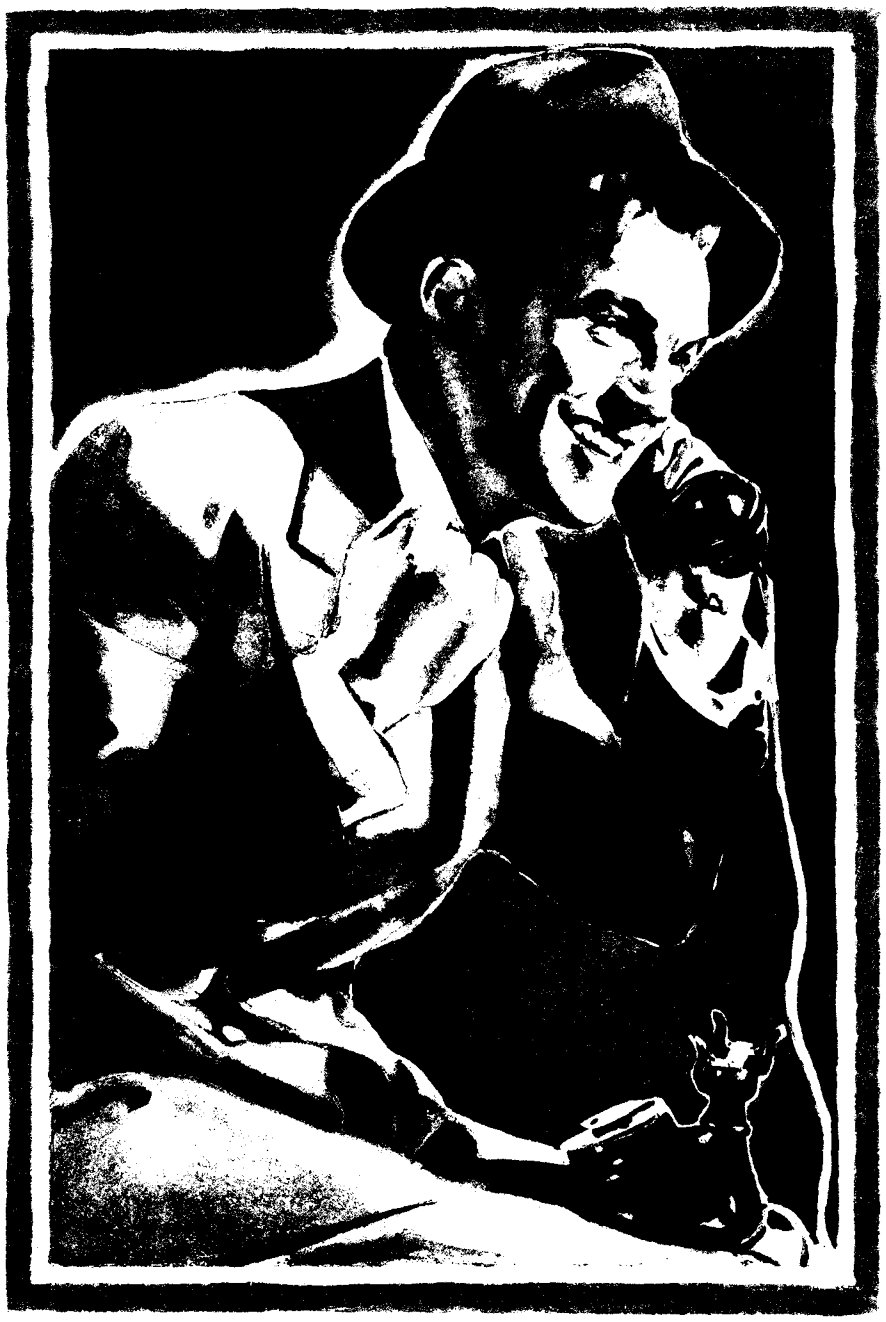
I Love You Again

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL



"I got all the testimony in shorthand. That you, Mac? Get ready for spat and speed. . . . Let's go"

VIII

The Story Thus Far:

IN 1928, while in possession of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar pay roll, George Carey becomes a victim of amnesia. In 1936, he recovers. He is on a ship, bound for New York from the Caribbean. With him is a fellow passenger, Jason Rountree, whose life he has just saved. But he has no remembrance of his own life *for the past eight years!*

His name, he presently learns, is no longer George Carey—it is "Larry Wilson." Letters in his stateroom prove that he is married, that he is living in the small Southern city of Habersham, and that his wife, Kay, is to meet him in New York.

Shall he meet his wife, and tell her his story? Rountree counsels him to meet Kay, but tell her nothing.

Meanwhile, Habersham has been thrown into an uproar by the murder of Ted Courtney, a member of the country-club crowd; and Duncan Campbell, Jr., with whose wife, Rita, Courtney has been having an affair, is the only suspect. Campbell, however, insists that at the time of the murder he was with his close friend, Larry Wilson. Wilson, away on a Caribbean cruise, will soon return to give him the much-needed alibi.

Kay meets Larry in New York and the Wilsons return to Habersham, accompanied by Jason Rountree. Arrived, Larry announces that he is ill; too ill to see anyone. The pay roll, he discovers to his delight, is still in his possession. But from a detective, Mickey Hogan, whom Rountree hires, he learns also that he, George Carey, is under indictment on a charge of embezzlement! Larry decides to continue to play for time.

District Attorney Morley Anderson, Duncan and Rita Campbell, and Duncan's father all urge Larry to make a statement. Larry declines to commit himself. Whereupon—after young Campbell has been indicted—a mysterious person, in ambush, shoots at Larry and misses him by a hairbreadth!

A day or so before the trial is to open, Warner Blane, right-hand man of Duncan Campbell, Sr., in the handling of his race horses, calls on Larry and endeavors to intimidate him into breaking his silence. Larry orders him out of the house. Then the trial opens. Larry is an interested observer. Little does he dream of the great climactic drama which is soon to shake the staid city of Habersham!

IT WAS dark when they reached home. The big, rambling place bulked large against the clear night sky. The windows of living and breakfast rooms glowed pale yellow through the darkness. On the veranda Jason said, "Tell Mrs. Wilson I have a date—an engagement—with Ella Morrison. I'm phoning Mickey Hogan right away."

He changed his coat, selected the gayest tie in his exceedingly gay collection, picked a flower for his buttonhole, said a casual good night, and was gone. Larry faced his wife across the ivory-tinted table in the breakfast room. His face was drawn and tired. She looked unusually beautiful, unusually desirable, and if her eyes questioned—her lips said nothing.

They sat on the veranda after dinner, wicker chairs pulled close together. They heard the faint clatter of dishes from the back of the house, then the slamming of doors . . . and all was still. The servants had gone. They were alone . . . Kay's hand sought Larry's. She said, "Tough going, dear?"

"I'm a sissy."

"I'd like to ask questions . . . but I promised."

"Good girl."

"It's funny . . . I'm more concerned over you than I am over Duncan."

"What's so odd about that?"

"Well, he's the one on trial."

"Yes . . . that's true." Larry looked away. "He's a nice kid."

"Why yes . . . You've always thought that."

"Sure I have. I'm just thinking it all over again." He asked a question. "What'll be the setup between him and Rita after this trial?"

"I don't know. They're both taking it splendidly. I think they've learned something."

"And if he got off . . . ?"

She shook her head. "We'll learn a lot tomorrow. Vale is putting Rita on the stand as his first witness."

Larry was conscious of a sinking sensation. "She's certainly going to bat for Duncan."

"She is. But why not?"

"There's no reason why not. I just commented."

KAY chose her words carefully. "Would you be happier if Rita didn't testify, Larry?"

"Why should I be?"

"If I knew the answer to that, I wouldn't have asked the question."

"It doesn't matter." Then, after a brief silence, he asked, "What's on your mind, Kay?"

"I'll give you one guess, and you'll be right."

"Ask me anyway."

"Very well." She withdrew her hand and spoke quietly. "I happen to be your wife and happen to be in love with you. I try not to be silly . . . but I'd like to be prepared in advance."

"For what?"

"When Rita was here the other day she threatened you. What did she mean?"

He answered truthfully, "I don't know."

"Very well. But there's one more thing—if there has ever been anything between you and Rita, tell me now."

He did not answer immediately. He was thinking of himself and of his natural instincts which were clean and fine. It was inconceivable that he could have felt and acted as an older brother to Duncan Campbell, and then have betrayed him. He stole a glance at Kay.

He was in love with her: in love with his wife. He tried to project himself back into the immediate past. Could he possibly have betrayed his wife and his friend with even so glamorous a person as Rita?

He saw that Kay was under a great strain. He knew that she had suffered beyond reckoning. He had the instinctive masculine desire to shield her from hurt. He knew that he wasn't thinking quite clearly or quite sanely. After all, he was alone with the woman he had learned to love for the second time.

He took her hand and held it very, very tightly. He said, "Kay?"

"Yes . . . ?"

"Would it make you happy if I gave you my word that I have never been untrue to you?"

Her fingers tightened. "Are you giving me your word?"

"Yes."

For a few seconds she did not move. Then she was out of her chair and in his lap, her arms around his neck, her lips seeking his . . . and he hardly knew that his own arms were tight, pressing her closer and closer against him. As though from a great distance he heard her speak. . . .

"Oh, Larry . . . I'm so happy. I was afraid. And I love you so . . ."

THERE was a tense, dramatic quality to the silence in the courtroom. There was no scraping of feet and no hum of conversation. Spectators sat rigidly, as though fearful of missing a single word. Even the face of Judge Frederick Macon Hawley was more serious than usual. Then came the calm, quiet voice of Graham Vale, counsel for the defense:

"What is your name?"

"Rita Marshal Campbell."

"Where do you live?"

"In Brookdale."

"That is a residential suburb of Habersham?"

"Yes."

"With whom do you live?"

"My husband."

"Duncan Campbell, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"The defendant in this case?"

"Yes."

"Is the residence in which you live his property?"

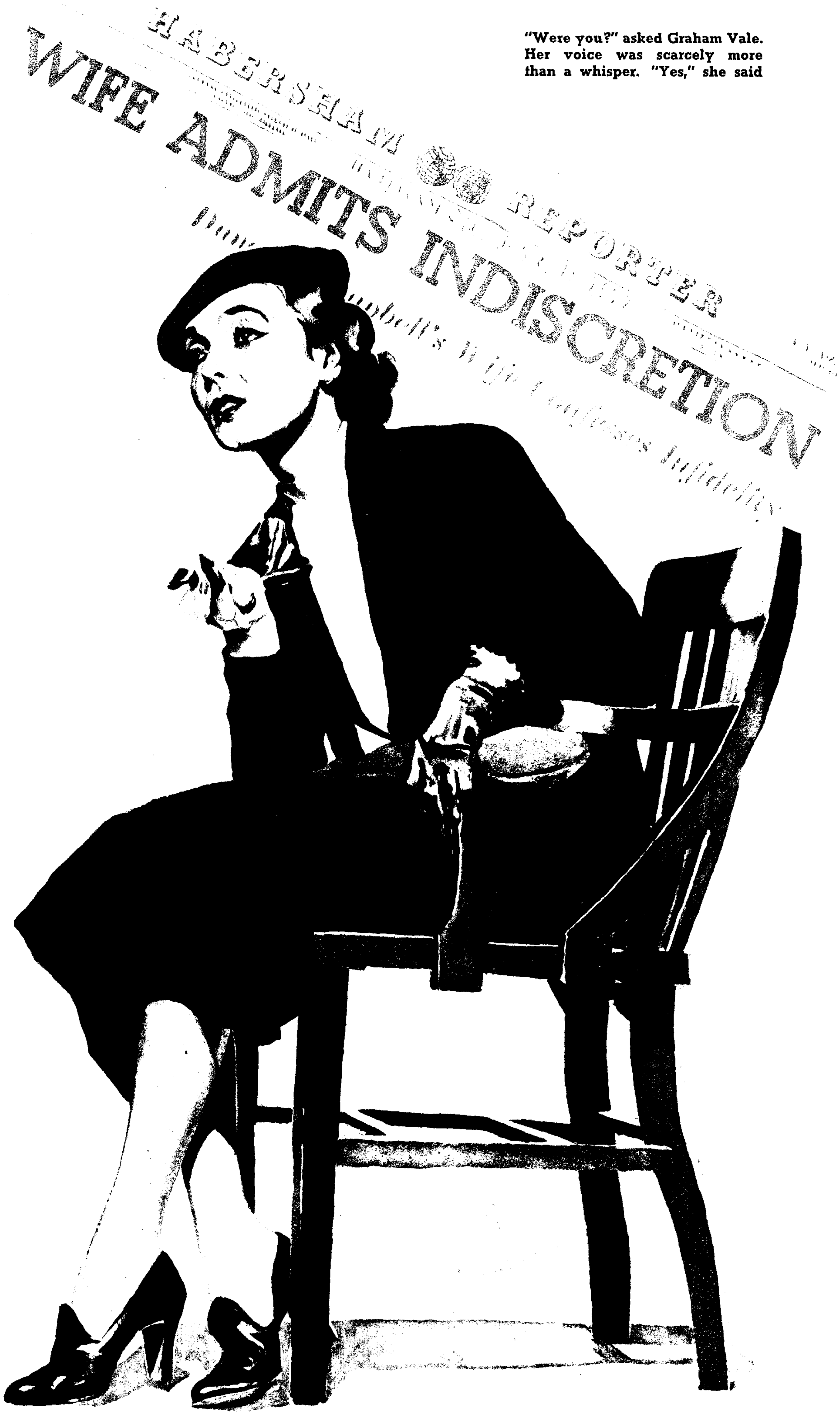
"I believe it belongs to his father."

The spectators relaxed. Through two days of trial they had learned that drama did not develop swiftly, that there were certain routine questions to be asked, certain facts to be placed on record.

The day was pleasantly warm: the windows open. Traffic noises came faintly from the street below, punctuated by the shrill calling of newsboys dispensing Saturday morning newspapers to the throngs in the street.

The eyes of the audience were riveted upon Rita Campbell. Men admired her, women made note of her costume and reflected that it was smart: simple doeskin spring suit of dark gray, rather severely tailored; tight-fitting little hat which was chic but not bizarre; sheer chiffon stockings on firm, rounded legs; shoes to match the suit; accessories of the same shade.

Once, on seating herself, she had glanced at her husband, who was sitting next to Graham Vale. There had been the faintest hint of a gallant smile on her lips—and it was gone before one could be certain that it had existed. And he had gestured. Just a little motion of the fingers which few had seen; an infinitesimal gesture of encouragement.



"Were you?" asked Graham Vale. Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper. "Yes," she said

From that moment on, Rita Campbell looked straight at Graham Vale. There were tiny lines of strain at the corners of her eyes. She did not look at the jury box, she did not cross her legs or resort to any of the trickery so common to attractive and important feminine witnesses. One would have gathered that there was no one in that room save Graham Vale and herself.

His manner was soothing. He seemed extraordinarily tall this morning; his finely chiseled face unusually thin; his features more than ordinarily sharp. His voice was low and pleasant and conversational. Yet despite all that, the atmosphere of the congested courtroom was pregnant with drama—with certainty of the unexpected.

LARRY and Kay sat shoulder to shoulder, just inside the railing. Once or twice their eyes met. Somehow, Larry was not so apprehensive this morning. He and Kay were closer to one another. He thought, "I must have felt this way the day after Kay and I became engaged." It was ridiculous to think that she had been his wife for almost two years.

Graham Vale continued with his direct examination:

"How long have you lived in Habersham County, Mrs. Campbell?"

"About a year and a half."

"When did you come here?"

"Shortly after my marriage."

"Have you met many people in Habersham?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Ted Courtney?"

There was the faintest hesitation before she answered, "Yes."

"He was a friend of your husband's?"

"Yes."

"Always?"

"From the time I came here—until shortly before his—before his death."

"Where did you first meet him?"

"At the Country Club."

"And after that?"

"At the homes of several friends. And at my own home."

"In the presence of your husband?"

"At first—yes."

"What do you mean: 'At first'?"

"I mean, until Duncan started to object."

"To object to what?"

"To my seeing Ted so frequently."

"Oh, you were seeing him frequently then?"

"Yes."

"WHEN did your husband first object to your friendship with Mr. Courtney?"

"I don't remember exactly. In December, I think."

"What did he say about it?"

"He said people were talking about us."

"About whom?"

"Ted Courtney and myself."

"Talking in what way?"

"He said there was a scandal."

"What did you say to that?"

"I said he had no right to dictate to me."

"And he?"

"He said I must not go out with Ted Courtney again."

"Did you obey his order?"

Again that hush which was almost tangible. Then Rita's answer:

"No."

"You continued to meet Mr. Courtney?"

"Yes."

"Still without your husband's permission?"

"Yes."

"Was he aware of the fact that you were doing so?"

"Yes."

"What makes you think that?"

"We quarreled about it."

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Payments to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries in 1936 amounted to $133,381,385.

New and additional Insurance amounted to $250,663,340, bringing the Company's total Insurance in Force on December 31, 1936 to $3,712,259,614, the first increase since 1930.

The Company has set aside from its 1936 Gains in Operations $25,024,520 for Dividends to Policyholders in 1937 and its Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies stood on December 31, 1936 at $61,520,866 as compared with $55,769,831 in 1935.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1936

ASSETS

	Per Cent	
Cash	4.28	$ 55,989,728.76
United States Government bonds	20.46	267,668,754.96
State, County and Municipal bonds	4.33	56,714,710.28
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	.72	9,402,107.40
Other Foreign Government bonds	.08	1,057,897.22
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	31.92	417,596,990.24
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	1.70	22,190,775.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	17.20	224,990,118.64
Real Estate (at cost or less)	4.24	55,501,453.75
Policy Loans	12.74	166,624,777.05
Premiums in course of Collection and Reinsurance due from other Companies	1.17	15,297,971.40
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1.16	15,243,534.55
Total Admitted Assets		$1,308,278,819.25

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES

Policy Reserves	$1,131,251,577.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	65,970,402.11
Other Policy Liabilities	13,719,192.19
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	4,242,936.91
Miscellaneous Liabilities	4,136,221.51
Reserve for Taxes	2,314,665.31
Set aside for Dividends in 1937	25,024,520.28
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	98,437.51
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	61,520,866.43
Total	$1,308,278,819.25

Bonds subject to amortization under Section 18 of the New York Insurance Laws were taken at their amortized, i.e. their book values. Non-amortized bonds and preferred stocks were taken at market values at December 31, 1936, published under the auspices of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.

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FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

"But in spite of that you continued to meet Ted Courtney clandestinely?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I was bored — and Ted interested me."

"Were you in love with him?"

"I thought so."

"But were you—really?"

"No."

"Now, Mrs. Campbell, tell me this: Did your husband simply object to gossip, or did he directly accuse you of having an affair with Ted Courtney?"

"He thought I was having an affair."

"Were you?"

Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper: "Yes."

Graham Vale smiled at Rita, and turned away. He said to Morley Anderson, "Your witness," and sat down Reporters made the first move. They left the places allotted to them, and dashed for the hallway and the telephone booths, ignoring the sharp beat of the official gavel. They dropped nickels in slots and telephoned local newspapers; they dropped innumerable quarters in other slots and were connected by long distance with papers in New York and Philadelphia and Boston and Chicago . . . and they were no longer hard-boiled or blasé . . .

"Listen, Chief—and get it . . . Rita Campbell's direct examination just ended . . . She testified that she was Ted Courtney's gal friend and that hubby was raising hell about it . . . Yeh . . . Direct examination . . . Sure . . . The D. A. gets a shot at her now . . . Yeh, he can do plenty if he wants . . . Naah! . . . Quiet as a mouse . . . No fireworks . . . Not yet . . . Sure, that's the idea . . . Unwritten law, see? . . . Stepping out with another lad, hubby gets sore—blooie! . . . It's his ace in the hole . . . No matter what this guy Wilson says, the jury has heard Rita's story . . . Uh-huh, she's coming across swell . . . and is she a pip! Make it heroine stuff . . . That's how it sizes up . . . Gimme Mac on the wire . . . I got all the testimony in shorthand . . . Yeh . . . The minute she gets off the stand . . . Hi! That you, Mac? . . . Get ready for heat and speed . . . Let's go . . ."

THE Campbell millions. The Campbell social prominence. Romance. Scandal. Youth and beauty. Calm courage. Concentrated drama . . . and all over the country typesetting machines started to click, stereotypers grunted and sweated, pressmen tested their gigantic machines. *Extree!* Duncan Campbell's Wife Confesses Infidelity! *Wuxtree!* Scandal in High Sassiety! In the more conservative journals: Campbell Defense Plans Unwritten Law . . . Wife Admits Indiscretion . . .

The bawling of bailiffs and the rapping of Judge Hawley's gavel failed to restore order immediately. Spectators fidgeted and whispered and fidgeted. Kay said to Larry, "She was splendid. I wonder what I would have done in her place." Then she asked, "What will Morley Anderson do?"

"What can he do? He's got what he wants."

"Has he?" He nodded imperceptibly toward the heavy-set district attorney who was ostentatiously sorting papers on his table. "He seems to have other ideas."

Anderson circled the table and approached the witness stand. Reporters drifted back into the courtroom and *meekly accepted a scolding from Judge* Hawley. Anderson gave the gentlemen of the press plenty of time to get settled, since he was an astute politician and a firm believer in friendly publicity. Then, with disarming quiet, he commenced his cross-examination.

"Now, Mrs. Campbell, I wish to ask you just a few simple questions. Very simple. First, where did you live before you married Duncan Campbell, Jr., and moved to Habersham?"

"In New York."

"Did you work?"

"Yes."

"What was your profession?"

Graham Vale objected: "I protest that this is a waste of the court's time. Such testimony is irrelevant, immaterial and incompetent. It is calculated to prejudice the jury—"

"What is your idea, Mr. District Attorney?"

"It is very simple, Your Honor. My esteemed young opponent has made a clever attempt to plant an unwritten law defense. I intend to show that the witness had never led a sheltered life, that she was a public figure in the night clubs and cabarets of New York, that she had—at various times—many intimate friends of the other sex, and, what is most important—that her husband, the defendant in this case, had knowledge of all of that before he married her. So it seems that this line of investigation is most competent and relevant response by the State to a course of action which the defense itself has elected to pursue."

STO
STOP
CI
BARNEY TOBEY

"Which ocean do you want? There's two, you know!"

BARNEY TOBEY

Judge Hawley said, "Objection overruled."

"Exception," claimed Graham Vale.

"Now then," purred the district attorney: "May I repeat my question, Mrs. Campbell: What was your profession before you married Duncan Campbell, Jr.?"

"*I was an artist's model.*"

"Aaah! An artist's model. You posed for pictures and photographs?"

"Yes."

"They were for advertisements?"

"Yes."

"Many of them were reprinted in magazines of national circulation?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Campbell — would you mind raising your voice a trifle? I'm afraid the jury cannot hear you distinctly."

Rita's cheeks were white. Bravely, she repeated her answer.

"Tell me, Mrs. Campbell—what costumes did you wear when posing for these pictures?"

Someone in the crowd snickered audibly while Vale was making his objection. Judge Hawley sustained the objection and instructed Anderson to be more careful. But the district attorney had accomplished his purpose: He had reminded the twelve good men and true that this girl had posed frequently in the near-nude; he reminded them of the long series of brilliant photographic advertisements which—for a few months—had helped make Rita Marshal one of the most vivid and talked-about young women in the night life of New York. Mr. Anderson therefore accepted the adverse ruling of the court with good humor and resumed his examination.

"You have enjoyed your life in Habersham, Mrs. Campbell?"

"Yes."

"But you testified a few minutes ago that you were bored."

"I was—but not at first."

"Have you ever been bored before—before coming to Habersham, that is?"

"I suppose so."

"On such occasions, was it your custom to enter into affairs with men?"

Rita answered "No," even before Graham Vale's angry objection was made and sustained.

"You knew your husband objected to your affair with Ted Courtney?"

"Yes."

"Yet you continued to meet him clandestinely?"

"Yes."

"Did your husband know about this?"

"I don't suppose so. Not every time."

"Then you were able to deceive him?"

"I suppose so."

"In other words, your husband did not keep you under constant surveillance?"

"I don't think so."

"You did not have to account to him for every move you made or every place you went?"

"No."

"You had other men friends in Habersham?"

"Certainly."

Morley Anderson patted his forehead with a silk handkerchief. He smiled genially at the jury as though to assure them that the best was yet to come. Kay whispered, "He's driving at something."

"Sure," answered Larry. "He's trying to break down Vale's defense by showing that she was indiscriminate."

"She wasn't *that*."

Anderson was talking again:

"Where were you, Mrs. Campbell, at six-twenty in the afternoon on February eighteenth?"

"At the Country Club."

"With whom?"

"Several ladies. It was a cocktail party."

"You were drinking cocktails?"

"Yes."

"Were you in the habit of drinking?"

"I drank some."

"Mmmm!" Mr. Anderson's disapproving manner indicated that he considered this a grievous offense. "When was the last time you had seen your husband that day?"

"In the morning before he went downtown."

"Had the name of Ted Courtney been mentioned?"

"Yes."

"Pleasantly?"

"No-o . . ."

"Your husband seemed bitter against him?"

"I don't know."

"Would you say that he was jealous?"

"Yes—I guess so."

"You *guess* so? Aren't you sure? Didn't he ever say so?"

"Yes."

"NOW then . . ." Morley Anderson walked closer to the harried witness. "You have admitted that Ted Courtney was your lover."

"Yes."

"You have admitted that your husband did not keep an accurate check on your movements."

"Yes."

"You have admitted that there were times when you were with Ted Courtney that he did not know about."

"I suppose there were."

"Then, Mrs. Campbell—there could have been many times of which he knew nothing when you were with other men: Isn't that true?"

"I suppose so."

"You knew many attractive young men in Habersham, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Had any of them—other than Ted Courtney—ever tried to make love to you?"

"Your Honor," barked Vale, "I must object—"

"Objection overruled."

"Exception."

"Had they?" persisted Anderson.

"Yes."

"I must impose upon your honesty a trifle more, Mrs. Campbell. You are beautiful, you were bored, you are accustomed to the attentions of men—you have testified that you were intrigued by Ted Courtney because you were bored. Now then, Mrs. Campbell—may I ask you if you were ever—since moving to this city—interested in any other men?"

"I was interested—of course."

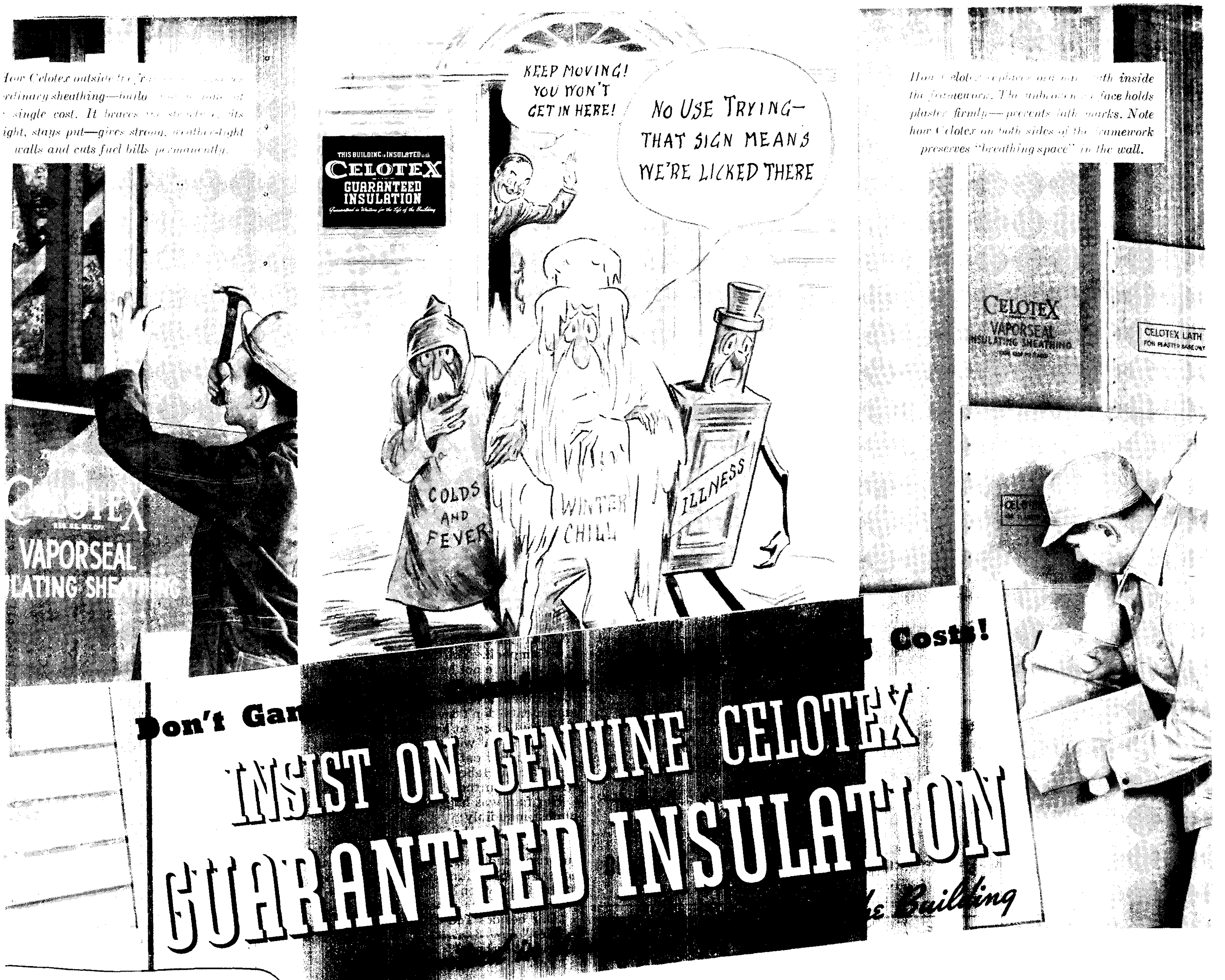
"How interested?"

"Well, I had several friends."

"Intimate friends?"

"Yes."

"May I inquire, Mrs. Campbell—just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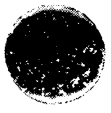
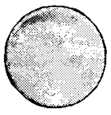


Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



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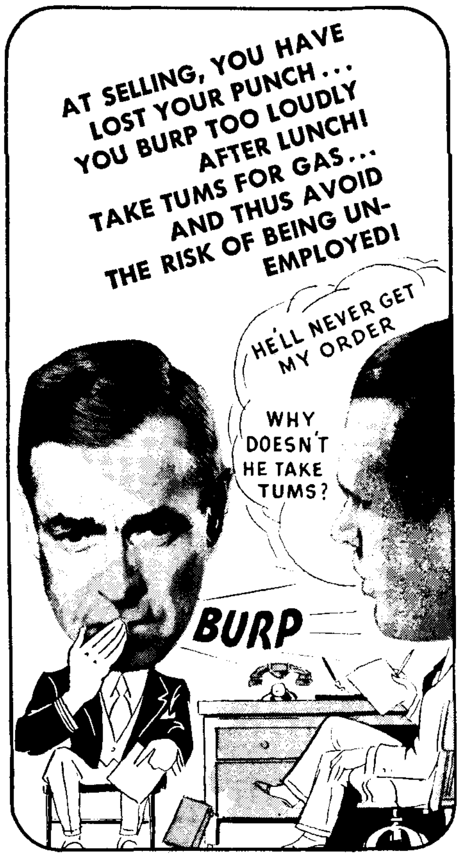

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HANDY TO CARRY

how intimate these several friends were?"

Rita hesitated. Then she said, "I don't believe I understand."

"I'll make it plainer. I am asking whether—since coming to Habersham as a bride—you have had affairs with any man other than Ted Courtney?"

Vale's objection was made in a buzz of excitement. Rita looked at the bench and asked, "Must I answer that?" and the judge replied, "Yes."

But she did not answer. Her eyes were on the tips of her tiny shoes, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. Morley Anderson shed his mantle of friendliness. His deep voice boomed in the ears of the jury:

"You have had other lovers in Habersham, have you not, Mrs. Campbell?"

"No!"

"No? You remember you are under oath?"

"Yes . . ."

"Do you mean yes, you remember your oath, or yes, you have had other lovers?"

"I remember I am under oath."

"Other men have made love to you, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"You found their attentions agreeable?"

"I—I suppose so. Sometimes."

"Other men than Ted Courtney?"

"I told you . . ."

"YOU have told me nothing, Mrs. Campbell. You have told me only that you have not had other lovers—but that men made love to you and that you found their attentions agreeable. Your statements don't seem to check." He advanced close to her and leaned over the rail of the witness stand. "Do you swear—under oath—that you have had no affair in Habersham except the one with Ted Courtney?"

Her face was haggard. She answered almost inaudibly:

"I didn't say that."

"Aaaaah . . ." Anderson backed away, surprised and pleased by the unexpectedness of this triumph. "You *have* had other affairs, then?"

She said, "One other."

"One besides Ted Courtney?"

"Yes."

"In Habersham?"

"Yes."

"Did your husband suspect this?"

"I don't believe so."

"I see . . . Now then, Mrs. Campbell, will you be good enough to tell the jury the name of this other Habersham gentleman with whom you had an affair?"

Her eyes rested briefly on the strained face of her young husband. She turned then to the jury and answered the question of the district attorney.

"The man," she said, "was Larry Wilson."

THE drive home was not pleasant. Even Jason's chronically genial smile was conspicuous by its absence. He considered trying to relieve the tension, but abandoned the project. Once or twice he glanced with some apprehension at Kay's impassive face, and at Larry's grim expression. He told himself sadly, "I'm terribly sorry for these young folks. Terribly sorry."

Cashus deposited them at the curb and they entered the house together. Kay said quietly, "You'll excuse me," and Jason said, "Certainly."

Kay went upstairs. She did not hurry, nor give any indication of what she felt. Larry walked across the living room to the smoking stand beside his wing chair and lighted a cigarette. Then he followed her, knocked briefly at the door of her room, and entered. She was seated on the little bench in front of her dressing table, and she nodded briefly as he entered and closed the door gently behind him. He walked into the room and stood near one of the windows. For a few seconds he was silent. Then:

"I'm sorry, Kay."

She answered, "So am I."

"I don't blame you for being hurt. I had no idea—"

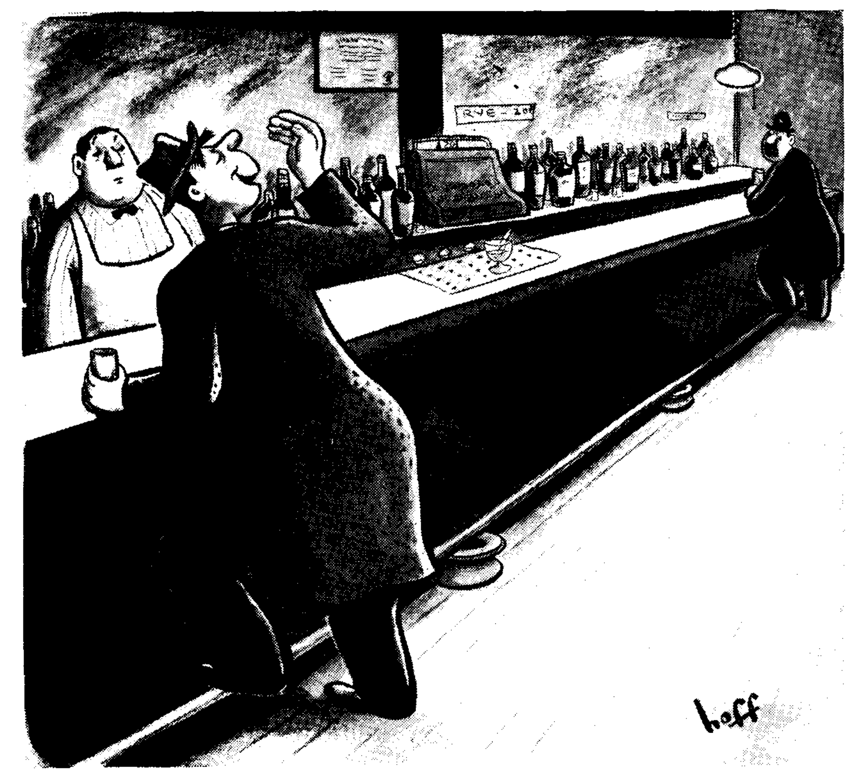
"Obviously." She opened a tiny drawer and put her bag inside. "You couldn't imagine that Rita would tell the whole truth."

"Last night . . ." he started, and then found himself bogged down.

"Forget last night, Larry. You felt you owed Rita more consideration than you did me. I'm simply a trifle stupid. I don't understand those things."

"I don't blame you for anything you might think."

"Thanks." Her glance encountered his. "I suppose it was the publicity that hurt my pride most. Plus the fact that you hadn't prepared me for it."



"C'mon, everybody! This one's on me!" SYDNEY HOFF

"I didn't know—"

"That they would compel Rita to tell? Of course you didn't. You see, Larry—that's another thing that hurts: Not so much what has happened between you and Rita as the fact that you lied to me unnecessarily last night. If you had told me the truth I would have forgiven you."

"Would you?"

"Yes . . ." She hesitated. "Perhaps that's not true. Maybe I wouldn't. I would have tried, though, and I would have admired your honesty. I can't say positively what my reactions would have been."

"You only know what they are now."

"Yes."

"Everything you say and feel is justified, Kay—from your viewpoint."

"What other viewpoint is there?"

"The same old thing. Something that I cannot yet explain."

"That's too bad. At least, I don't suppose that there's any further humiliation left for me."

"I hope not."

"Is that all, Larry?"

He shook his head: "I would have spared you if I could."

"Naturally."

"And there's one more thing, Kay. I do love you."

HE TURNED and walked out of the room. For a few seconds he stood outside the closed door, then proceeded down the hall and walked in on Jason Rountree, who had come upstairs, shed coat and tie and was gazing out of the window. Jason took a quick look at Larry's face and said, "Tough going, eh, Larry?"

"It certainly is."

"Rita certainly talked a lot."

She didn't want to."

"That's true. The D. A. dragged it out of her. Smart lad, that Anderson."

"They're all smart, Jason—except me." Larry made an impatient gesture. "I'm a prize package as a husband."

"No sense making yourself feel worse."

"If I'd had a grain of sense I'd have foreseen something like this. But no—I have to do the sappiest thing in the world. For one dime I'd tell myself exactly what I think of me."

"Quit it," growled Jason. "You'll get nowhere by panning yourself."

"Maybe not, Jason—but I'm damned sick and tired of hurting people I don't want to hurt. I'm going to do something."

"I knew it!"

"You knew what?"

"That you'd lose your balance after what happened in court this morning. And what can you do, anyway?"

"I've got a hunch . . ." Larry lowered his voice. "I've got to find out whether she told the truth. I believe she lied."

"She ought to know, oughtn't she?"

"Yes . . . But look, Jason: Whether I remember the last eight years or not doesn't make any difference. I'm the same person inside. I know what my instincts are . . . and I can't believe I'd have done anything so crude."

"Hmm! you're not a chaser, I'd testify to that. But when Rita herself says—"

"I'm still not satisfied."

"I'm not, either." Jason rose and put his hand on Larry's shoulder. The man's quiet strength seemed to flow through the tips of his chubby, pink fingers. "Keep yourself under control, Larry. You've waited this long: so why not give it a couple more days?"

"There's a man in this town—"

"What are you driving at?"

"Remember my telling you about Warner Blane?"

"Mr. Campbell's business agent?"

"Yes. Well, Blane and I don't like each other even a bit. We clashed plenty when he was here the other night, and the chances are we'd go to the mat if we ever got together again. Perhaps . . ." Larry spoke slowly. "Perhaps Blane would know something."

"About what?"

"Rita and myself. Somehow, Jason, that has become more important to me than anything else. I've got to know the truth of that. You can't understand—"

"I think I can. I sure do. But where does Blane come in?"

"I understand that I've ridden with Rita several times. We must have gotten our horses from the Campbell stables. Warner Blane would know how often we'd been out together and for how long—and he's the only person who would."

"Logical," agreed Jason. "But what can you get out of him except a punch on the nose?"

"*I* couldn't." Larry smiled thinly. "But you could."

"Me?"

"Surely. You could drift over to the Campbell place this afternoon and introduce yourself. Chat around with him —keeping in mind what it is you want to know—"

"Which is his opinion of what really happened between you and Rita?"

"Exactly."

"Good idea, Larry, but it won't work. Blane is sore at you because you didn't go to bat for Duncan—and he isn't going to like you any better after Rita's testimony."

"You're only seeing one side of the picture," explained Larry. "Warner Blane came here to find out why I was keeping my mouth shut about Duncan. He's a friend of the Campbells and he still wants to know. So the chances are that he will try to cross-question you."

Jason considered the question judicially—his cherubic countenance grave, his eyes intent on the tips of his tan shoes. He said quietly, "There's a chance he'd try to pump me."

"That would be your cue. Make him think you might give him some information. That'll keep him going. And every once in a while you can slip in a question."

Jason rose and reached for his coat. "I'll do it." He gave Larry a great feeling of hope and of confidence. "I've been wondering, Larry."

"What?"

"I've been wondering whether the Atlantic Ocean was really as deep as I thought."

THE Campbell stables are visible from the main highway as a group of long, low buildings, painted white and green. There are emerald hedges and fences which, in April, are tinted pink and white with Dorothy Perkins roses and fragrant honeysuckle. There is a quarter-mile track, well conditioned, with a jewel of an infield where Habersham society is pleased to stage its annual horse show. There is a tiny grandstand and a training ring and a bit of well-tended turf in the infield where ambitious equestrians can practice jumping. There are a half dozen bridle paths winding off from the stables.

There was a picturesque one-story cottage of white and green adjoining the stables. It was both beautiful and unpretentious, a masterpiece of simple architecture: appealing in its simplicity, yet ultramodern inside. It contained five rooms and two baths, and it was the home of Warner Blane, business agent for the Campbell stables.

In flat races on America's leading tracks, the Campbell colors were usually in evidence. Campbell steeplechasers were famous. Campbell horses were decorated with ribbons at shows. The ownership and breeding of horses had always been a hobby with Duncan Campbell, Sr., and it was the business acumen of Warner Blane which had

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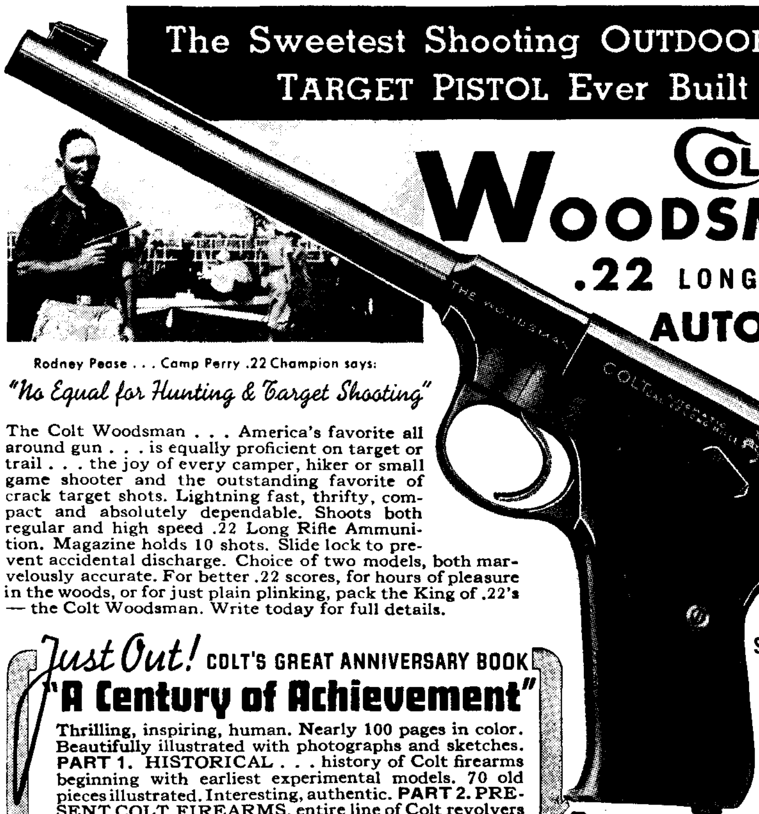

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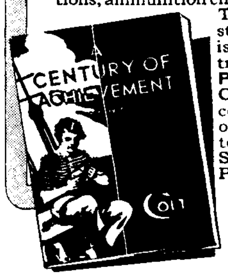

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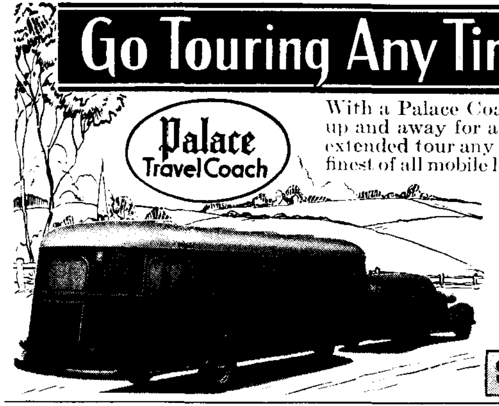

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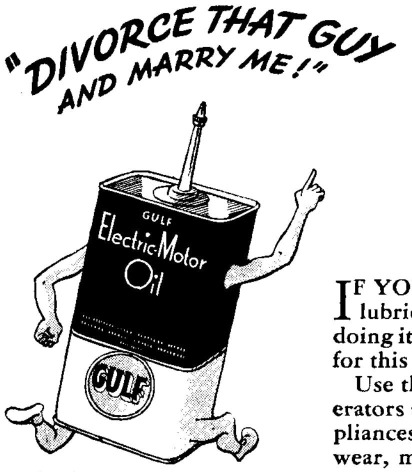
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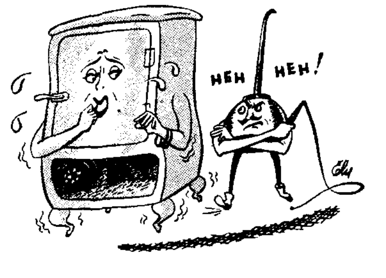

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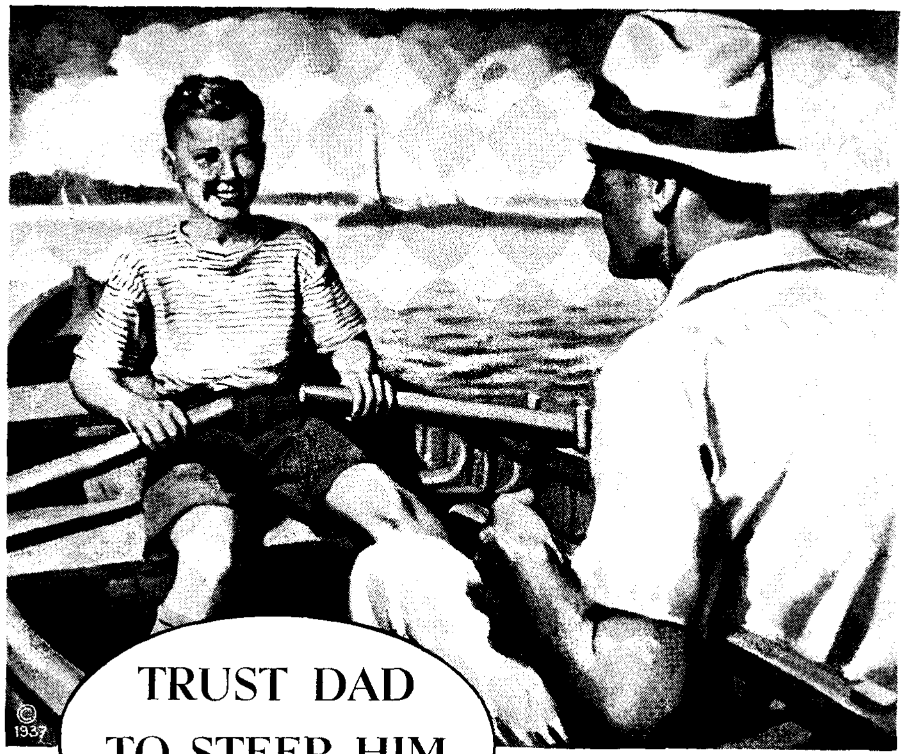

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TRUST DAD TO STEER HIM RIGHT

That son of yours — who trusts you so implicitly — who thinks of his Dad as someone who makes the world go around for him . . . some day he will be a man, making his own way, entering a world where only his own efforts and background will count. Your hand won't be on the tiller then, but you can set his course fairly accurately now, by giving him the right start.

For your child, the "right start" means the every-day, taken-for-granted things you are providing as a matter of course. It means healthful food, strength-building recreation, sound schooling and a mother's care and attention.

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kept it from becoming a too-expensive hobby.

Warner Blane was well born and well educated. He was a gentleman and was received in Habersham as such, although at first local society had not known quite how to classify him. There had been vague doubts as to the propriety of entertaining a man who was professionally connected with horses, and it was only after Mr. Campbell himself had accorded the social accolade by including Warner Blane among his dinner guests that the then newcomer was tendered invitations to join the city's leading clubs.

Now he was an institution: a picturesque, intriguing figure; suave, cultured, keen and courtly. Habersham debutantes were unanimous in their agreement that he was a most desirable gentleman. Men liked him. To strangers he was described simply as a gentleman who was associated with Mr. Campbell in business. Habersham had never quite understood what the business was. To most of the good citizens horses were merely born and raised. They didn't know that it was a very complicated thing, involving considerable financial ability and shrewdness.

ON THIS Saturday afternoon Warner Blane was pacing up and down the veranda of his cottage. He wore white shoes and striped white trousers. His white shirt was open at the throat, and occasionally he ran nervous fingers through hair which was just a thought longer than it should have been. He was smoking furiously . . . and suddenly he whirled on the portly little man who was eying him apprehensively from the three steps which led up from the walk to the veranda.

Warner Blane said, sharply, "You're a hell of a vet."

Dr. Giles Porter shrugged apologetically. He said, "I'm sorry, Blane—but I didn't break the filly's leg."

"You're sure it's broken?"

"Clean as a whistle. Double fracture."

"No chance of saving her?"

"Nope. She'll have to be destroyed. Sorry."

"Sorry? How do you think I feel? That's a grand little filly. Out of Elissa K. by Sultan."

"I know . . . It's tough. But that's how it is."

Warner Blane walked inside his house. He returned a few minutes later with a revolver, which he handed to Dr. Porter.

"Better do it yourself," he said.

"Okay." The pompous little man turned away. "Coming?"

"No. I feel bad enough as it is."

Blane was nervous and unhappy. He fidgeted. He waited. He lighted one cigarette from the unfinished half of the last. His thoughts were over yonder—behind the stables—where they were about to spring the last barrier for a gallant little filly. He did not even see the pudgy little man who left a rented car on the road and approached the cottage.

The afternoon calm was shattered by the sound of a shot. Jason Rountree jumped as though the bullet had struck him. He exclaimed, "Phew! Fourth of July!"

Warner Blane whirled. He asked, "What do *you* want?"

Jason spoke softly.

"Mr. Blane, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry I made that remark. But that shooting . . ."

"We're destroying a filly."

"Gee . . ." There was real concern in Jason's voice. "That's too bad."

Warner Blane was not in a friendly mood. He did not invite Jason to enter; he made no gesture of hospitality. He merely said, "What do you want?"

Jason removed his glasses, polished them briefly, and replaced them on his round little nose. He said, "I just dropped in. Wanted to talk to you a few minutes."

"Yes?"

"My name is Rountree. Jason Rountree."

"I know who you are. You're Larry Wilson's man Friday."

Dr. Giles Porter approached the cottage. He handed the gun to Warner Blane, who took it inside, ignoring Jason.

The little man with the bald head asked, "You the vet?"

"Yes."

"Tough job you got—you have."

"And how!" He looked up as Warner Blane reappeared on the veranda. "I'll be moving along, Blane. Sorry things had to be that way."

"I'm sorry, too."

BLANE stood motionless as the veterinary trudged toward his tiny coupé. Jason spoke sympathetically:

"You love horses, don't you, Mr. Blane?"

"Yes."

"Well, so do I. They've always fascinated me. I sort of thought maybe we might talk a little . . ."

"About horses?"

"Yes. You see, I've known about you for years. Me, I'm mighty interested in all this. Owned a stable once: two horses. But they ate too much and ran too slow." Jason moved to step closer. "Mind if I sit down?"

Blane said nothing, and Jason seated himself on the top step, cradling his knee in both pudgy hands. "Nice layout here."

Blane was not cordial. "You didn't come over here to talk horses."

"Well, no; I didn't. But I like to talk about 'em."

"What did you come to talk about?"

Jason smiled warmly. "Oh—things."

Warner Blane seated himself so that he faced Jason. He said, "Let's have it."

"It's about Larry Wilson."

(To be continued next week)

That Bloom in the Spring

Continued from page 12

of them meet only in the middle in true redingote fashion, but some hook or button from waist to collarless neckline, and all wear their shoulders mannishly square and broad but not exaggerated.

Another coat that promises to be with us through day and evening is the reefer. Full-length and fitted, or short and boxy. In flannel or camel's hair this shorter edition is another idea over your slacks. The full-length coat that flares from the shoulder in back, is very new.

Not content with silhouette, coats are springing something else for you to play tricks with. Color. Besides the ever-popular black and navy and the newly popular beige, the colors that made the buyers' pencils scamper over the order pads were a soft dull rose, a similar blue and a bright boot brown that will recall the London tan of last year. Yours to combine with black or navy dresses, with a contrasting skirt or with dark-grounded prints that echo the coat color. What about skirt lengths?—the first question put in all the showrooms. And the mannequins paraded the answer—shorter, definitely. About thirteen or

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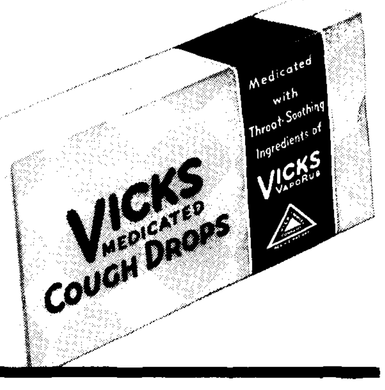

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fourteen inches from the floor, according to your height, but becomingness should make your final decision.

Necklines? Lower. Some draped or twisted for softness. Everywhere the square cut, some of them edged with ruching, at its newest and most charming in the tight-bodiced dirndl dress borrowed straight from the Tyrolean peasant girls. The newest dress of the season, that will swish across the dance floor in organdy and taffeta, trot around town in printed silk, star in the summer cotton scene, and appear at the beach over shorts.

Sleeves? Most of them short and many of them slightly puffed at top. But none as intricate as last year. The tailored dress wears equally tailored sleeves, mannishly squared, but a very feminine waist for all that.

Skirts? Easy fullness, achieved by pleats, by creased gores, by the gentle flare of the tucked umbrella skirt, and by the downright gathering of the dirndl.

Materials? The sheerest and lightest of woolens, smartest in natural color. Lace, which is so important that even prints copy it; and it in turn is often printed. Smoother crepes in plain colors and romantic prints—Paisley, challis prints, little flowers, enormous prints of widely scattered bouquets, appliqués on sheers and crepes. Plaid and checked taffeta.

All of which combine to give you a very feminine dress, flatteringly broad in the shoulder, slim in the waist, and flaring of skirt.

Suits Lead the Way

Suits head every springtime parade. And the head suit this year is the softly tailored, Schiaparelli type, with short, fitted jacket and short, slightly flaring or straight skirt. Little bolero and waistcoat suits will be in the procession, and just for contrast suits with coats that flare in the back.

A favorite is skirt contrasting with jacket, popular for sports always and now appearing in quite formal suits, too; so try a two-skirt suit for variety. Or if you elect the always-handsome tailored flannel suit in gray, blue or beige, mark it especially this year with a pair of slacks as well as skirt, for your resort tailleur.

Capes make many a suit, and are an important fashion that every smart girl will seize on. They come in all styles and lengths.

Hats to top all this have some useful ideas of their own. Oriental prints or any fabric you like are being twisted into handsome turbans you can make yourself to match a dress or blouse. Wear the turban straight on your head to mark it even more this year's. The same with your pillbox hat, which can be all over tiny flowers if you like. But no matter how many turbans you create, you'll still want a brim when the sun rides high. Brimmed hats sit straight on top of the head or straight on the back of it, with a dashing sweep somewhere or an upward roll to the brim all round. Many are crownless.

The big Scotch beret with a dashing feather straight up the side is whistling at the head of the parade, and the bonnet is stepping daintily along beside it.

Shoes make two points about themselves this year. They are trim and slim, and their favorite new color for all that is called red earth. It's a light, reddish color that is particularly handsome with the new natural tones in costumes and with the perennial blues. The deeper ox-blood red will be popular for more all-round use.

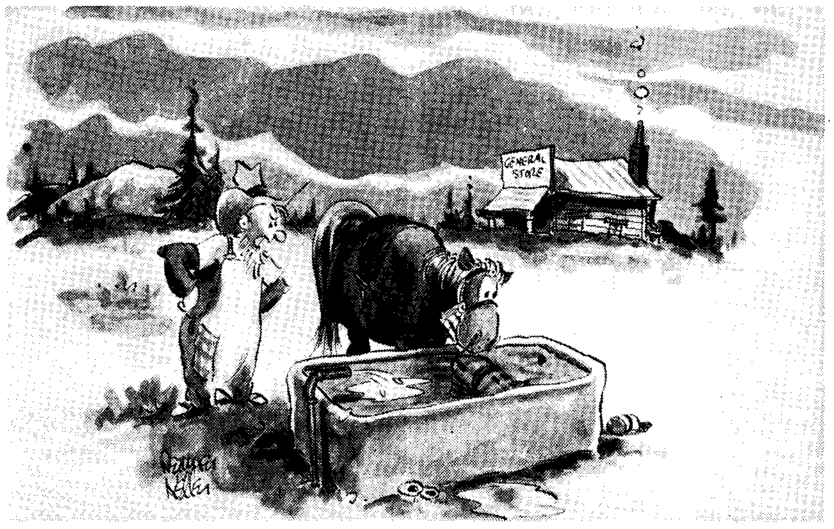
The favorite shoe is a high-cut step-in that fits like a glove and has a two-inch, square-cut heel. Open-toed shoes are about again, but very discreet, with only a peephole for the tip of a toe. Some lace up high from there. The pump is more graceful than ever, open-toed or not, sometimes open-heeled, with a cross-over effect in leather like wide bands of ribbon binding the foot.

When we said your shoe fits like a glove, we mean one of the new gloves. None of your sloppy policeman effects. Gloves today are the fitted lady's glove of yore, destined to enhance the turn of a hand as the new shoes undoubtedly display a neat foot to advantage.

But for all this trimness and slimness of foot, hand and waist, you mustn't look poured into your clothes. There's nothing Mae West about the springtime fashions. You just want to look rounded and trim and feminine, but ready to move in any direction.

The dainty, quick-stepping creature this makes of you will appreciate the season's triumph in evening dresses. In one of its most flattering and useful incarnations, it is lace (very packable), or printed waffle piqué (equally packable and requiring no slip), ankle length (for ease in dancing), low cut in the front, preferably square, very low cut in back—yet informal enough for dinner because it has sleeves, elbow length or shorter and puffed. You can combine it with a brief matching bolero jacket for further versatility.

Given such an evening outfit, a versatile redingote with change-offs for the dress underneath, the necessary accessories and a slacks outfit that does the right thing in the way of a jacket for those same dresses, and you're not only set for a complete and merry round at home, but ready to climb aboard a plane at a moment's notice equipped for any destination short of the North Pole—and not a cent due for excess baggage.



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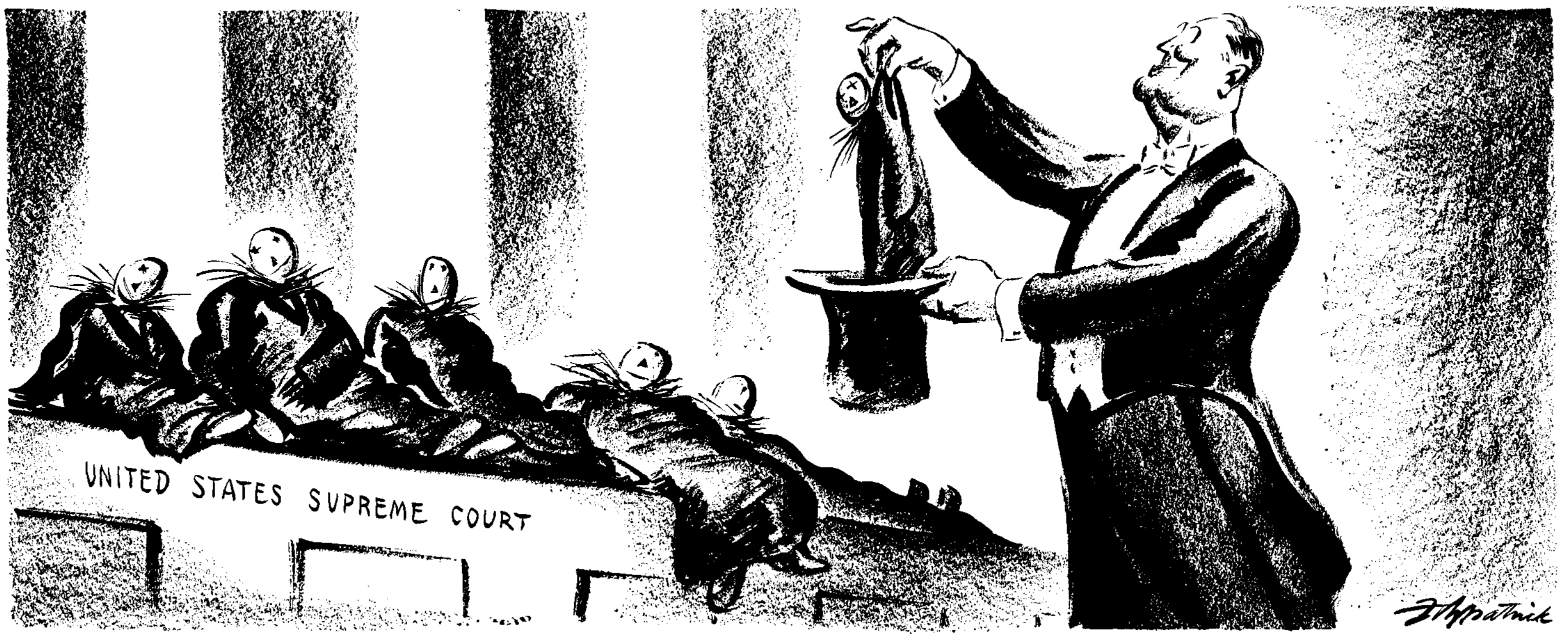

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CONTEMPT OF COURT

NOTHING that President Roosevelt has undertaken has been harder even for his friends and followers to swallow than his desire to pack the Supreme Court with his partisans.

It was said the voters gave Mr. Roosevelt a blank check at the last election to fill in as he willed. The President evidently so interpreted the election. Certainly there was no mention during the campaign of any intention of making the Supreme Court the pliant tool of the Administration.

Subordinating the Court to the will of the President could not, however, confer lasting benefits on the country or lift the standard of well-being of the people. President Grant appointed two judges in 1870 for the reputed purpose of changing the decision on the Legal Tender Act. Immediately the Court lost heavily in public confidence.

Packing the Court with partisans is a very temporary device. Political sentiment changes. A Court packed with liberals today would invite a conservative administration to undertake reprisals when it came to power. Justice cannot be expected from a biased Court whatever its prejudices.

The Supreme Court, as has been pointed out, does not confine itself to invalidating acts desired by social and economic reformers. Lately it upheld the constitutional rights of an Oregon Communist. Free speech, religious liberty, equality before the law, right to a fair trial are worth preserving.

The issue the President raised is not one of radicalism or liberalism against conservatism or reactionism. An independent judiciary goes deeper than that. During six hundred years the independent courts have been the refuge of free men against the tyrannies, first of kings and later of elected governments. Free men will need the protection of independent courts long after the controversies of this time have been forgotten.

The arguments which Mr. Roosevelt offered in support of his demand for judicial reorganization, insofar as they are valid, are vitiated by the purpose he sought to realize. For the most part, furthermore, his arguments are not sustained by the record.

The Supreme Court is not behind its calendar. Under the late Chief Justice Taft the Court eliminated undue delay. The Supreme Court has long been abreast of its work.

Nor is it true that the Supreme Court keeps to its schedule by refusing to hear cases which it ought to consider. Mr. Roosevelt's own Solicitor-General Reed reported "that a very large majority of the cases on the appellate docket did not possess sufficient merit to warrant consideration on the merits."

The proposal arbitrarily to retire judges at seventy might have merit if it were considered apart from other unrelated issues. Many old men, Clemenceau and von Hindenburg among them, proved to be far more useful than much younger men. The list might be endlessly extended. Still it is true that three score and ten is the traditional limit of man's greatest efficiency. Retirement at seventy might, in the long run, be a useful rule.

But in the President's plan age is merely a weapon to use against judges whose opinions he opposes. Not the average age of the justices but the tenor of their judgments provoked Mr. Roosevelt's desire to reorganize the courts.

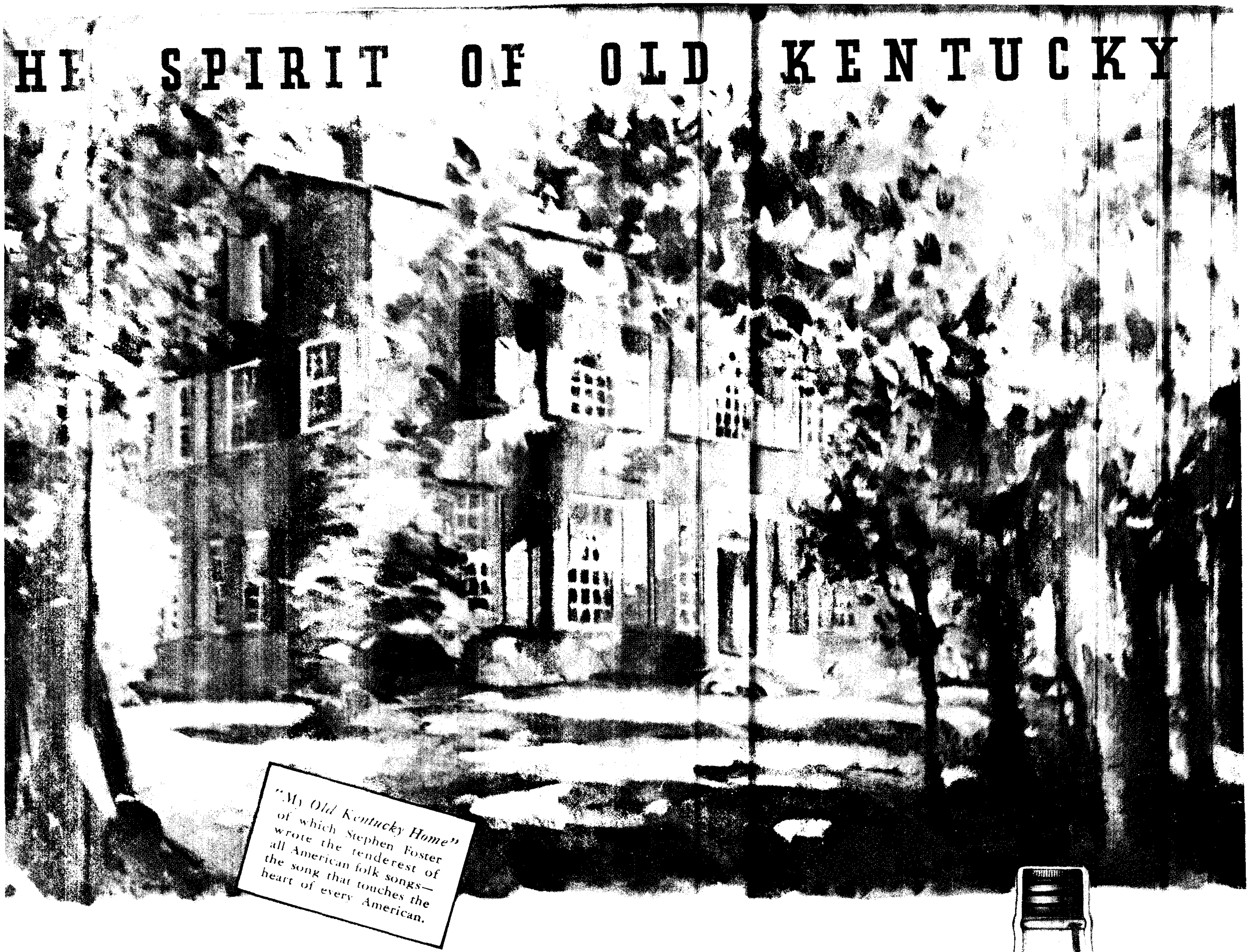
The cutting edge of his proposal was his demand that he be given the authority to appoint six new judges if those over seventy did not retire. Six new judges would presumably give the President an unquestioned majority in the Supreme Court.

Yet unless servile judges were created, it would be impossible to forecast the judgments reached even by six new liberals. Judges have to take the oath faithfully to uphold the Constitution and the laws of the land. It is reasonable to suppose that honorable men will reach honorable decisions. The only way to guarantee specific decisions from the Supreme Court is to appoint to it extreme partisans or men of weak character.

Remember, also, that the NRA was ruled unconstitutional not by a divided Court but by a unanimous Court with all the liberal judges concurring. Congress, furthermore, had turned against it before the unanimous Court had declared it unconstitutional. Congress had indicated a willingness to continue the experiment no longer than nine months.

It is not beyond the wit of man to draft any amendments which may be necessary to keep the Constitution broad enough to meet the changing requirements of changing generations. We can change the Constitution without destroying an independent judiciary.

Congress could render no better service to the nation, and incidentally to Mr. Roosevelt's own reputation, than by refusing to follow blindly his plan to pack the Supreme Court. The nation comes before party. Wise friends will act to save their friend and leader from the consequences of his mistake. A broken and subservient Court would be a poor heritage from any President or any Congress.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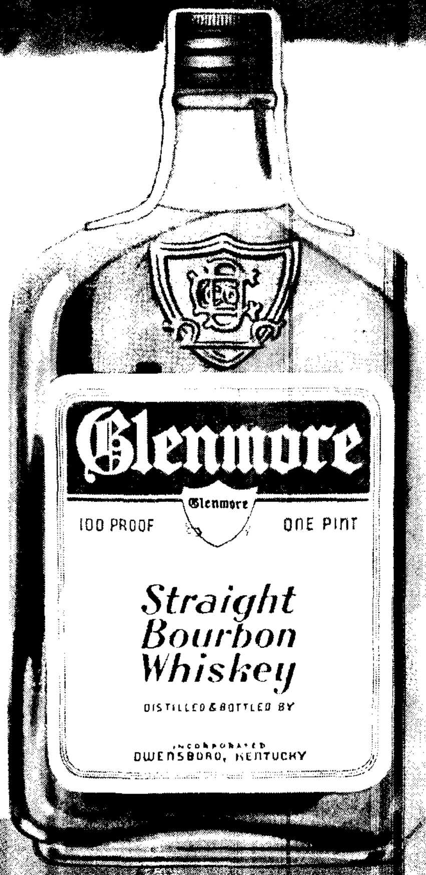
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